

CONFESSIONS OF A GUN SMUGGLER

# High Times

March '78

\$1.75

**AFRICAN EXCLUSIVE:  
GETTING HIGH  
WITH THE PYGMIES**

**INTERVIEW:  
SUSAN SONTAG**

**GOURMET HIGHS**

**CHRIS BURDEN**  
Agony as Art

**CENTERFOLD:  
FUN BY THE TON**

**PUNK PINUP FASHIONS**

**THE SECRET LANGUAGE  
OF ROCK**

**CUBA  
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**PHOTOGRAPHY BONUS:**  
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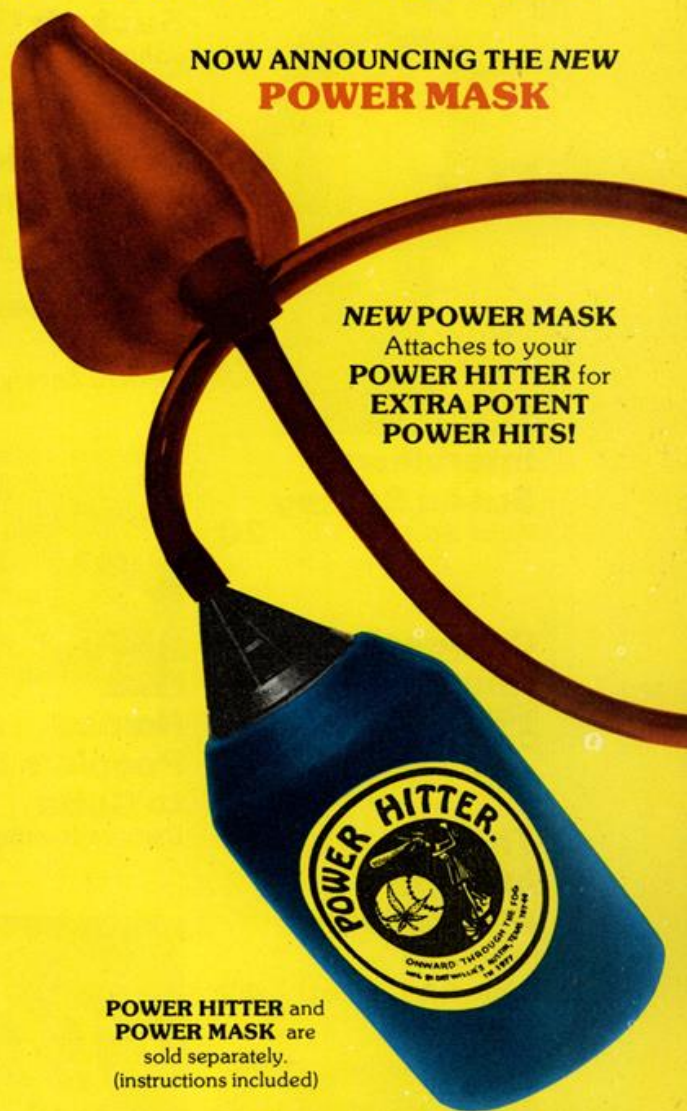
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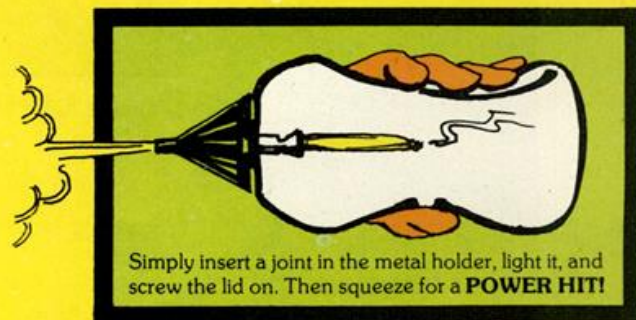
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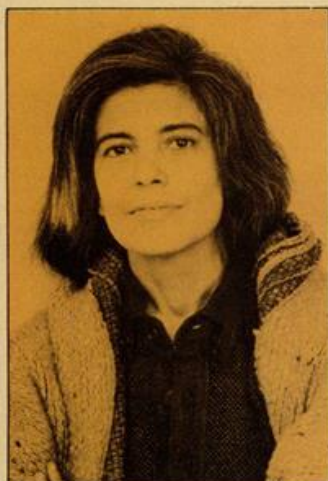
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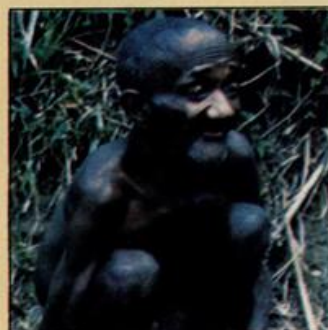
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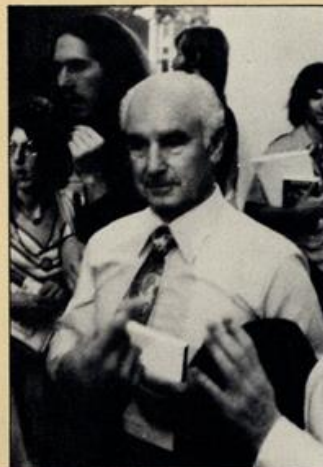


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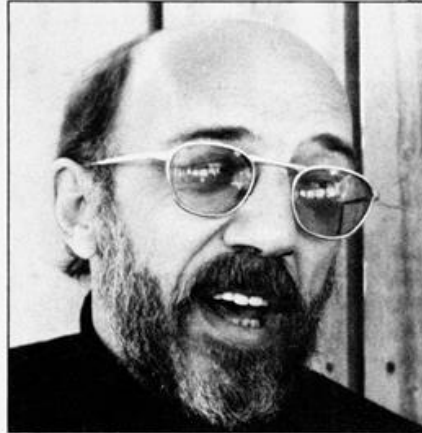
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# Opinion

## A Nation of Informers



Today, with literally hundreds of thousands of informers going about their work in America, the matter of their wretched and degraded existence becomes practically irrelevant. What's important is the abolition of the system that makes the creation of informers necessary. For surely, there is no way to enforce the dope laws without informers.

The sale and possession of dope are by definition victimless crimes; that is, transactions between consenting individuals. Obviously, neither of the two or more parties involved in a sale, though their states of intoxication may range from mild to acute, will of their own volitions telephone the police (as, of course, any citizen with knowledge of a crime should surely do). So, unless you write a check and mark it "for stash" or take out a listing in the Yellow Pages under "dope peddler," there's no way anyone gets an inkling of the "crime" afoot, providing there's no tip. So the informer sets up the deal, identifies the participants and greases the chute for goods and suspects alike. No informer, no bust.

Which is why the narc hasn't been born who wouldn't trade Sherlock Holmes and his smarter brother for a reliable informer. As one veteran enforcer put it, "Without them we might as well close up shop; they're our bread and butter." Of all dope busts, 85 to 90 percent come about through the activities of informers. (In 1976 this worked out to more than 500,000 busts, which bespeaks the handiwork of an army of active snitches, even allowing for the fact that once informers get started they are milked by their police contacts to bust as many people as they can.) It would be closer to 100 percent if not for occasional, greatly-to-be-regretted errors in navigation resulting in the landing of weed-laden B-52's atop municipal garages and other vicissitudes of the import-export business.

Few informers volunteer for their duty. They are busted, threatened with prison and then given the opportunity to betray their friends; indeed, who else can bust us with the goods but those we know and trust most dearly?

Coercing information isn't merely unsporting, it is un-American. The Pilgrim Fathers came here to escape the Gestapo tactics of the High Commission and the Star Chamber of the English crown, which regularly persecuted those who held wrong religious and political views. To be called before such tribunals meant a simple choice between betrayal or jail. Believing neither option compatible with liberty, the Pilgrims fled to establish in the New World a citadel of individual liberty against state power.

The choice faces us again today, but there is nowhere to flee. As long as victimless crimes remain on the books, informers must be used to detect them, and the fabric of our liberty will be chewed away. Our thought crimes are our dope crimes. To continue to regard them as crimes perpetuates the highest crime of all: the creation, by the coercion of free citizens, of a nation of informers. It is the ultimate crime against liberty, justice and the American way of life.

*Richard Ashley*

Richard Ashley, the author of *Heroin and Cocaine*, has written numerous articles for *High Times* and the *New York Times*.



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## More Wise Guys

Your "Guide to Gurus" in the October issue was fascinating. But the author omitted many of the "advertised brands," so I'd like to add a few wise men to the list: Bubba Free John and the Dawn Horse Mission in California; Scientology founder Ron Hubbard, who refers to himself as the fulfillment of Buddha's prophecy; and my own personal favorites, U. S. Andersen and his Atlantis University and Steve Gaskin and The Farm in Tennessee. Isn't Ken Kesey a homestead guru now?

One other point. Lao Tsu's quote that "those who know don't say" does not imply that they wouldn't tell when they are properly asked. The Tao teaches containment, not concealment.

—Ray Gormay, Rego Park, N.Y.

A wise man isn't so hard to find after all, right, Ray? Our guru guide was not intended as a comprehensive list, but merely a thought-provoking sampler. Judging from the interest expressed in your letter and others, it was a reasonable success.—Ed.

## Peelin' Good

Just when I was afraid you'd gone the trendy route, you make David Peel "Culture Hero" [*High Times*, December '77]. My faith is restored. David should be world famous and a superstar, but he isn't and that's a damn shame. He's one cat who's got the street in his blood and sings about exactly what dopers want and feel. Hanging out with John Lennon, Mick Jagger and those other simps didn't do anything for David except to suck and waste his talent. Let's hope the attention you gave him will put Peel back on the airwaves. Music for the people! Death to Disco!

—Leo Rapid, Brooklyn, N.Y.

## Kudos for Zippy

More Zippy the Pinhead comics in the future, please! He's absolutely the most spaced-out character ever drawn. He reminds me of a genius dosed on PCP: dumber than an amoeba most of the time, but somehow coming through unscathed. Once in a while he shows

remarkable insight, too, like when he agrees to "go anywhere but Cleveland." I sure know what that means. Tell Bill Griffith he's the tops.

—Jay Lakes, Cleveland, Ohio

## Our Boston Bombshell

Congratulations on Susan Wyler's stupendous "Confessions of a DEA Agent" in the November issue, exposing the corruption within the DEA and the Suffolk County District Attorney's Office in Boston. I live and work in Boston, and word is spreading that the officials and those associated with them are up in arms over a possible full-force investigation of those mentioned in the article, specifically in response to the interview you printed. Since the information was allegedly reported to the U.S. attorney and the D.A. last April, the possibility of a full investigation of the allegations has been deliberately buried until now.

Another hurrah for the ex-agent is the exposure of how new cops are indoctrinated into an incapable, inadequate and dishonest system.

—Justice in Boston

## Smoke Signal

Why don't rolling paper manufacturers include some sort of marker in each package to indicate that your supply is almost depleted? Too many times I have prepared to roll a few joints with my friends, only to discover we were down to our last paper.

—Name withheld, New York, N.Y.

A few brands include a different-colored paper near the end of the pack for this purpose. If you can't find any at your local headshop, we suggest you buy one of the many brands whose packs include a little cutout on one of the thin sides to give smokers a page-by-page account.—Ed.

## Don't Knock the Fitz

Albert Goldman's gratuitous swipe at the achievement of Fitz Hugh Ludlow in his Mezz Mezzrow article [*High Times*, November '77] was dumb. The person he calls a "tenth-rate writer" and refuses to acknowledge as a true viper forebear was the only teahead brave enough to flourish in nineteenth-century America; the first writer in English to probe the psychological states, the surrealism and the revelatory powers of hashish, and our first countryman to experience paranoia and social stigmatism for altering his consciousness.

Ludlow's "mighty mezz" was Tilden's "extract of cannabis," and with it he not only turned on his friends at



college and fellow writers in New York and San Francisco, but also John Hay, President Lincoln's closest advisor and President Teddy Roosevelt's secretary of state. —Michael Horowitz, Director, Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library, San Francisco, Ca.

## Seek and Ye Shall Find

In November's "Books," you mentioned Steven Pollock's *Magic Mushroom Cultivation*, but I can't find anyone here who's heard of the publisher—Herbal Research Foundation, which you said is in San Antonio. How can I contact them to order the book?

—Mike Darr, San Antonio, Tex.  
Their address is: Herbal Medicine Research Foundation, Box 29187, San Antonio, Tex. 78229.—Ed.

## Pistol Whipping

It saddened me to see your magazine glorify the cult of violence by "reviewing" a pistol in the November '77 "High Style" section. Perhaps it was done with tongue in cheek, but it could well be interpreted as an endorsement of the warped manly ethic responsible for 20,000 murders in the U.S. each year, the vast majority of them committed with handguns.

—Michael S. Ehlers, Boulder, Colo.  
Many of us at High Times don't like guns either, but that doesn't mean we automatically put down anyone who does. Neither do we endorse the use of firearms, any more than we support famine, auto accidents, cancer or any of the other commercially created killers that destroy far more people every year than bullets. As journalists we will continue reporting violence [see "Confessions of a Gun Smuggler," p. 43], just as we will go on covering dope, sex and fun. If any of those things offend you, quit reading the magazine, but that won't make them go away.—Ed.

## Correction

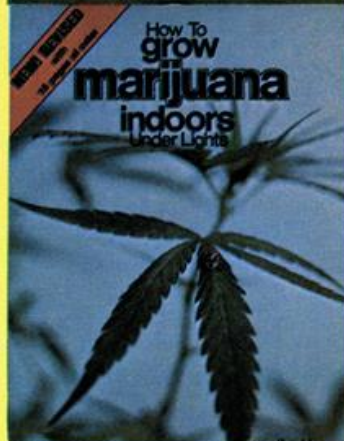
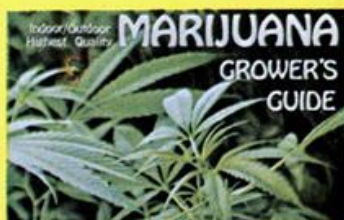
At no time did I make any representation to *High Times* or anyone else that proceeds or profits from the current Acapulco Gold rolling paper company are used for the purposes of legalization or decriminalization, as was claimed in a letter under my name in your September issue.

—Raymond Haas, San Rafael, Ca.  
Mr. Haas did not state in his letter that proceeds from the sale of Acapulco Gold rolling papers were used to support legalization or decriminalization. He did, however, send us a package of rolling papers that contained this information on its back cover without informing us that the message was out of date.—Ed. ■

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—Name and address withheld

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—Name withheld, Cordova, Alaska

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—Name withheld, Lewiston, Idaho

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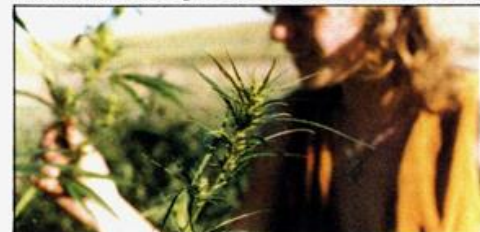


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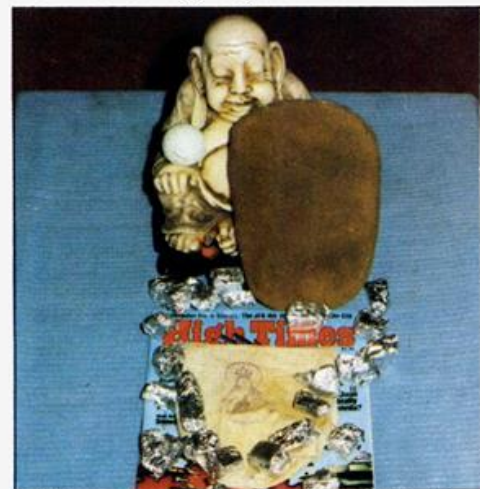


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—Name and address withheld

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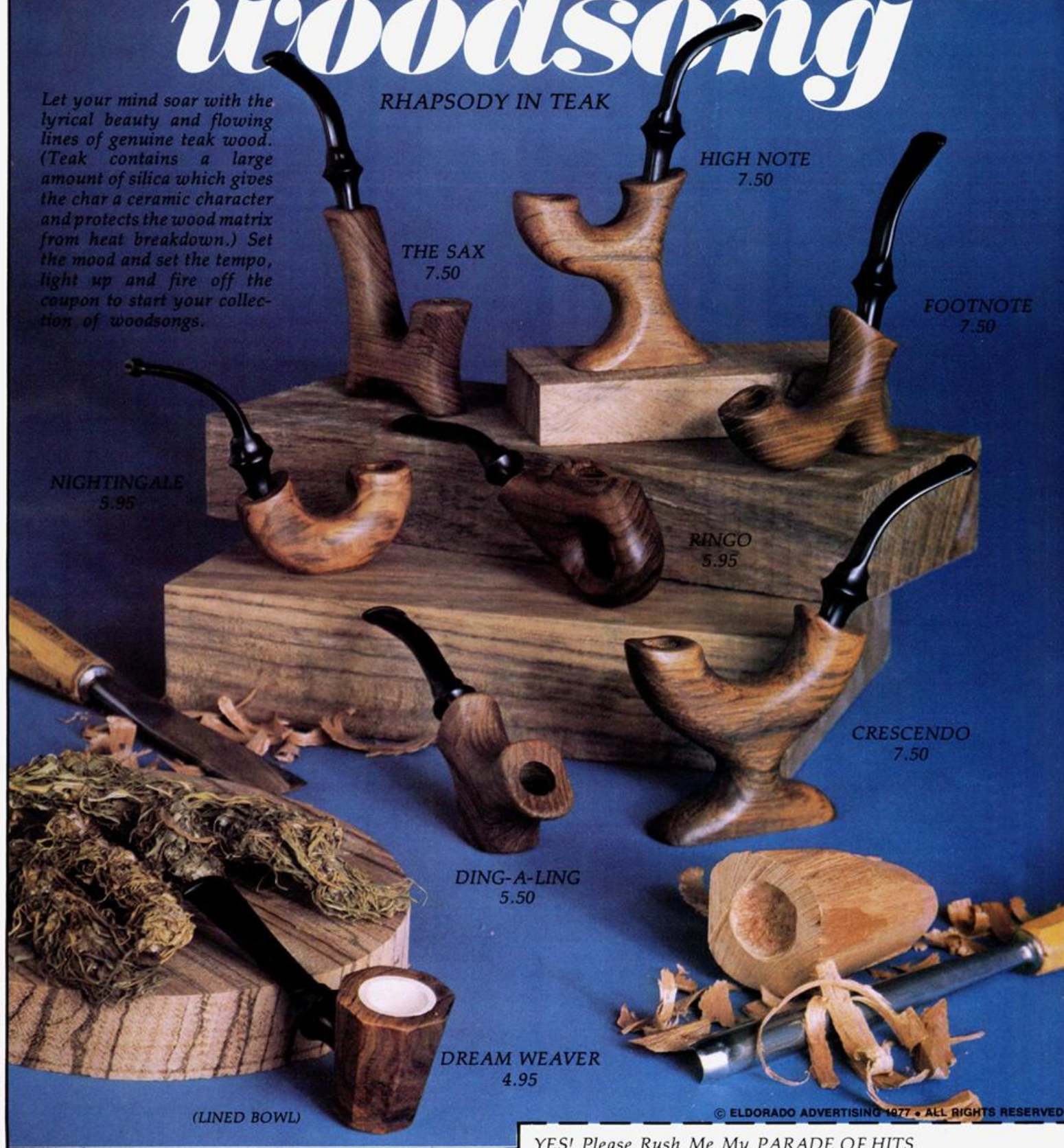
—Fliers in Eagle Country



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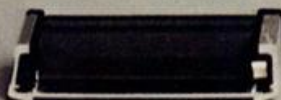
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## Brownie Pointers

**Q:** Are there any decent recipes for pot munchies that don't require such exorbitant amounts of weed?

—Leonard Klein, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**A:** Conservation-minded heads know that seeds and twigs can be recycled to make "garbage brownies." All you need are two cups of seeds and stems, one pound of unsalted butter, a brownie recipe and a rainy day (it takes time). Boil two quarts of water, add the dope dregs, cover and simmer for two hours. Then add the butter, cover and simmer three to four hours longer. Add more water when necessary. Cool and strain.

You'll be left with a pasty gunk that should be refrigerated until the greasy, green "garbage butter" coagulates on top. Now bake it into your favorite brownie recipe. Use all the butter, regardless of what your recipe says, and double the amount of chocolate called for. A 1½-inch-square brownie takes three hours to peak on, just in time to catch the end of Star Wars.

## Coke 22

**Q:** How can I keep my mouth moist during cocaine intoxications? It really does a drying number on the glands. Anything to make the saliva flow will be appreciated muchly.

—T. L., Phoenix, Ariz.

**A:** That nuisance "blow mouth" is caused by rapid dehydration due to cocaine: the kidneys and sweat glands are working overtime, and your mouth is reacting in kind. Simply enough, the cure is to drink something: we suggest Dom Perignon '69. On the cheaper side, a dab of tabasco sauce on the tongue gets the mouth nectar pouring again and adds a certain tingle to oral sex.

## Carnal Vitamins

**Q:** My mother, who has been prescribed niacin injections for a vitamin deficiency, says the resulting rush was the most intense erotic experience she's ever had. I have a feeling she's pulling at least my leg, but can you tell me for sure?

—Irene Geilgud, Toledo, Ohio

**A:** She's not putting you on. Niacin (otherwise known as vitamin B<sub>3</sub> or nicotinic

acid) causes the arteries to dilate, increasing blood flow to the skin and muscles. This produces a bright red skin flush and a tingling feeling with intense heat. In many people this is concentrated in the head, neck and chest, but some women seem to experience the flash in the crotch.

Only niacin is effective, not the niacinamide form. An oral dose of 500 mg is usually sufficient, but the rush is more dramatic after a shot. However, continuous high doses (over a gram per day) can cause liver damage and jaundice.

## Mushroom Safety

**Q:** I have some mushrooms that are about an inch tall, with caps 1½ inches in diameter and a brown spore print. They turn blue, but how can I be sure they're



really psilocybin types? Do any poisonous varieties turn blue?

—Name and address withheld

**A:** This mushroom is a member of the Boletaceae family, in either the Boletus or closely related Suillus genus. It is identified by the spore tubes it has instead of gills. The spore print is probably a light buff to dull cinnamon brown. Most psilocybin mushrooms have a purple-black to lavender print.

Take a spore print before you check the color reaction. This is important, because many dangerous nonpsilocybin species turn blue.

—Bob Harris, mycologist and author of *Growing Wild Mushrooms*

## Disco Rag

**Q:** I was at my favorite disco last week when I spied this sexy guy with a hanky wrapped round his wrist. He'd chew on it, then roll his eyes and nearly swoon. I assumed it was amyl nitrite and decided to break the ice by asking for a huff. My dream dancer smiled slyly and put his cloth to my lips and invited me to suck.

My skull felt like it had blasted off for the coldest realms of outer space, and my numbed brain rushed colors, images and sounds in a head-on collision with the ultimate. We went home together, but my

new lover still won't tell me what the magic potion was.

—Tiny Dancer, Atlanta, Ga.

**A:** Your amour was breathing ethyl chloride, a painkiller used to freeze skin before surgery. It is also a potent anesthetic that can put a patient out in seconds. Ethyl heads are known to spray it in their mouths with atomizers.

Ethyl chloride is illegal without a prescription and dangerous because it can cause heart fibrillations (twitches) that could lead to a coronary. It also collects in the liver with prolonged use, inducing noninfectious hepatitis. If you're still feeling experimental, ethyl chloride usually costs \$6 to \$10 a bottle.

## Cactus Practice

**Q:** A few years ago my mom got a cute little cactus called *Agave americana*, which has now taken over the whole backyard. I've been told to get rid of it. But I remember you once mentioned a psychoactive drink made from this plant. What's the recipe?

—Don Reed, Ceres, Ca.

**A:** If it's your only one, too bad you have to dump it. Also called maguey or century plant—though it actually blossoms two to ten times per 100 years—it shoots up a dazzling 30-foot flower spike in just a month. To make pulque, the plant must be 12 years old and "castrated" before the flower stalk erects itself. The center section is then punctured repeatedly, and the



sweet sap (agua miel) is drawn off over a period of months. *Thermobacterium mobile*, a germ found in the juice, causes the sap to ferment spontaneously into milky, sour, viscous suds with a 4- to 14-percent alcohol content.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ■



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## Sex in Africa

**F**rom the Muslim north through black central Africa to the slum yards of Johannesburg, sex in Africa embraces an incredibly varied range of strange laws, customs, superstitions, magic and taboos.

In the Islamic world of northern Africa, in fact, most observers agree that Arabs are "abnormally concerned" with sex. The way they play the game is to set up barriers that make the sport more interesting in their eyes. Such was the traditional woman's veil, and the desire among men that their brides be virgins. To ensure a wife's virtue, Arab husbands often resort to infibulation (surgical closure of the labia) or even clitorrectomy (female castration).

There's still a demand for virgin Muslim brides, and it's a custom for the groom on the morning after to carry the stained bed sheet to the home of his wife's parents and congratulate them. Strict fidelity is not expected of the Muslim husband, however. There is a booming business in prostitution, the casbah girls being imported from non-Muslim areas, along with local girls who have no nearby relatives who would be dishonored.

Under French colonialism, boy prostitution was a major industry in Algeria and Morocco, where Parisian poets and titled British lords flocked to the "chicken coops" of Casablanca and Algiers like homing pigeons the minute they hit town.

In many parts of black central and southern Africa, polygamy still exists, and a man will have from two to four wives. Sex in these regions is commonly regarded as a mysterious, magical power, and the rules governing participation are appropriately mysterious and magical. As in the Muslim world, virgin brides are best. For a virgin, a man will pay her parents twice as much in bride wealth. Whole cows have been known to trade hands in matrimonial bargains.

In most tribes, it's okay for a married woman to sleep with other men if she asks her husband's permission. Otherwise, it's considered adultery. There are strict rules against sex with blood relations and, in addition, a whole gallery of other forbidden love objects—for example, girls under the age of puberty, pregnant or nursing women.



Bruce Young

Where sex is concerned, most Africans have great faith in the power of magic. In the Agande tribe, if a man dreams about a woman he desires, he must turn and sleep with his head at the foot of the bed to make her desire and dream of him. For

**Idi Amin displays  
his concubines  
to flaunt his  
virility and power—  
sexual and political.**

fear of creating "sexual magic" by touch, a man is not allowed to shake hands with his mother-in-law or with the mother of any woman he's made love to or with any woman his brother or half-brother has ever taken to bed. Breaking these taboos will result in serious trouble, sickness and disaster. Adultery is punished by breaking the adulterer's wrists, then slicing them off with a razor, along with his or her ears, upper lip and genitals.

The more rigid a taboo and the more strictly it is enforced, the stronger the passions of the sex criminals are likely to be. As in any society, the taboos are enforced by those who seek and maintain power: the witch doctors and warrior chiefs.

Sex in Africa is strongly linked with magic. African politicians like Idi Amin and Emperor Bokassa I play on the image of the chief of state as a fertility god to ensure their popularity with the masses,

the basic tactic being to publicize one's horde of concubines and even, in the case of Amin, to flaunt one's venereal disease as a symbol of virility.

**T**hose who can control sex magic are the top dogs in the African tribes. Medicine men (*ongangas*) use leaves, roots and objects such as the cowrie shell (a symbol of the vulva) to make potions and talismans that will fulfill their clients' love dreams. *Ongangas* are employed by a woman who wants to be her husband's favorite wife, by a woman who wants a certain man to be her lover, by a man who suspects that his wife is playing around.

In the cities, love medicine, *sausledela*, is still commonly used. Often it contains cut pubic hair, along with other even more esoteric substances. A man will sprinkle it on his handkerchief, then blow his nose near the woman he wants. She inhales the powder and falls into his arms. Aphrodisiacs, including Spanish fly, are also big favorites and are sprinkled under armpits or around the genital areas to stimulate sexual power.

Love magic has even spread to South Africa's white society. Suburban housewives in Johannesburg are now using black witch doctors to straighten out their messed-up sex lives. For a \$60 fee, the witch doctor will leave the slums of Soweto to make a house call and deliver a love potion guaranteed to make a husband remember the call of the sexual wild. The housewives swear it works. Let Masters and Johnson dig into that for a while.

—Bernard Garfinkel



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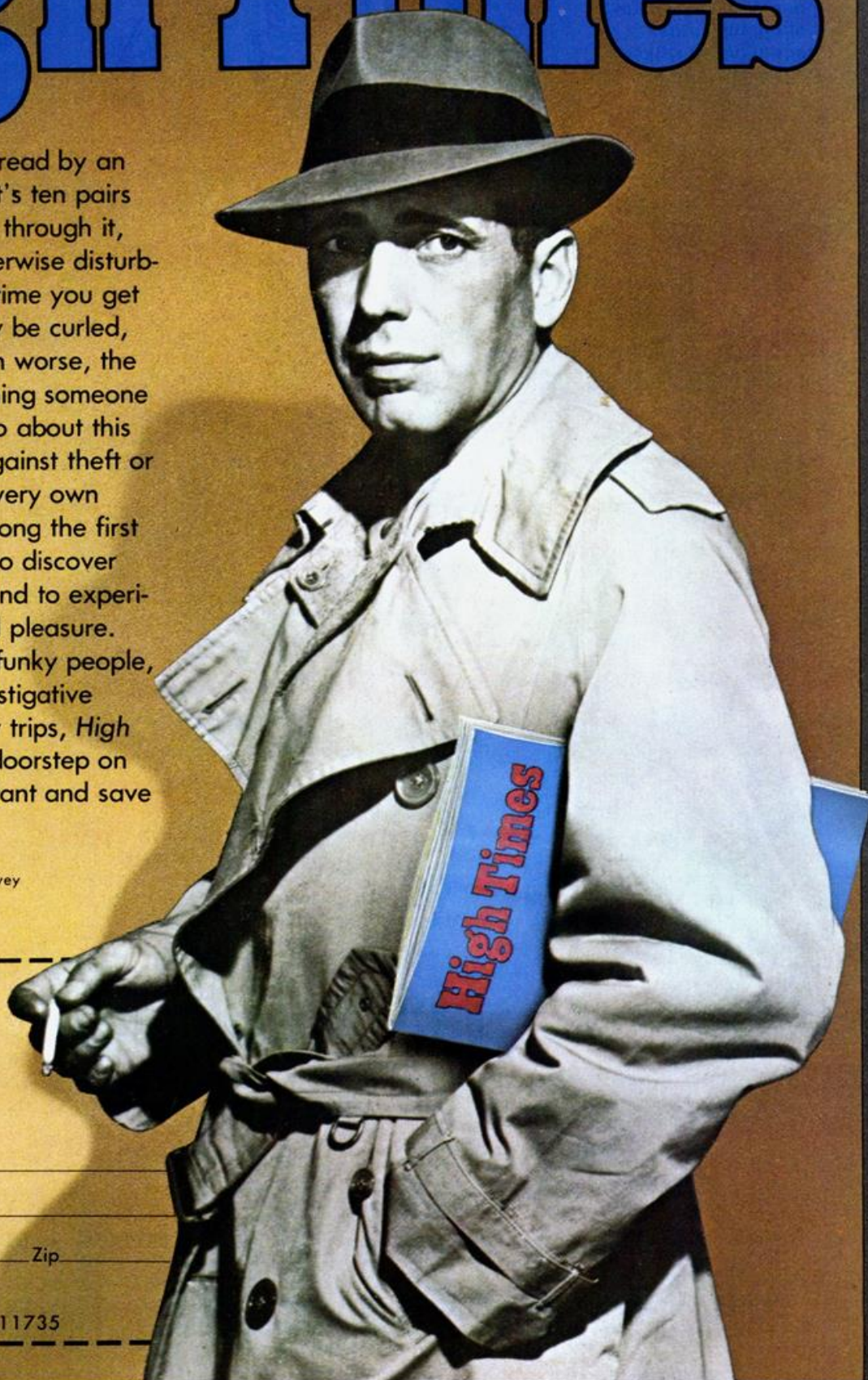
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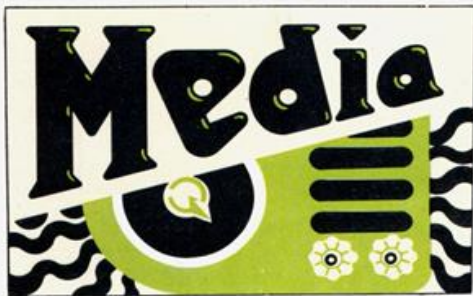
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## International Humor Mafia

**D**id you know that Syria doesn't have a humor magazine? Nor does Ethiopia or Bhutan. England, France, America and even the USSR do, however. Herewith, a guide.

Stateside, the most successful laugh mag has, of course, been the **National Lampoon**, founded in 1970 and owing one percent of its profits forever to its forerunner, the **Harvard Lampoon**. In its youth, NatLamp scored big with just about everyone for attacking the then-unchic establishment with parodies like "The Vietnamese Baby Book" and the Ted Kennedy for Volkswagen ad (it stays afloat if you drive off a bridge). Alas, Lampoon is still busy tearing down the "establishment." Trouble is, it's already been torn down—and the only people who don't realize this are the ones who are either too young or too insulated to have experienced the Sixties.

Stodgy, effete and elite is **The New Yorker**, the 50-year-old weekly that has a faint reputation for humor and a steady readership of 500,000. Once the showcase for the wisecracking scribes of the Algonquin Roundtable, the magazine today is a place for excellently written (and edited) journalism, profiles and essays. The tradition of wit does continue in the form of cartoons, although occasionally a "casual" will provoke a dry smile.

In certain European countries, humor magazines are as popular as Time, perhaps indicating that dying civilizations are more fun than living ones. A smattering of high school French will get you through **Hari Kiri**, **journal bete et mechant** (**Hari Kiri**, the stupid and nasty magazine), which specializes in gross full-color pix of excrement, gore and another French preoccupation, food. The latest issue ran a photo of a man and woman furiously copulating while wearing gas masks. Explained the caption: "The future doesn't look so bad! Pollution doesn't stop you from fucking." **Hari Kiri** is Larry Flynt's favorite foreign publication, and that says it all.

**Charlie Hebdo** and **Charlie Mensuel** (one's weekly, the other monthly) are published by Editions du Square (as is **Hari Kiri**). The weekly is a two-color tabloid using well-known forms such as

photo novellas and comic strips to criticize the government, military, church and media. The monthly runs more comic strips than the weekly, reprinting in translation several popular American strips, including "Andy Capp," "Peanuts," "B.C." and the more obscure work of comic cult cartoonists like Harvey Kurtzman. In a strange conceptual mix, smutty comics appear next to "Peanuts."

**T**hen, there is the more intellectual **Le Canard Enchaîné** (literally "chained duck," whatever the hell that signifies). A New York Times-size newspaper issued every Wednesday, **Le Canard Enchaîné** is a happy mish-mash of crossword puzzles, political quizzes, cartoons, reportage and media jokes. More of a threat to government than any mag in America, **Canard Enchaîné** is under constant official scrutiny, and while Watergate was breaking here, a similar scandal rocked France when the Pompidou government was caught in the act of bugging **Le Canard's** offices.

**In England's Private Eye, journalists are always "hacks," and "discussing Ugandan affairs" always means having sex.**

**Private Eye** is the British equivalent of **Canard Enchaîné**. While battling a constant onslaught of lawsuits, **Private Eye** manages to fire well-aimed volleys of vicious, gossipy items at highly-placed targets in government, business, media and entertainment. Journalists are always referred to as "hacks." "Ugandan behavior" is the euphemism for sex, former Prime Minister Wilson is "Wislon" and continental videoman David Frost is regularly brutalized in a comic strip entitled

"The David Frost Story."

P.E. often takes swipes at **Punch**, Britain's older and milder chuckle mag. Offering a fairly droll selection of gentle spoofs, **Punch** is tediously formulaic and predictably concerned with American politics (every CIA scandal is greeted by both **Punch**—and Art Buchwald—with a knee-jerk "diary" or "conversation" about bureaucratic ineptitude). Still, if you're a bird watcher who can take a joke, you may think that stuff like "Say NO to National Bicycle Week!" is funny.

On the other side of the Iron Curtain there is **Krokodil**, the state-sponsored humor magazine of Russia. **Krokodil** means crocodile, of which there aren't any in the Soviet Union. (Get it?) Printed on newsprint in full color, it's published weekly and each cover features a cartoon about greedy Western society or the annoyances of Soviet life. "Humorous" columns and comics focus on the problems of Russian consumers, for whom **Krokodil** functions as a kind of proletarian Norman Lear. You know—trouble ensues when Ivan stands in the meat line for five hours and realizes he's been waiting for fish! Russians who don't read **Krokodil** are probably languishing in enforced laughter camps.

Lest I now be correctly accused of self-aggrandizement, let me confess that I am one of the editors of a new humor magazine entitled **Informed Source** (formerly **Reliable Source**), along with Rex Weiner, another *High Times* contributor. The rabid bimonthly seethes with devastating satires, vicious gossip, gratuitous jokes, nasty reportage and dumb contests. "Dean Martin Roasts Alexander Solzhenitsyn." "The Bert Lance Cookbook" ("First, borrow a cup of sugar") and "My Turn, Dammit" by King Hussein were recent features. Does King Hussein really write for IS? You be the judge.

—Deanne Stillman



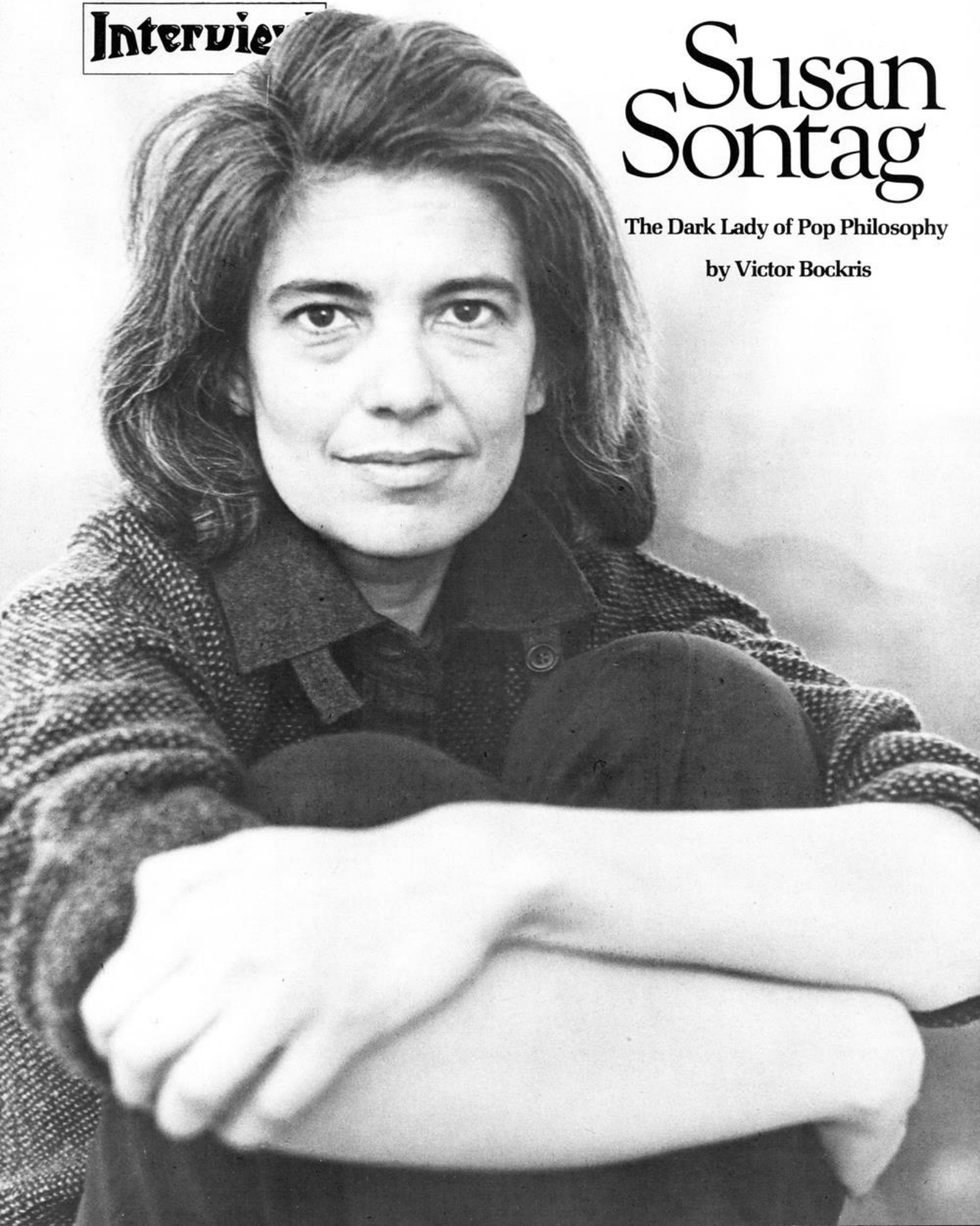


**Interview**

# Susan Sontag

The Dark Lady of Pop Philosophy

by Victor Bockris





Among American intellectuals, Susan Sontag is probably the only Harvard-educated philosopher who digs punk rock. Sontag became famous in the Sixties when her series of brilliant essays on politics, pornography and art, including the notorious "Notes on Camps," were collected in *Against Interpretation*—a book that defended the intuitive acceptance of art against the superficial, cerebral apprehension of it, then fashionable among a small band of extremely powerful, rigid intellectuals who, for example, dismissed such American classics as *Naked Lunch*, *Howl*, *On the Road*, Andy Warhol's film *Chelsea Girls*, etc., as trash. With the impact of her concise arguments, Sontag was immediately labeled the Queen of the Aesthetes, the philosophical champion of pop art and rock and roll.

Since then she has written many more essays, a second novel, edited the works of Antonin Artaud (founder of the Theater of Cruelty and an early mescaline user), made two films and undergone radical surgery and two years of chemotherapy for a rare and advanced form of cancer. Thus Susan Sontag continues to live on the edge of life and death, an unusual address for an intellectual essayist but essential for anyone who aspires, as she does, to tell the truth about the present.

Her first book in seven years, *On Photography*, was greeted this winter with the familiar violent controversy. Most reviewers treated it as an uncompromising attack on photography itself—everything from photojournalism to baby pictures—and a complete desertion of her Sixties art-for-art's-sake position for the lofty ground of analytical moralism. As Sontag makes clear for the first time in this interview, *On Photography* is not about photography at all, but the way it is put to use by the American system. Thus *On Photography* remains true to Sontag's main idea of her task as a writer: to examine the majority opinion and expose it from the opposite point of view, putting emphasis on her "responsibility to the truth." The method has proved explosive.

Sontag decided to give us an interview instead of attending a Ramones gig at CBGB's because she thought it would be fun. She spoke intriguingly for hours about famous dopers she'd known (Jean Paul Sartre, a surprise lifelong speed freak, among them), grass, booze, punk rock, art, the Sixties and—always—truth.

**High Times:** I've been told that you don't give very many interviews.

**Sontag:** No, I don't. Sure.

**High Times:** Why are you giving this one to *High Times*?

**Sontag:** Well, I'm giving this one because I haven't published a proper book in seven years. I'm giving an interview because... because it's *High Times*. I was intrigued by that, sure. I thought, well, that's odd. I

hadn't thought of that. And also because I'm going away, so it's a little bit hit-and-run. And I suppose in a way I have been hiding.

There is a crisis you go through after a certain amount of work. Some people say after a decade, but when you've done a lot of work and you hear a lot about it and discover that it really does exist out there—you can call it being famous—then you think, well, is it any good? And, what do I want to go on doing? And, of course, you can't shut out people's reactions, and to a certain extent you do get labeled, and I hate that.

I find now that I am being described as somebody who has moved away from the positions or ideas that I advocated in the Sixties, as if I've reneged. I just got tired of hearing my ideas in other people's mouths. If some of the things that I said stupidly or accurately in the Sixties, which were then minority positions, have become positions that are much more common, well, then again I would like to say something else.

**High Times:** Do you feel you have any

**"I use speed to write,  
which is the opposite  
of grass. It gives  
you tremendous powers  
of concentration.  
But I certainly  
would prefer a joint  
to whiskey any day."**

responsibility for the effect of what you have to say on other people?

**Sontag:** No, I feel I have a responsibility to the truth. I'm not going to say something that I don't think is true, and I think the truth is always valuable. If the truth makes people uncomfortable or is disturbing, that seems to me a good thing.

I suppose unconsciously I'm always making an estimate when I'm starting some kind of project of what people think. And then I say, well, given that people think this, what can be said in addition to this or what can be said in contradiction to that? There's always some sense of where people are, so I do in a way think of my essay writing as adversary writing. The selection of subjects doesn't necessarily represent my most important taste or interests; it has to do with the sense of what's being neglected or what's being viewed in a way that seems to exclude other things which are true.

But I find myself absolutely baffled by the question of the effect or influence of what one is doing. If I think of my own work and I question what effect it is having, I have to throw up my hands.

Beyond these baby statements like "I want to tell the truth" or "I want to write well," I really don't know. It's not only that I don't know, I don't know how I would know, I don't know what I would do with it. I'm always amazed at writers who say, "I want to be the conscience of my generation. I want to say the things that'll change what people feel or think." I don't know what that means.

**High Times:** Do you think that the Sixties concept of a new consciousness changing things is rather lightweight?

**Sontag:** Yes. In a word.

**High Times:** And yet, drugs are now more a part of our society than they were in the Sixties.

**Sontag:** Absolutely. There was an article in the *New York Times* the other day about people smoking pot in public in the major cities, and that being absolutely accepted. That's a major change. I have a friend who spent three years in jail in Texas for having two joints in his pocket. As he crossed from Mexico into Texas he was arrested by the border police. So these changes are important.

**High Times:** Do you have any feelings about an increasingly widespread use of drugs?

**Sontag:** I think marijuana is much better than liquor. I think a society which is addicted to a very destructive and unhealthy drug, namely alcohol, certainly has no right to complain or be sanctimonious or censor the use of a drug which is much less harmful.

If one leaves it on the level of soft drugs, I think the soft drugs are much less harmful. They're much better and more pleasurable and physically less dangerous than alcohol. And above all, less addictive. So as far as that goes, I think fine. What bothers me is that a lot of people are drifting back to alcohol. What I rather liked in the Sixties about the drug use was the repudiation of alcohol. That was very healthy. And now alcohol has come back.

**High Times:** Do you think drugs encourage consumers?

**Sontag:** What I prefer about soft drugs as opposed to alcohol is that it seems to be more pleasurable; maybe it just has to do with my experience. I'm not terribly interested in soft drugs, but I certainly would prefer a joint to a whiskey any day. I think that I rather like the fact that soft drugs tend to make people a little lazier, and they don't, at least in my experience, encourage aggressive or violent impulses. Of course if you've got them, nothing's going to stop you from acting them out.

But I don't feel that drugs are any more connected with consumerism. It's just a historical phenomenon that the drug culture became widespread at a moment when the consumer society was more developed. And, on the contrary, in North Africa, in Morocco, which is a country that I know pretty well, the new thing for the past 20 years among the younger, more Westernized Moroccans is alcohol. They





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think of hashish as the drug of their parents, their parents being lazy and not interested in consumption and getting ahead and modernizing the country. So the young doctors and lawyers and movers and groovers in Moroccan society tend to prefer alcohol.

**High Times:** I think it's interesting that in this society we take drugs a lot, and in other societies they don't take drugs at all. What's the difference?

**Sontag:** I think what interests me now, the little I know about it, is that this is now becoming a mature drug society, in relation to, let's say, Western Europe. This is because we have enough time that people have been taking drugs in different strata of the society; that we're getting different kinds of drug cultures and even a kind of naturalization of the drug thing; that it's not a big deal. Whereas in a country like France or Italy, which I know pretty well, they're about where we were ten years ago. It's still a kind of spooky thing, it's a daring thing, it's a thing that people use in a rather violent or self-destructive way.

**High Times:** Do you do any of your writing on grass?

**Sontag:** I've tried, but I find it too relaxing. I use speed to write, which is the opposite of grass. Sometimes when I'm really stuck I will take a very mild form of speed to get going again.

**High Times:** What does it do?

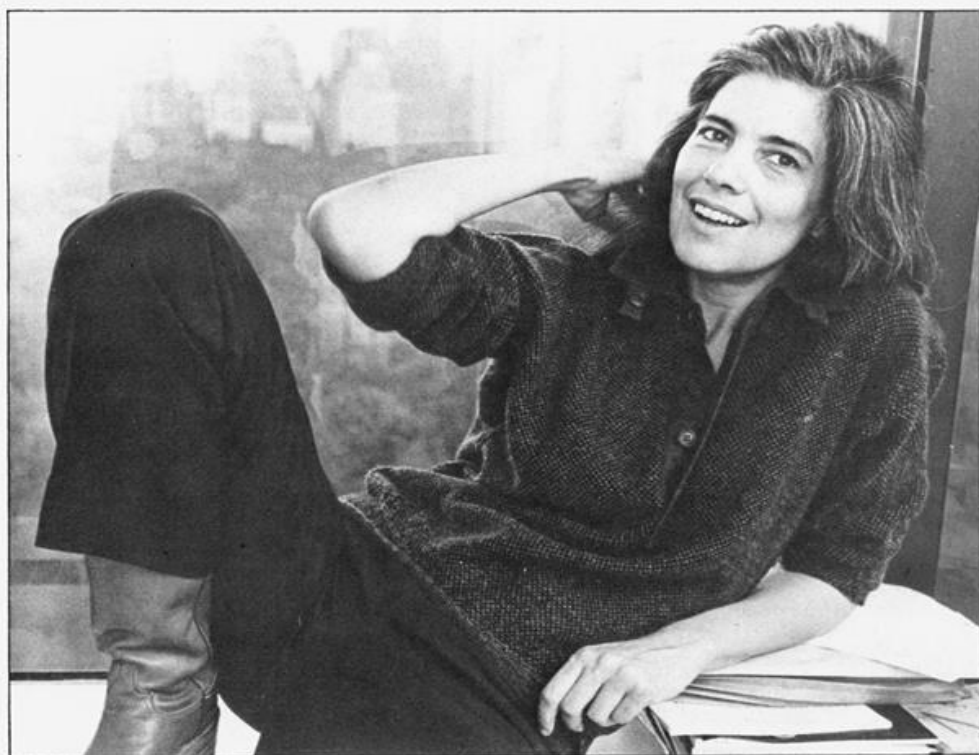
**Sontag:** It eliminates the need to eat, sleep or pee or talk to other people. And one can really sit 20 hours in a room and not feel lonely or tired or bored. It gives you terrific powers of concentration. It also makes you loquacious. So if I do any writing on speed, I try to limit it.

First of all, I take very little at a time, and then I try to actually limit it as far as the amount of time that I'll be working on a given thing on that kind of drug. So that most of the time my mind will be clear, and I can edit down what has perhaps been too easily forthcoming. It makes you a little uncritical and a little too easily satisfied with what you're doing. But sometimes when you're stuck it's very helpful.

I think more writers have worked on speed than have worked on grass. Sartre, for instance, has been on speed all his life, and it really shows. Those endlessly long books are obviously written on speed, a book like *Saint Genet*. He was asked by Gallimard to write a preface to the collected works of Genet. They decided to bring it out in a series of uniform volumes, and they asked him to write a 50-page preface. He wrote an 800-page book. It's obviously speed writing. Malraux used to write on speed. You have to be careful. I think one of the interesting things about the nineteenth century is it seems like they had natural speed. Somebody like Balzac... or a Dickens.

**High Times:** They must have had something. Perhaps it was alcohol.

**Sontag:** Well, you know in the nineteenth



Charlie Frick

**"Photography is the exemplary activity of our society, it has everything brilliant, poetic and beautiful and also everything destructive, polluting and manipulative in this society."**

century a lot of people took opium, which was available in practically any pharmacy as a painkiller.

**High Times:** Would opium be good to write on?

**Sontag:** I don't know, but an awful lot of nineteenth-century writers were addicted

to opiates of one kind or another.

**High Times:** Is that an interesting concept, the relationship between writers and drugs?

**Sontag:** I don't think so. I don't think anything comes out that you haven't gotten already.

**High Times:** Then why is there this long history of writers and stimulants?

**Sontag:** I think it's because it's not natural for people to be alone. I think that there is something basically unnatural about writing in a room by yourself, and that it's quite natural that writers and also painters need something to get through all those hours and hours and hours of being by yourself, digging inside your own intestines. I think it's probably a defense against anxiety that so many writers have been involved in drugs. It's true that they have, and whole generations of writers have been alcoholics.

**High Times:** Is it possible to say what it is that makes someone want to write?

**Sontag:** I think for me it's first of all an







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admiration of other writers. That's probably the greatest single motivation that I have had. I've been so overcome by admiration for a number of writers that I wanted to join that army. And even if I thought that I was just going to be a foot soldier in that army and never one of the captains or majors or generals, I still wanted to do that thing which I admired so intensely. But if I'd never read so many books that I really loved, I'm sure I would not have wanted to be a writer.

**High Times:** You recently said that artists should be less devoted to creating new forms of hallucination and more devoted to piercing through the hallucinations that nowadays pass for reality. Do you think artists have a responsibility to arrest decay?

**Sontag:** Artists are no different than anybody else. They are first of all creatures of the society that they live in. I think one of the great illusions that people had—and that I shared to a certain extent—was that modern art could be in some kind of permanent adversary, critical relationship to the culture. But I can just see more and more of a fit between the values of modern art and the values of a consumer society.

I don't think any of this can be described in the simple way people used to do in the Sixties, talking about being co-opted. It's a much more organic relationship. It's not that things start out being critical and get taken up by the establishment. It's that the values in a great deal of avant-garde or modern art are values that fit perfectly well in a consumer society, where everyone's supposed to have pluralistic taste and standards are subjective and people really don't care about the truth.

**High Times:** Do you see punk as a moral movement?

**Sontag:** I really don't know how to answer that. One is so suspicious of what one's reactions might be because one is ten years older. I remember when I first heard the Rolling Stones. When I went to their very first concert in New York at the Academy of Music, I was absolutely thrilled. But I was ten or twelve years younger than I am now. I haven't gone to any punk rock concerts, but I have some records. And I find in the lyrics something rather different, a kind of despair that I didn't feel with the Rolling Stones. I mean, I don't feel offended, I don't feel outraged, it's nothing like that, but I feel a sort of bleakness. I agree that the society that is so nihilistic at its core does not deserve a sanctimonious art which simply covers up the inner bleakness of the society, so in that sense, of course I'm not against...

**High Times:** It releases a lot of energy when someone suddenly puts their finger on the pulse of the time. I know from being in England in '62 when the Beatles broke. It simply made everyone feel good.

**Sontag:** I'd like to believe in the compari-

son you're suggesting, and I try to think that way too because I'm horrified by this kind of sanctimonious moralistic reaction to everything, and I remember exactly what you're describing. I remember saying to myself, to my son and to friends, I've never felt so good. I felt a physical energy, a sensual energy, a sexual energy, but above all a feeling in my body...

But you see, I think the Sex Pistols and the other groups would be quite acceptable if they seemed more ironic to people. And I think they are very ironic. But I think they're not perceived as ironic, and once they are perhaps that will be their form of domestication. Then it will be perfectly all right. You see, listen, I didn't want to be labeled the Queen of the Aesthetes in the Sixties, and I don't want to be the Queen of the Moralists in the Seventies. It's not as simple as that at all.

**"Jean-Paul Sartre has been on speed all his life, and it really shows. They asked him to write a 50-page preface to the works of Genet. He wrote 800 pages. It's obviously speed writing."**

**High Times:** I think you're being forced into that position.

**Sontag:** Well, I see that now, I see that in everything that I have dared to read about myself that thing comes up. Something that interests me less and less is the narcissism of this society, is the way that people just care about what they're feel-

ing. And it isn't that I think there's something wrong about caring about what you feel, but I think that you have to have some vocabulary or some stretch of the imagination to do it with, and it seems that the means are shrinking.

"How are you feeling?"

"Oh, well, I'm feeling fine. I'm very laid back, er wow, terrific."

What is being said about feelings is less and less. It's awfully primitive. You do your thing and I'll do my thing. That kind of attitude seems very shallow. It seems as if an awful lot of complexity has been lost. If one can keep the debate going between the aesthetic way of looking at things and the moralist way of looking at things, that already gives more structure, more density to the situation.

If I seemed to be championing the aesthete's way of looking at things it's because I thought the moralists really did have it all their way at the time I started writing in the Sixties. If I seem to be championing a moralistic way of looking at things it's because there seems to be a very shallow aestheticism that's taken over. It's certainly not the aestheticism that I was associating myself with.

Oscar Wilde remains one of my idols. I haven't changed. I don't repudiate what I said then, but I hear echoes of a kind of superficial nihilism that seems associated with an aesthetic position that drives me up the wall. It seems that people have become so passive. When you mentioned the word energy, of course if I can see punk rock in that way I can feel it, and of course it's not possible to get it by playing a couple of records on this inadequate stereo; you have to be in an audience. I remember the Academy of Music in 1964. What it was like to be in that audience  
(continued on page 36)





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# **HIGH WIT NEWS**

March No. 31

## **Heavies Meet at Acid Fete**

by Michael S. Gant

SANTA CRUZ—An overflow crowd attended a psychedelic conference at the University of California campus here recently in honor of Dr. Albert Hofmann, the 71-year-old Swiss chemist who first synthesized and experimented with LSD.

He described for an admiring audience the "unusual cycle of chemical research" that led from the discovery of LSD-25 to the isolation of psilocybin from magic mushrooms and the identification of lysergic acid amides in morning-glory seeds.

Hofmann's speech was part of a two-day symposium entitled "LSD—A Generation Later," sponsored by a student organization called Network, the U.C. Santa Cruz Psychology Board and two West Coast publishers, the And/OR and Unity presses.

The conference was also attended by Tim Leary, Ralph Metzner, Baba Ram Dass (Richard Alpert), Allen Ginsberg and John Lilly.

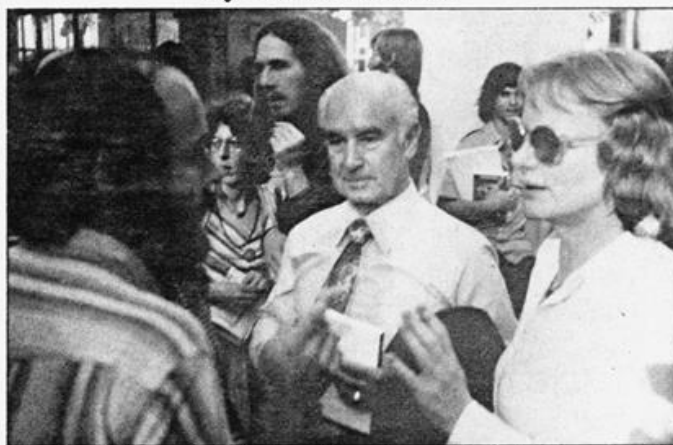
Acknowledging the standing ovation that greeted his arrival, the conservatively dressed Hofmann quipped, "You expected a guru and you got a chemist."

The diethylamide of lysergic acid was first synthesized in 1938 as part of Hofmann's work with derivatives of ergot, a rye grass fungus with properties useful in the prevention of postpartum hemorrhaging.

Although he did not work with LSD again for five years, Hofmann said, "I had a strange feeling that it would be important."

On April 16, 1943, while preparing a new sample of the drug, Hofmann accidentally ingested a minute quantity through his finger. Feeling dizzy, he left the Sandoz laboratories and headed for home, where he underwent the first "acid trip," a journey characterized by what he called "fantastic images of vivid plasticity."

Three days later, in order to confirm that it was LSD that had triggered the strange visions, Hofmann took 250 micrograms of the



*Dr. Albert Hofmann (center) chats with conferees at the Santa Cruz symposium on psychedelic drugs.*

drug, a dose that he believed to be the lowest that could exhibit any noticeable effects. The experiences of the first trip were magnified and accompanied by vertigo and extreme visual distortion.

"All acoustic stimuli were transformed into optical effects," Hofmann said.

Hofmann went on to describe his work with the sacred Mexican mushroom *Psilocybe mexicana*. In 1956 researchers R. Gordon Wasson and Roger Heim sent samples of it to the Sandoz laboratories for testing. The mushrooms had little effect on animals but produced a "strange transformation" in Hof-

mann, who ate 32 dried specimens.

After a period during which all that he saw was overlaid with Mexican motifs, Hofmann said that he was seized by an interior rush of abstract pictures. "I felt that I would dissolve in a whirlpool of form and color."

Later Hofmann crystallized and isolated psilocybin, the active ingredient in the mushroom. Similar research led to the identification of lysergic acid amides in *ololiuqui*, a type of morning-glory seed used in Aztec rituals.

"I met old friends in a new plant," Hofmann said, remembering his delight at this discovery.

In a question-and-answer period after the talk, Hofmann stressed the fact that "no one has died from taking LSD; we don't know what the lethal dose is." He added, however, that LSD may be dangerous if the user is not prepared for the experience.

As an example he cited the recent revelations that the U.S. Army and the CIA had tested the drug on unwitting subjects, with results ranging from suicide to psychosis.

When asked exactly how LSD works on the mind, Hofmann admitted, "We don't really know yet." Falling back on a metaphor, Hofmann compared the effect of LSD to the tuning of a radio.

"By changing the wavelengths in the brain," he said, "you can get another program of reality."

## **Mexico Trades Dopers**

BOGOTA—Mexico has offered to exchange some 20 Colombian dope prisoners for less than a dozen Mexicans doing time on similar charges throughout Colombia, *High Times* has learned.

The swap proposal, similar to the one that repatriated the bulk of American dope prisoners being held in Mexico, comes in the wake of new evidence here that maintains incarcerated Colombians in Mexico are being tortured, ripped off and in many instances illegally arrested.

Luis Carlos Londono Capurro, a prominent Colombian industrialist and newspaper owner, has lodged a formal complaint through the Colombian government for the "psychological torture" he claims to have suffered while held incom-

municado for three days by Mexican police in Cancun. Londono Capurro was returning in his private jet from a Miami business trip when an engine fault forced his pilot to make an emergency landing at Cancun. Airport police took one look at the Colombian passports and threw the pair in jail.

Despite Geneva Convention guarantees of consular access, they were only able to communicate with Colombian diplomats after three days of atrocious conditions coupled with no food or sleep. The Colombian government finally intervened and Mexican narcs explained that the arrests were due to a passport mix-up. Meanwhile the contents of Londono Capurro's plane, including business documents, had been stolen.

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Nepalese Hash

## Nepal's Cash Law Stalls Hash Trade

KATMANDU, NEPAL—A new Nepalese currency law requiring tourists to spend at least \$5 a day has caused a severe business slump in this mountain nation's once-thriving hashish trade.

The sum may seem paltry to an outsider, but to those familiar with Nepal's hashish business, the law is indeed stiff, because it requires travelers to prove they have converted the \$5 minimum at the official rate—one U.S. dollar for 12.50 Nepalese rupees. On the black market, the return can be as much as 25 rupees.

The currency crackdown has hit Katmandu's famous Freak Street, whose shops specialize in Himalayan hash, Mustang marijuana, Guru Oil and Rakshi, a throat-burning concoction of rice and lentils. Until the new law, it was possible to partake in an eight-hour ganja session for as little as one dollar.

"Business has tumbled drastically since last July," lamented a Freak Street shopkeeper. "Once I went for two days without a customer."

The Nepalese government introduced a series of marijuana control methods in 1975 under pressure from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). However, these controls have proved ineffective, since the kingdom lacks adequate enforcement machinery to wipe out the rich hashish and marijuana fields that dot the mountains. There are an average of only four arrests a month for exporting cannabis from Nepal.

Those in the hashish business claim the new currency law could hamper their export operations, a main source of Nepal's foreign currency earnings. Local dealers and exporters said that although the harvest has been good, there have been few buyers and warehouse stockpiles are building up.

## Cuba Attacks Decrim

HAVANA—Cuba's chief afternoon newspaper has attacked efforts to legalize marijuana in the U.S., adding that the legalization movement would not succeed because of the influence of liquor companies.

Supporters of legalization, said the article in *Juventud Rebelde*, "were using all sorts of stratagems to get their own way. For the moment we doubt that marijuana will be legalized, not for human considerations, but due to powerful economic interests."

The article added that marijuana might have supporters in high place, but so far "the power of the great industry producing alcohol drinks has prevailed."

*Juventud* said that although proponents claimed pot could have medicinal uses, "extensive studies" by the Cuban government had proved it was a health hazard.

### To Our Readers

*High Times* welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: *HighWitness News*, *High Times*, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.



# Dutch Deport Dope Czar

Michael "Micky" Cezar, who since 1972 has openly bought and sold large quantities of cannabis from six barges in Amsterdam's canals, was recently deported from Holland while attempting to board a plane to the Black Sea, where he was to view a consignment of "People's Hash."

The American dope entrepreneur, who sports an engraved lapel pin of Lenin, left behind a fleet of floating canal boats that paid over \$10,000 a year in marijuana sales taxes to Holland.

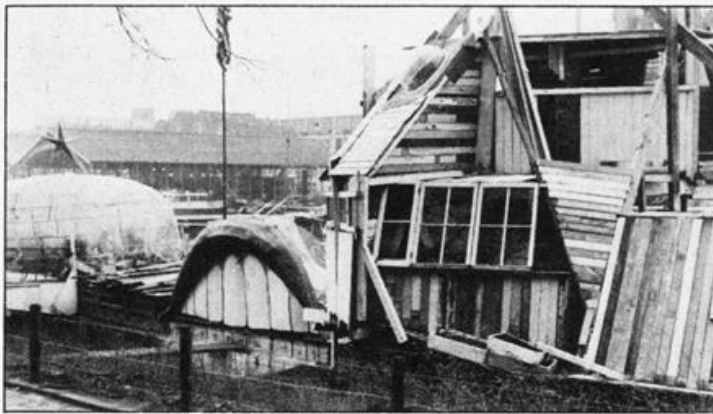
During his short absence, the cannabis products were sold by his 20 employees, who center operations on board the 100-foot pot barge *Johanna*. Docked on the Wittenburgergracht canal and across the street from a police station, the boat is Cezar's most profitable.

Cezar, who advertises in the Amsterdam Yellow Pages, maintains his cannabis is the finest in Holland.

"Our heaviest buyers are the Dutch and Surinamese," he said, less than 24 hours after his expulsion. "We have over 3,000 regular customers and will sell them anything from kilos to stickies of the finest weed or hash available. If someone doesn't have any money we give them a free sticky."

"There isn't any kind of grass I haven't smoked or sold," related the former electric transformer builder from New Jersey. He was nursing a gunshot wound inflicted last year by a competing marijuana outfit. "Surinamese and African grass are the most popular, especially Congolese and Mozambique varieties."

Since his arrival in Amsterdam, the freewheeling Cezar has faced numerous court appearances but had managed to avoid prosecution or deportation under the Dutch 30-gram rule, allowing people to possess less than that amount of cannabis without being arrested.



*The dope boat Johanna docked in the center of Amsterdam.*

## Thailand Offers Opium Trek

CHIENG MAI, THAILAND—One of the cheapest and most exciting tours in the Orient is the three-day adventure through the villages around this northern Thailand town where opium smoking reigns supreme.

The jungle tour, arranged by the Moo Tourist Agency of Chieng Mai, costs \$12.50 per person. The lure of opium smoking, which is part of the package, has drawn hundreds of people into the area in the past few years. Many of those who visit the area stay indefinitely, living in grass hut inns that charge from fifty cents to a dollar a night.

The excursion begins at Chieng Mai, an opium hub 400 miles north of Bangkok, and ranges about 100 miles further north into the villages of the opium-loving Meo tribe.

It is here that pipes are stuffed full of fresh opium and ignited with embers from the kitchen hearth. Part of the package calls for villagers to provide pipes and raw balls of black opium.

The charge is ten bhat (50 cents) for a pipe of pure heroin and five bhat (25 cents) for an overflowing bowl of a diluted mixture. Each pipe provides four healthy tokes.

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Heidi the pot dog checks out a case of Colombia's finest.

## Ohio Pot Dog Retires

by Bob Tkacz

CLEVELAND—Her nose was her trademark, her claim to fame. It found its way to fortunes and earned her a comfortable life. She is a German shepherd named Heidi, a dope hound trained to find marijuana no matter where it is hidden or how it is disguised.

But now she has retired from the Euclid, Ohio, police force after discovering \$400,000 worth of grass and hash in a six-year career that spanned the state. Cannabis is the only substance Heidi can sniff out. Other dogs are specialists in the detection of cocaine or heroin.

But "they've lost several dogs in training them to sniff out heroin."

related Heidi's former cop sidekick Sergeant Dominic Bosco. "The dogs get too much into their system and actually overdose."

"Heidi could get stoned from sniffing marijuana," admitted Bosco, "but we never let her get close enough to chew or swallow it."

"She's batting a thousand," smiled Bosco, who along with the grass hound has busted pot smuggled in gas tanks, hidden in steel beer kegs and sealed in wax. She's been recognized as an expert pot-sniffer by judges in Cleveland federal courts and has been cited for excellence by the Knights of Columbus and the Kiwanis.

## Biggest Ever Mushroom Bust

Narcs in the small California town of Freemont, claiming the largest mushroom bust in history, are distorting facts surrounding the case in an attempt to force the city council into hiring more agents.

Freemont narcs, responding to what they claim was a potential burglary, climbed through open windows of two tropical plant warehouses owned by Larry Williamson and discovered 2,000 square feet of psilocybin mushrooms.

The narcs did not immediately bust the 32-year-old merchant but instead left a note stating they found the windows open and climbed through to see if the place

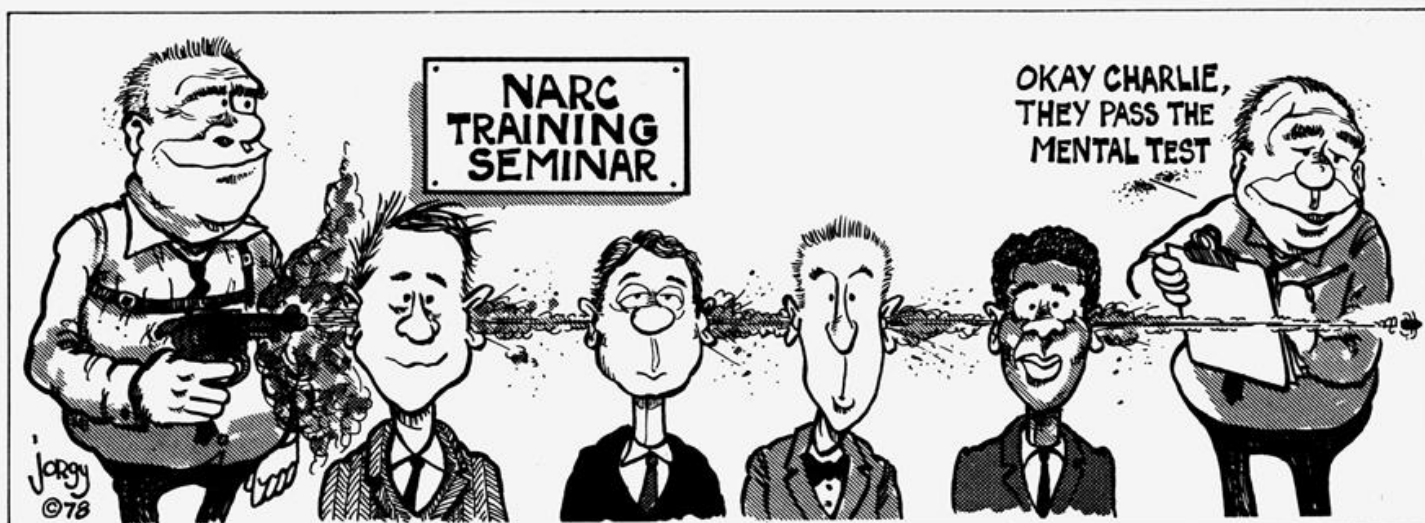
was being robbed.

Three days later, 15 armed narcs burst into Williamson's home and arrested him for allegedly growing psilocybin, even though there is no California law against the cultivation of the hallucinogenic fungus. Williamson was released on a \$3,000 cash bond.

A closer inspection of facts surrounding the case revealed that Williamson was only cultivating 10 pounds of psilocybin and the alleged 2,000 square feet of acreage could produce only \$25,000 worth of fungus.

The police reported the psilocybin farm was worth \$10 million.





# Inside Narc Training Schools

If you ever wonder why many narcs shoot first and ask questions later, consider what they are taught by federal dope agents who conduct two-week seminars around the country for local and state narcotics officers.

According to the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), the seminars include raps like this one, which describes the beginning of a session with 37 Georgia narcs in Atlanta:

"For the next two weeks we're going to discuss the conduct of drug investigations. Listen closely and you may live to tell about it.... Drug dealers are usually armed and often violent, the stakes are high and your life means nothing to them."

"If you don't get anything else out of these two weeks, remember this," warned another DEA agent. "Be extra careful if you go to arrest a man who is high on cocaine. He'll be paranoid and feeling like he is as

strong as ten men. If you don't watch out, you'll get whipped."

A third fed told the wide-eyed junior D-Men. "I know of a guy who was high on PCP once. He took off all his clothes and stepped into an intersection to direct traffic. When the first two officers tried to arrest him, he practically knocked one of them over the patrol car. It took six men to subdue him."

Attendees are treated to samples of a variety of drugs during the

conference, and the sweet smell of hash and opium wafts through the closed doors of the Georgia motel's meeting room to delight and dismay weary travelers. Yet the narcs are never to sample the wares.

"Don't ever do what those detectives do on TV," said one fed. "If you make a seizure of powder, don't sniff it and above all don't taste it. I knew a guy that used to do that until one day he stuck his finger in some rat poison."

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## Holds Up Narcs, Scorns Pardon

PHOENIX—An Arizona miner convicted of assault for holding Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents at gunpoint on his property in 1975 told DEA and U.S. Attorney's Office officials here that he would not accept a presidential pardon "if Carter brought it here himself."

In November 1974, Charlie Stoll discovered a pack of DEA narcs roaming his property near the small mining town of Oatman. The narcs claimed they were working on an undercover case at the time, posing as marijuana traffickers.

Stoll did not buy the story and held them at gunpoint until law

enforcement officials arrived to confirm the DEA story. A federal jury later convicted Stoll of assault.

The case has become so heated that U.S. attorneys may request a presidential pardon to avoid further embarrassment. But when told of the possible pardon, the 55-year-old miner bellowed, "Why should I take a pardon when I didn't do anything?"

Stoll has spent well over \$65,000 trying to clear his name and told reporters here that he felt part of DEA's strategy was to "squeeze me until all my money is gone."

"But there isn't enough money in the world to buy me out."



Narcs pile nearly ten tons of prime Colombian reefer popped off Cape Cod. The neatly burlap-wrapped pot was part of a shipment destined for Boston.

Gary Cooper

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# Feds Act on Pot Decrim

by Stuart Levitan

WASHINGTON—In a furious series of behind-the-scenes meetings, the Senate Judiciary Committee almost legalized possession of ten grams of marijuana, briefly decriminalized up to one ounce and finally decided that holding the lesser amount should be termed a "low-grade criminal infraction."

"Obviously I am not totally pleased," said NORML Director Keith Stroup, who directed lobbying efforts to decriminalize pot under federal statutes. "It's not everything we wanted, but it certainly is progress."

The proposed \$100 fine, contained in the draft revision of the federal criminal code, is a far cry

from the current controlled-substances act that lumps marijuana in the same schedule with heroin and calls for a year in jail and a \$5000 fine for simple possession. The proposed new summons procedure, which features expungement after payment of a \$100 fine for the first two infractions, is still short of the whole brick that the committee almost granted. A last-minute counter charge by conservatives demolished the original agreement and left America's 20 million plus smokers holding the smaller bag.

Penalties under the proposed new code would be as follows: For possession of up to ten grams, a possible \$100 fine with automatic

record clearing for the first two offenses and a year's delay on expungement for further offenses. For possession of up to one ounce, a flat \$100 fine with automatic expungement for the first two offenses. Further offenses would rate a flat \$500 fine with a year's-delay record

erasing. For up to five ounces, the violator would be prosecuted under the provision of a classic misdemeanor, which can bring up to thirty days in jail and a \$500 fine. For possession of over five ounces, current law applies—up to a year in jail and a \$5,000 fine.

## Pot Plane Shot Down in Dogfight

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA—A marijuana air force (MAF) plane hauling 600 pounds of Mexican pot was recently downed by DEA fighter-plane fire here, ending a four-plane, 100-mile chase across Southern California. A shotgun blast fired by San Bernardino County sheriff's deputies wounded copilot Don Woodbeck and forced the Piper Cherokee to land.

Pursued by DEA antidope planes and a helicopter for 30 minutes, MAF pilot James Wojt weaved through the night sky and effectively dodged them until one

plane opened up with pump-shotgun fire, wounding Woodbeck.

Incidents leading to the dogfight, the first recorded MAF-DEA air battle, began when narcs learned a pot transport was about to land at a secluded lake bed. As Wojt's craft touched down he spotted agents swarming onto the field and immediately took off.

Flying through heavy gunfire, Wojt reached cruising altitude only to discover DEA jets and prop planes on his tail. After a half-hour of aerial evasion, the shotgun blast ended the chase.

## FBI Chief Condemns Decrim

by Barney Johns

WASHINGTON—Outgoing FBI Director Clarence Kelley, in what appeared to be an attempt to get a high-ranking job at DEA, told an INTERPOL conference in Stockholm that he opposed President Carter's plan to decriminalize marijuana by abolishing federal grass penalties.

INTERPOL responded with a Draconian resolution calling for harsher controls to curtail the smoking of marijuana.

The resolutions, supported by Kelley, stated that the smoking of marijuana "often leads to the use of other drugs." The former director also claimed that "at the present stage of scientific research, marijuana use is harmful."

"I do not favor the decriminalization of marijuana," added Kelley, "it's not socially acceptable."



Clarence M. Kelley

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# The Future of LSD

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—When Allen Ginsberg, Baba Ram Dass and Dr. Albert Hofmann, the discoverer of LSD, stood side-by-side, the first thing everyone wanted to know was, "When did you last trip on acid?"

For Ginsberg it was the day before on the flight that had brought him to the U.C. Santa Cruz symposium on LSD. "I was doing my homework," Ginsberg joked.

For Baba Ram Dass, once known as Richard Alpert, it was a year ago in Bali: "It helps to break whatever habits of thought I've fallen into. About once a year is enough for me now."

For Dr. Hofmann, the man who first synthesized the most powerful of hallucinogens, the last trip was seven years ago in southern Germany with the poet Ernst Junger.

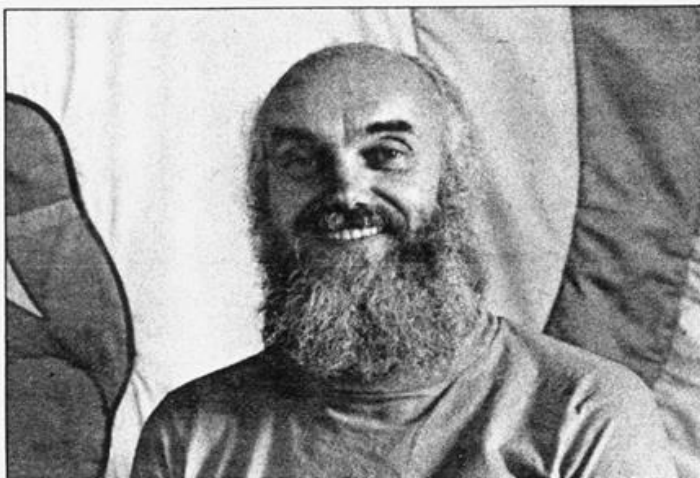


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Baba Ram Dass

Peter Simon

"I hadn't expected so much attention," Hofmann said modestly when asked his reaction to the reception held in his honor at the conference. He expressed a similar surprise about the influence of his seminal research with LSD upon our culture.

"I didn't know that my discovery would have such a scientific and social impact," he said. "There wasn't the same hysteria about LSD in Switzerland that there was in the United States, perhaps because the publicity was so much greater in America. In Switzerland, news about LSD was carried only in scientific journals."

At the symposium there was considerable interest in recent reports about CIA and army tests with

LSD. Hofmann remembered seeing articles about speculations on the use of LSD in chemical warfare, but added, "Sandoz did not send any LSD to the CIA or army. We gave it only to the federal Food and Drug Administration."

Hofmann was circumspect when asked if he thought LSD should be legalized. "It should be used," he said, "for medical and psychological research under certain controls. It is better to do it this way for a while so that the dosages and purity can be controlled."

As he left the reception, Hofmann, the chemist who opened the doors of perception, added his distinguished name to a petition in support of legitimate and responsible LSD research.



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# FOR SMOKERS OF DISTINCTION



# Susan Sontag

(continued from page 25)

that day was incredible.

**High Times:** You should go down to CBGB's, that club on the Bowery.

**Sontag:** Yeah, I wanted to go down and see the Ramones.

**High Times:** You've said that what you're personally looking for is art that would make you behave differently.

**Sontag:** Yeah, I'm looking for things that will change my life, right? And that of course will give me energy. And I don't mean moral lessons in this dry sense, but something that would give me energy, that would also not simply provide me with this kind of fantasy alternative but would be an alternative that could be lived out, that would make my way of seeing things perhaps more complicated rather than less complicated.

See, I think a lot of what we get most pleasure out of is essentially simplifying. First of all, most of art in the last hundred years has been saying everything is terrible, and then it says the only thing one can do is resist the temptation of suicide, if that, or forget it, lie back, go with it, enjoy it, it doesn't matter. It seems to me that one should be able to go beyond those alternatives. I don't know how exactly.

**High Times:** How do you feel about the future of the planet?

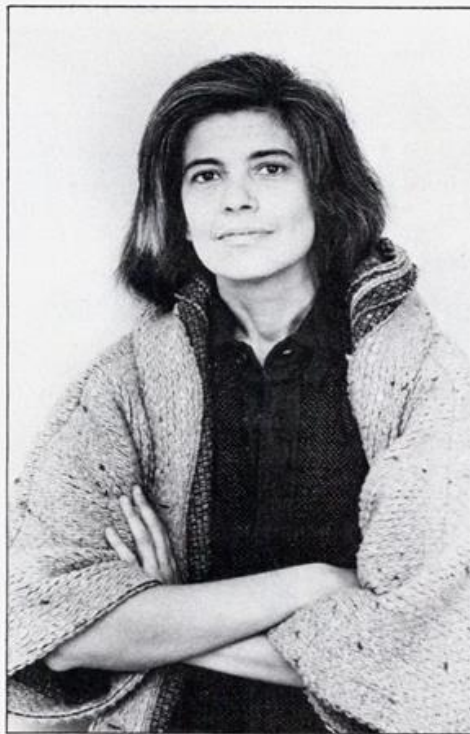
**Sontag:** Terrified.

**High Times:** But people say that: "Terrified." But I mean do you live in a state of fear?

**Sontag:** No, I don't live in a state of fear, but I live in a state of desperate concern. I lead a life which is incredibly privileged. We were talking earlier about why I don't make much money, but still just by virtue of being an American, by virtue of doing work that I want to do, that I would do whether I'm paid for it or not, by virtue of being white, I am in a tiny minority of people on this planet. So I don't live in a state of terror; it would be presumptuous of me to be terrified, since I'm always so infinitely privileged just by being: one, American; two, white; and three, someone who's not a wage slave. But how can one not be full of dread?

Just consider the demographic figure that India is adding 14,000,000 every year. That is to say, a hundred million people every six years. That's when you subtract the deaths from the birth rates. More and more people go to bed hungry every night. More and more people are born than should be born. The environment is becoming more and more polluted, more and more carcinogenic. All kinds of systems of order are breaking down. Lousy as they may be, it's not very likely that one's going to replace them with a better one.

One of the few ideas that I formulated in a very simple way is that however bad things are, they can always get worse. Well, I got very tired in the Sixties with



Charlie Frick

**"The values in a great deal of avant-garde or modern art fit well in a consumer society, where everyone's supposed to have pluralistic taste and people really don't care about the truth."**

people who were saying that things couldn't be any worse. The repression of the State, fascist America.... Things were terrible, the Vietnam War was an abomination; but all kinds of terrible things have happened in this country, and things can always get worse. It's wrong to say that things can't get any worse. They can.

I think there are long-range ecological and demographic factors that don't seem to be reversible, so that one thinks there will just be a series of catastrophes of one kind or another—world-wide famines or breakdowns of social systems, increasing amounts of political repression. That, I think, is the fate of most people in the world. I think the United States is in a very special position. I don't think the breakdown of this system is imminent at all. But at what a cost to the rest of the world! I mean, the United States has 6 percent of the population of the world, and we're using 60 percent of the resources and creating 60 percent of the garbage.

**High Times:** Does it annoy you?

**Sontag:** No, it doesn't annoy me, it outrages me.

**High Times:** Yeah. I just find it hard to deal with those kinds of words, like terror and outrage. Because you're outraged by this and yet, excuse me, but your latest book is—I find it a very interesting book—but it's about photography.

**Sontag:** It's not about photography!

**High Times:** Ah! Fair enough...

**Sontag:** (Laughing) Now you've got me. I said it, and I didn't mean to say it. It's not about photography, it's about the consumer society, it's about advanced industrial society. I finally make that clear in the last essay. It's about photography as the exemplary activity of this society. I didn't want to say it's not about photography, but it's true, and I guess this is the interview where that will finally come out. It isn't, it's about photography as this model activity which has everything that's brilliant and ingenious and poetic and pleasurable in the society, and also everything that is destructive and polluting and manipulative in the society. It's not, as some people have already said, against photography, it's not an attack on photography.

**High Times:** I think you're a great celebrator of photography.

**Sontag:** Well, of course it's been one of the great sources of pleasure in my life, and it seemed to me obvious that that was the origin of the book. It's about what the implications of photography are. I don't want to be a photography critic. I'm not a photography critic. I don't know how to be one.

I have gotten immense pleasure out of photographs. I collect them, cut them out, I'm obsessed by them; to me they're sort of dream images, magical objects. I go to photography shows, I have hundreds of photography books. This is an interest that antedates not only the books, but it's part of my whole life. But I think one can't think about photography. This is a book that's an attempt to think about what the presence of photography means, about the history of photography, about the implications of photography.

**High Times:** Do you think we're going to see any extreme changes in this country within the next ten or fifteen years?

**Sontag:** I ask myself that all the time. A couple of years ago I would have said yes right away. Around '73-'74 it seemed that things were changing very rapidly and for the worse. It seemed to me that there was obviously an immense reactionary current in the country, that things were going to be very depressing. One thing I want to disassociate myself from, although I've said some things that could contribute to it, is this facile repudiation of the Sixties. I mean the Sixties were a terrific time. It was the most important time in my life. If perhaps in the end we were too busy having a good time and thought things were a little simpler than they turned out to be, it doesn't mean that most of what



we learned isn't very valuable; and we want to hang onto that and not be seduced by some kind of new simplification or this kind of pervasive demoralization of the Seventies.

I feel very irritated by the way people are so demoralized. What has gotten lost in the past few years is the critical sense. I mean what people finally took from the Sixties was that it was okay to do your own thing, that a lot of what seemed to be political impulse was in fact just some kind of psychotherapeutic effort, and that what one thought or hoped was the growth of some kind of serious critical political atmosphere in the country proved to be an illusion. And so you have the same people who went to Vietnam demonstrations becoming the slaves of gurus and psychiatric quacks a couple of years later. That was disappointing. But it was on the whole a very positive change, I think.

**High Times:** Then your answer to the question is that at least at the moment you don't see anything that suggests that we'll see extreme changes here in the near future?

**Sontag:** I think the first thing to say is that this society is immensely powerful and that this regime, this system is immensely powerful, immensely successful, immensely entrenched, is very clever, has tremendous capacity for absorbing criticism and using it, not just silencing it but using it. And that there have to be real structural changes to make a difference, otherwise I think people are going to go on in this consumer way, riding along with things as far as they can, being drugged by consumer goods and averting their eyes to the pending catastrophe.

This country is so rich and so powerful and so privileged. I don't think the present mood is anything other than transition. What I worry about much more is the growing force of reaction. That's why I hate to be labeled as a moralist, because I think that an awful lot of bad things are going to happen in the name of moralism, and one has to be very suspicious.

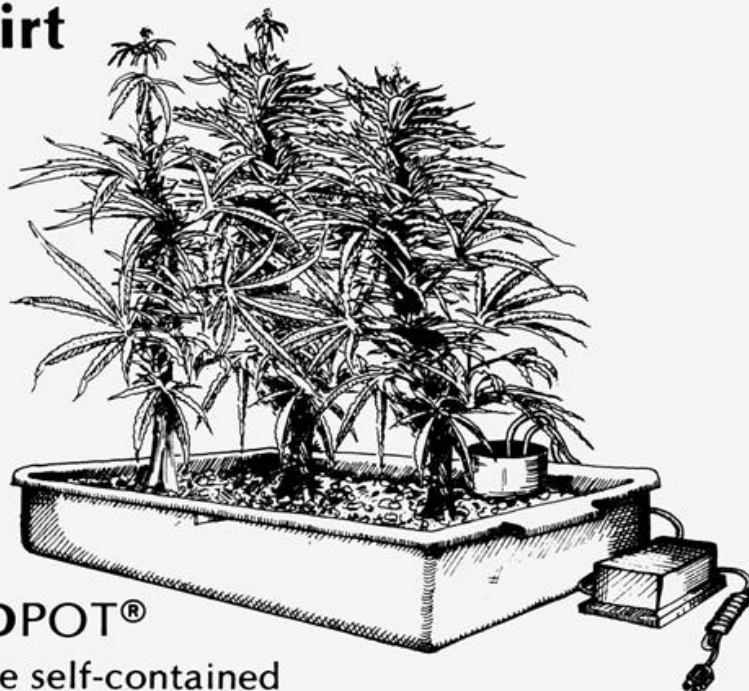
**High Times:** How do you feel at this point about your future?

**Sontag:** I want to be a better writer. It seems it would be about getting better. To go on.

**High Times:** But you must feel that there are totally undiscovered things in front of you?

**Sontag:** If I didn't feel that I could discover things that would be very different from what I'm doing, or if I didn't feel that the work I'm doing is part of an approach to something... but I do feel that it's always going somewhere. And yet there must be something wrong with that attitude, too. One could go on and on. Say I beat this rare illness and have a long, long life, would I then just go on forever saying I'm getting there, I'm getting there, I'm getting there, until one day my long life would be over? ■

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## Dyveke Spino: Guru of Sport

A new LSD is being touted through the land. Like its psychoactive predecessor, it has followers who say it's the path to world salvation. And they mean it literally, for the elixir of the Eighties is Long Slow Distance running. Its aim is total fitness, and its chief coach is Dyveke Spino.

A concert pianist and clinical psychologist, Spino trained for her role of new age trainer with years of therapy in sensory deprivation tanks under the guidance of Dr. John Lilly. She runs at least four miles a day on Mt. Tamalpais near her Mill Valley home and talks to sea otters during

long-distance swims in the Pacific. She heads the Mill Valley Holistic Health Institute, gives group and individual training sessions and coaches the U.S. Olympic rugby team. Along with her former husband Mike Spino, she helped found the Esalen Sports Center.

"The coach of the future will be a creative artist of the soul, a true shaman—one who unhooks the soul from where it is stuck," Spino explains. She believes a coach must use personal charisma to



Dyveke (center) leads her pack in an early-morning enlightenment run.

awaken and balance an athlete's yin and yang—or masculine and feminine energies—but that the dominant force must be the feminine, which she identifies with right-brain creativity. Spino's training programs include aikido (the Japanese martial art of stick fighting), sleep-training

tapes, yogic visualizations and stretching exercises—all in quest of the unconscious body flow of the natural animal. When jogging, LSD initiates meditate on sun streamers rotating around the third eye, talk to trees and hurl imaginary golden energy balls to and fro as they train. Spino's goal is not to set new records, but the transformation of endurance and pain into altered states of consciousness that lead to creative and sexual liberation. She contends, "Personal power and psychic development are impossible without a daily workout."

In New York recently, as guest of the East/West Center for Holistic Health, Spino showed that her system is indeed a joyous and effective celebration of the human body-mind. She spoke of bringing the light of peace to suffering city multitudes. However, her method is to act as mentor to small groups of a half dozen or so, and the "seed groups" run by her disciples may sound to some more like religion than method. Her sessions are expensive (\$45 for an hour's consultation, \$125 for consultation and workout). Nevertheless, Spino is unique and may be worth what the traffic will bear. If you're interested, contact: Dyveke Vedel Spino, Physical Therapy Center, 125 Throckmorton Avenue, Mill Valley, California 94941. (415) 383-8770.

## Voluntary Simplicity

A forecast released by the Business Intelligence Program of the Stanford Research Institute concluded that the fastest growing market is people who don't want to buy much. Authors Duane Elgin and Arnold Mitchell surveyed the economic impact of grown-up hippies, environmentalists, health-food fans and other grass-roots freaks and prophesied that an anticonsumerist ethic will grow stronger no matter what else the future brings. This may not be news to those who have already discarded civilization's excess baggage, but the SRI report has sent business consultants scurrying for new products and pitches.

Elgin and Mitchell explain this modern voluntary simplicity as a sort of psychological hygiene—a realization that the earth's resources are finite and that continued human life requires an end to waste. People are becoming aware that overreliance on technology produces less leisure, not more, and that a life of minimal luxury provides the freedom for creative and spiritual pursuits.

Standard market-research techniques don't touch this sector, so information must come indirectly from such figures as sales of solar water heaters, wood stoves and books like *The Whole Earth Catalog*, *Small Is Beautiful* and *Limits to Growth*. The SRI study estimated the "simple" market at about \$35 billion today, growing to over \$300 billion by the year 2000.



These consumers favor durable, high-quality, hand-crafted merchandise over mass-produced items programmed to self-destruct after the warranty expires.

A boom is anticipated in the fields of do-it-yourself products, health foods, arts and crafts, tools, modular housing and repair services. Alternative marketplaces such as co-ops, flea markets, swap meets, mail order and community bulletin boards will flourish. Alternative businesses are expected to develop along the lines of San Francisco's Briarpatch group—a loose organization of firms that encourage job swapping, office meditation, recycling of profits into human benefits and prices determined by "what you'd charge a friend."

At present, the movement consists of two types of people: a small number of well-publicized former business types who quit the rat race to live on a farm, and a much larger but anonymous group of

young people who are putting their ideals into action. Like most ideas, voluntary simplicity offers us danger as well as hope. Such an ethic enforced by law or propaganda could lull the populace into the joys of austerity while the rich and powerful continue to gut the planet on their own. Males may try to use it to send females back to their "simple" chores in the kitchen.

Those who romanticize an antitechnological, back-to-the-ground movement soon learn that growing and crafting everything a person needs is not simple. A personal balance must be struck between sweat and technology, while striving to use the least destructive technology available. At best, voluntary simplicity is a stopgap tactic to buy us enough time to overhaul governments, lower taxes, stop pollution, redistribute wealth, end exploitation and save the species.

—Gary Stimeling



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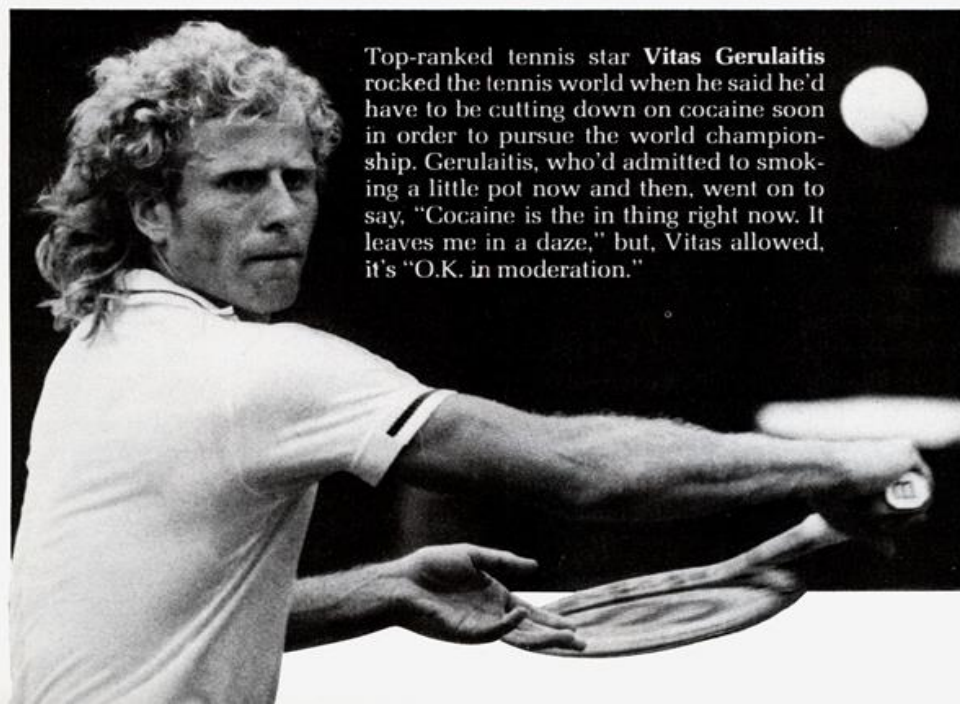
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**Keith Stroup**, head of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), finally became a prisoner of weed (POW) when Canadian Customs officials nabbed him at the border with a two-gram (!) stash. Released on \$300 bail, Stroup vowed, "I'll fight this all the way."

**John Draper**, the phone-phreak electronics genius better known as **Captain Crunch** (honoring his discovery that whistles found in boxes of that cereal could be used to make pay phones work without a dime), has been busted again. Crunch, arrested on charges of "stealing services from the phone company," claims he's innocent—he wasn't blue-boxing again; he had only programmed Charlie, his computer, to get him a list of toll-free (800) access numbers. Charlie the computer has become the first computer to be given the third degree by the Princeton Bell lab's computers. So far, Charlie ain't talking.



Top-ranked tennis star **Vitas Gerulaitis** rocked the tennis world when he said he'd have to be cutting down on cocaine soon in order to pursue the world championship. Gerulaitis, who'd admitted to smoking a little pot now and then, went on to say, "Cocaine is the in thing right now. It leaves me in a daze," but, Vitas allowed, it's "O.K. in moderation."



**Sara Dylan** became the world's most successful divorcée recently with her record settlement from husband **Bob Dylan**. Sara received half of everything, including all future Zimmerman revenues and royalties. At present, this female Robert Vesco's share of the wealth amounts to some \$20 million—the very sum **Jackie Onassis** recently accepted in return for her promise to cease plaguing Ari's daughter and heir **Christina** for a larger widow's share of the estate.

**Eldridge Cleaver's** CIA connections were finally admitted by his wife **Kathleen**, when she explained his no-show at a recent college speaking date by saying the ex-Black Panther leader was in France on "a very delicate mission" for the Central Intelligence Agency. Pressed for details, Mrs. Cleaver would only say it involved "negotiations between authorities and fugitives."



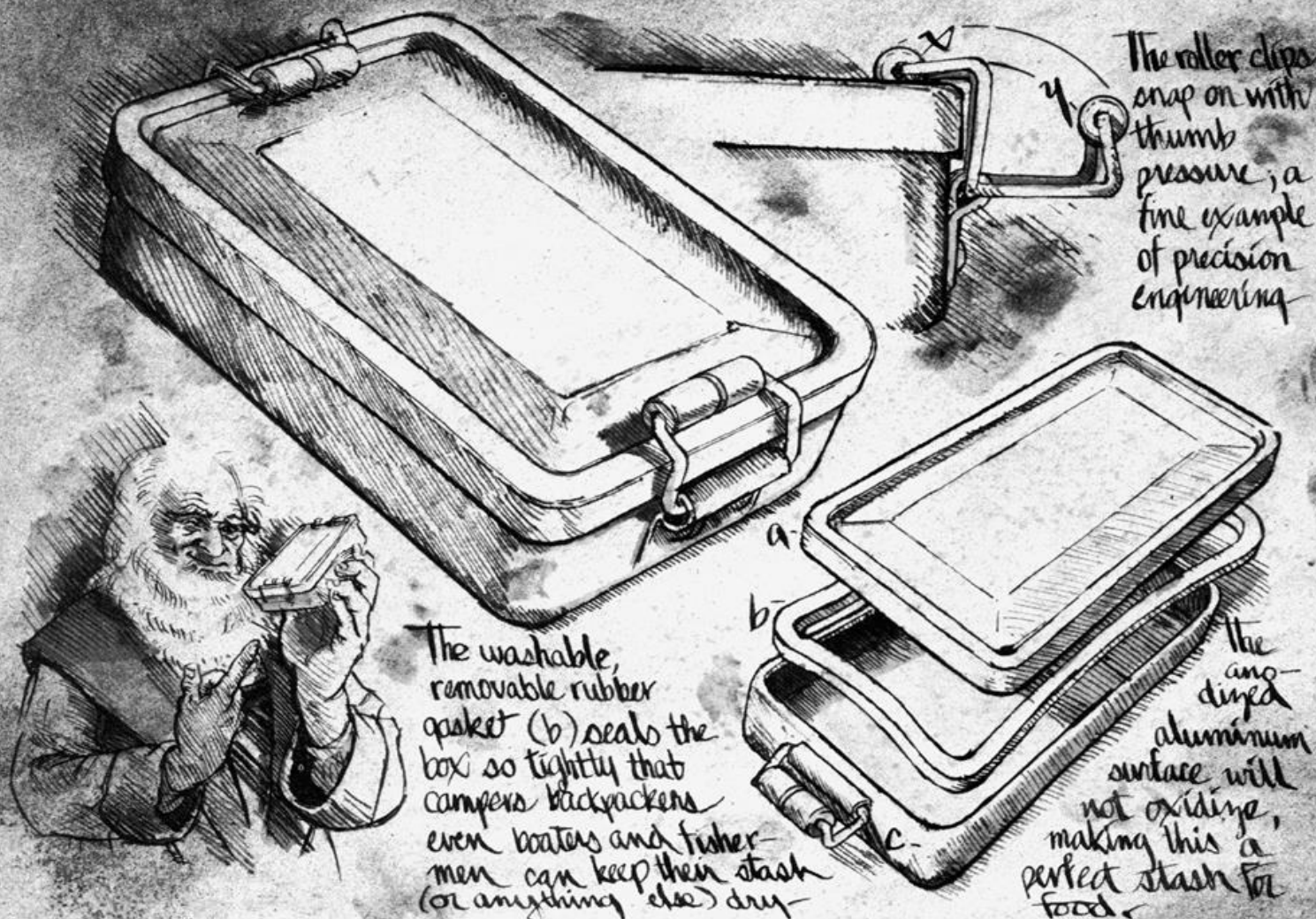
Some said nobody could be cooler than Harlem heroin kingpin **Nicky Barnes**. Why, the debonair Barnes, who reportedly took over the Harlem horse after sharing a cell with late Mafia boss **Crazy Joe Gallo**, even posed for the cover of the New York Times Magazine. But DEA had the last laugh when they caught Nicky dealing a half key of smack and convicted him of engaging in a criminal enterprise and conspiracy to distribute heroin.



It was an epic event: the great **Minnesota Fats** defending his legendary reputation in pool against longtime rival **Willie Mosconi** and recent upstart **Bruce Christopher**. Exclusive *High Times* photo shows, left to right, "Fast Bruce," **Howard Cosell**, Mosconi and Minnesota Fats. Needless to say, the Fat Man won. ☐



# The Perfect Stash



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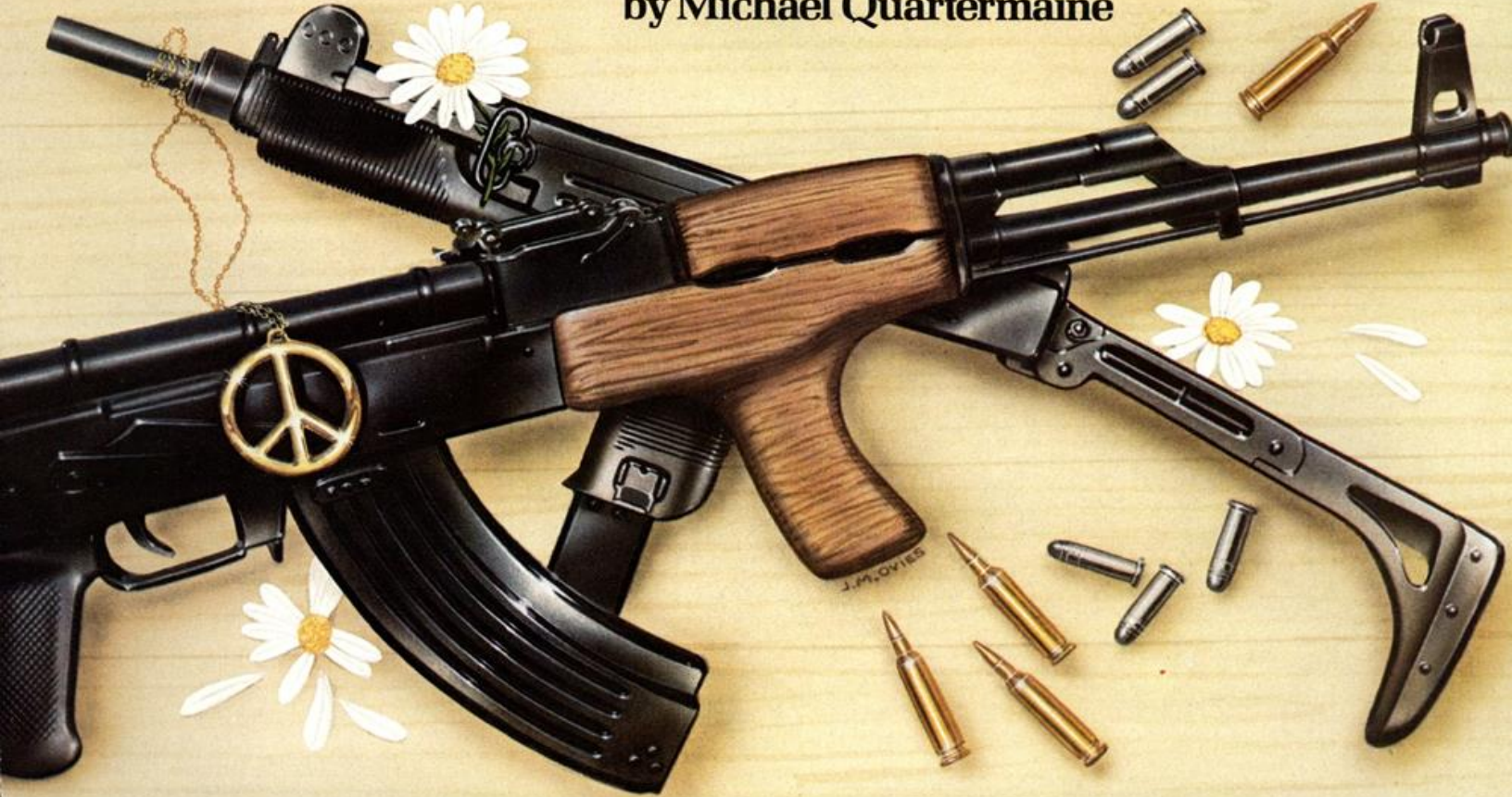
# *Confessions* of a Gun Smuggler

Sometimes Business Can Be Murder

**L**iving in Miami has its advantages. Some of the best dope in the world passes through the living rooms and garages of the dealers. The heat comes and goes with the seasons, and the Drug Enforcement Agency operatives have their hands full with the constant hassle of watching each other for big brother. A vast majority of successful acts by all government agencies is a result of the simple fact that rats in the dope business think more of the days they'll spend in the slams than of the lives of their friends and brothers. Blind luck plays a big part in modern police methods.

My life in the fast zone has been most productive, my fleet of Cigarette smuggling boats

by Michael Quartermaine





and vans makes about \$1½ million a year, and I get about 80 percent for myself. I have several friends who also are hooked up with the same sources I use, and they, I would imagine, are in somewhat the same situation. Asking questions is not the most healthy pastime in a business such as smuggling. The biggest thing about dealing in Miami is the prices; the cost increases between cities the way the oil companies manipulate the fuel shortage. Buying in large quantity and providing the boats, planes, vans, sedans and money routes to accomplish huge profits is the Amerikan way, and the dope movers have been doing their homework.

The pursuit of the wayward price has brought the action from the bays and low islands of the Bahamas to Biscayne Bay and into the warehouses of the southern Florida dope scene. I was having a drink with a connection we'll call Jesus. Jesus is the personification of your outrageous Cuban terrorist: he's really a good man with taste to know what, where, when and how to get what he needs where he needs it. Unfortunately, his language problem almost did him in a few times.

We met in a warehouse in Miami about seven years ago; his accent then was thicker than hash oil at 30,000 feet. We spoke about the police being a problem and the usual haggle over cash and credit. Plans were made to meet later in the night at my house to complete our action; the price was agreed to be \$150 per.

At the appointed hour the bell rang and two Cuban heavies I'd never seen before

came to the door with a note. It was in Jesus's handwriting instructing me to tell these two what I wanted and they would take care of everything at our price. I tried to talk to them and got very little accomplished. Then I took a piece of paper, wrote down the number 50, and showed it to them.

After five minutes they came in lugging a crate so heavy I had to help them get it in the door. The lid was pulled and inside were 50 brand-new AK-47s. Automatic rifles, the kind the Vietcong used so effectively against us. These gentlemen had made a mistake that I couldn't explain or change. Cash was produced and I counted out their money, all the while thinking that I would have to get hold of Jesus and get it together.

Cruising along Ingraham Highway in Coconut Grove I flashed on visiting a friend of mine and seeing his reaction to my new goods, although at this point I still intended to return the 47s to Jesus for dope. My friends were more than interested; they were eager to get some for themselves, to resell. The money ethic the people smell and feel in the seat of a Cadillac or the low rumble of a Cigarette exhaust is vastly more fragrant an aroma than the hippie ethic of no weapons at all.

Now, years later, I think that the night I first wrongly bought guns I stepped into the adult conception for the first time. My girl friend at the time gave me about two days of inexpensive logic about the way I was becoming a modern noble—that is, talking peace while supporting violence. My response was to get into a long involved tirade about the slave owners who signed the Declaration of Independence and split the slaves' tongues so that the children would have to speak the language of the oppressors, and the Union government giving the blankets from Andersonville with the smallpox infection to the Indians in the west, and the head

beaters that we so blindly stood up for in Chicago in '68.

And if she couldn't understand why we needed to be armed, there was always the Constitution to fall back on: the "right" to bear arms and define the Constitution the way we see fit. The harm from weapons comes from the minds, or lack of mental action, on the part of the user. The simple removal of guns from the public only means one more way for the power structure of pigs and really stupid people in general to keep everyone else trapped on their sheeplike path or in prison. This is not what Jefferson and his friends had in mind, I'm sure.

**J**esus was to be my main source for a long time; both dope and guns would be unloaded from his trucks into the warehouse I finally bought. Our association made a lot of money and we got into cruising to Colombia to trade to growers and middlemen our weapons and ammunition in return for cocaine and pot. The danger comes after delivery, when the proud new owners decide to test the units on the people within range. We always made sure only to allow enough ammo to test a random sample and kept our own men armed to the teeth. Our precautions have saved our asses more than once.

The humble country-boy logic of two crazy dealers from Miami was driven into sophistication by the reality of our first trip when Jesus was tied to the mast of a friend's sailboat and shot twice. He lived, and the people responsible were hunted and killed on the spot holding \$75,000 and over a kilo of 90-percent-pure cocaine. Getting medical help for a smuggler is like hanging out a flag and asking to be questioned. We were several miles east of Cartagena and the nearest doctor was unreliable. We had to fly Jesus to Bogota in order to get proper help. He wanted me to dig the bullets out like in John Wayne movies, but they had both passed through the body and out the back. One was dug out of the mast, and Jesus wears it around his neck, gold-plated, natch.

Trust between the principals and helpers is the only safety that we have; to go to

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**Jesus  
was tied  
to the mast  
of a friend's  
sailboat  
and shot  
twice.**

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extreme lengths to insure the success of a job is fairly common. The energy needed to escape the clutches of the various coast guards and pirates and deliver the goods is considerable. When I was captured by the Cuban navy off the Isla de Pinos a massive effort was made by some political friends I'd helped in the past. Even with this help I looked at life in the prison of no return. The guards at a holding unit in Habana had been paid to let me escape. Their game was to let me go and then murder another guard that was messing up their payoff scene with the good-party-member bit. I stole a boat and was making my way to the keys when I picked up a call from Habana to Miami in English asking them to seek the dope murderer who had probably killed to get the boat I must have used to escape. Needless to say I was less than thrilled to hear this. My original plan was to sail into Key West and announce I was ripped off by the Cubans and jailed wrongly while ferrying a boat for a friend back to Miami from San Andreas. The Cuban news changed this to a quick run to the dry Tortugas and a coded call to some friends there to get into the country. The cover story that I'd been in the Midwest circulated to my other friends, and I rode home smoking good buds and drinking Harp's beer.

Every now and then a deal comes along that seems too good to be true; it usually is, but then how can you tell? A long trip to Mexico was the farthest thing from my mind when Jesus came up with a scam that on the surface seemed ideal. We would go to Texas and get a load of fine French-made automatics that were being transshipped via San Diego as automobile parts and transfer them to an airstrip that belonged to the local sheriff, a notorious bag man for the California Mafia. Then the shit hit the fan.

The aforementioned sheriff had never seen us before, and the security included the identification of us by a friend of the sheriff from Miami. This friend was known to Jesus, hence the deal in the first

place. You can never tell when things are about to get out of hand; watch and wait don't always mean success. The friend shows up drunk at midnight and insults the sheriff by claiming to need more of a percentage and by not being cool in general. The sheriff has the fool driven into the desert and put out, leaving us with 200 automatic rifles, a pound of excellent Mexican and a wet-hen asshole of a Texas sheriff to contend with. His view was obvious: shoot us.

The fire power of an AK-47 at close range is considerable; when aimed at you the effect is like being in the rain, and you die. Jesus happened to blow away a deputy asshole and two official automobiles while I shoved the crates into the back seat of a rent-a-racer and we did the over-the-border bit backwards—that is, sneaking the shit south instead of north. Mexico has its charms, and the fast pace of the gringo cities takes a few days to wear off. We cooled it and made contact with certain lawyers in Miami to find out if the pigs in Texas knew who we were and if warrants would be forthcoming. The connections in L.A. were anxious to get in touch with us through some common friends in Mexico and with the funds for our weapons had trades for cocaine and pot. We made contact in a church in a small town too close to the Texas border for my liking; we had no tourist papers and the guns were ten miles away, except for the automatics Jesus and I refused to part with. I still have mine.

Our trade-cash deal turned into a trade only, very favorable to us. We were supposed to get a lot of cocaine, but we ended up with mostly heroin in the bags. The smooth operators got over on us; we do not dig skag.

Our solution to the problem of what to do with the skag turned into a contest between two rival factions from Los Angeles; they were also interested in some sort of franchise setup for selling weapons. The heroin-gun-pot cartel we finally set up was a combination of Mexican-American cooperation. The guns were shipped to forwarders in San Diego; then runners carried guns south in small planes. The trading happens in the desert and hopefully the cocaine comes north to L.A. Our percentages are protected by Jesus's brother, Othello, who is married to a crazy rich lady in Orange County who provides the planes. Always try to keep the business in the family. Even though the profits from the heroin trade are enormous we never again tried to get any; can't really see the effect being good.

California was just the beginning; our trade went as far as New Zealand. The people in N.Z. were coming to California to sell Thai sticks and needed help with security on the trip. The Pacific is so vast that once you're lost it's later or never for help. There's no police to call when the dope pirates from Indonesia strike—it's all M-79s and AK-47s. (M-79 is the designation for the standard grenade launcher used by the U.S. Army.)

Our part of the bargain was to get outlets in Hawaii and California, transport the goods from Bali and keep everything smooth. This was accomplished by paying off officials in Bali, the Philippines and Hawaii. Our sources were interrelated by the fact that we could direct the traffic of our weapons from Miami and France to anywhere in the world by using

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**Very few things  
are more satisfying  
than the death  
of a rat...  
We pay a bounty  
for known finks,  
dead.**

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the hook-up services of a former American diplomat to negotiate our terms. His contacts were all studied by us and when the time came in the Philippines he was shot and buried by some rebels he was trying to rip off. He was a career man who outlived his conceptions. The loss of a man in the East made things a little rough until Jesus and Othello went to New Zealand and set new routes bypassing the usual stops. This was done by no longer using steel-hulled coastal freighters and going over to large sail-powered craft.

The advantages become obvious when you consider that no longer do you have to stop for fuel. The ships make the trip safer because no transfer of the goods takes place between points of departure and reception. Keeping track of goods all over the world has its bad points by keeping you busy for the better part of the year. Fall months in the U.S. are devoted to the Colombian business. The farmers and dealers in that country are buying all the firepower they can get their hands on. This is normal—remember the American Revolution and learn well. The weapons laws in Jamaica, for instance, are the roughest in our hemisphere. The "Gun Court" is nothing more than a concentration camp with indefinite sentences given for possession of any firearm. The price difference between trading guns and paying cash makes the gun trade a worthwhile risk. The risk has never been a factor in the way we do business; it doesn't matter what the contraband is as long as you get it where you need it.

Taxes and ridiculous laws will always maintain the need for alternate suppliers of the needs of the people. We've gotten everything from pot to live cattle in trade for weapons. Recently we've been making a good deal of money by shipping hard-to-get parts for automobiles and motor-

cycles to places like Haiti and Cuba for favors from individuals. Sony television Betamax recorders are in demand also in countries that bring in U.S. stations with antennas or off of the satellite system. Reading the work of Aldous Huxley, particularly the novel *Island*, may bring some of the feeling that comes from watching people fire automatics for the first time. They begin to think in terms of resistance to the forces that previously had been only something to hide from.

It is difficult to imagine what the world would become if we let the bastards who set "official" policy have their way.

## **We got into cruising to Colombia to trade weapons and ammunition for cocaine and pot.**

Moving the goods inside the United States is very simple. The forces that are responsible for internal security are kept busy with the Puerto Ricans in New York and the Cubans in Florida, not to mention the Mexicans in California and Texas or the Jamaicans in New York. All these groups are not violent, but the prospect is a heavy weight on the Defense Intelligence Agency and the FBI. Finks, rats and stool pigeons of all varieties must be avoided; too many good men have been

done in by the rat patrol. The government will start an investigation and as part of it set up gun and dope deals. They provide the money and in some cases the goods—then they bust everyone as conspirators. The entrapment game continues in spite of federal laws to protect us. Very few things are more satisfying than the death of a rat. The federal rat that sets up a bust gets a reward and usually the right to deal dope without arrest, as long as he or she plays the game. We pay a bounty for known finks, dead.

On a trip into Charleston, South Carolina, in the winter a few years ago, we encountered a patrol boat. The crew was only three men, and the commander was just a young boy of about 24. He wanted to board us and search for contraband. We were holding about 200 rifles and 500 pounds of Colombian pot. The coast-guard boat pulled alongside and made as to hook up with us. Then the captain shouts over the noise to stand off—it seems that he mistook us for another boat that he was paid to ignore. Our luck hasn't always been that good. We've thrown crates overboard in more than one harbor or channel. The goods aren't worth the jail time. Unless it's clear that we're positively getting stopped, we just cool it and act natural. In the open sea, depending on the size of the craft and cover we can assume, such as fog or rain, we tend to fight. The sight of grenade explosions going off on the deck of a lightly armed patrol boat will usually back the sea scouts off.

**I**magine the profusion of craft that inhabit the waters between Cape Cod and the Keys and the chances of being bothered becomes more remote. The coast guard and the air force are less than able to keep us at bay.

The money factor has caught a lot of them in the dope and contraband system. One county in Texas has almost 90-percent involvement in the smuggling business. The money is considerable and the ways of moving it are forever being raised; a great deal of gun money stays invested as future stock. The investment in aircraft, boats and ships, vans, sedans, payoffs, hired help, the money to score and reserve cash in several currencies adds up fast. Still, the profits are worth the risk.

The underlying factor to my personal involvement with gun smuggling and dope dealing is the hope for a true revolution. Blood, death and the American way. Truly, the way is clear: we must fight someday for the way we want to live. I don't want to overthrow the U.S. government for profit so much as for the right to govern myself. Peaceful anarchy. I'll carry my own protection and not have to wait for the police who are never where you need them when you need them. Thomas Jefferson's credo "The government that governs least governs best" is to be the wave of the future. ■





# The Art of Dope Photography



Ever since we began publishing *High Times*, we have been deluged with hundreds of photographs taken by our readers, depicting their own great dope. Now, to spread both the practice and enjoyment of the high art of dope photography, we present a comprehensive guide to the technology and techniques employed by some leading figures in the field—the dedicated lenspersons who can make a simple brick of dope or line of coke into a visual high fit to frame beside the noblest works of Rembrandt, Picasso and Dali.





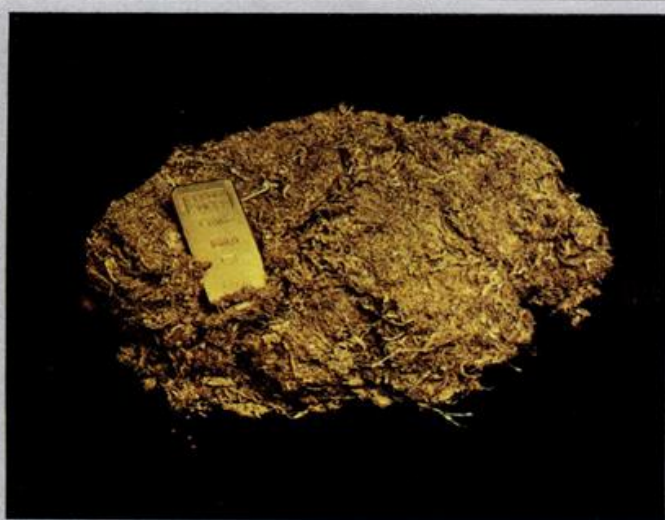
Ten years ago, "dope photography" was practically unheard of. Today, fine-art prints of photographs depicting rare marijuana strains, and those of other stimulants as well, are sold to collectors for sums rivaling the funds that change hands in major dope deals. Yet dope photography is, no Johnny-come-lately in the art world.

Just as photographers have taken pictures of naked men and women ever since the invention of the daguerreotype, only to have nude photography accepted by the public within the last 20 years, so have dopers been preserving on film memories of their treasured highs. Truly, dope photography has more than enough of its own traditions, legends, past masters and classics to hold its head high among the sister Muses.



**The Fifth Symphony of dope photographs: *Call Me Brick*, the first *High Times* centerfold (Fall '74), brought dope photography into the vanguard of modern art.**

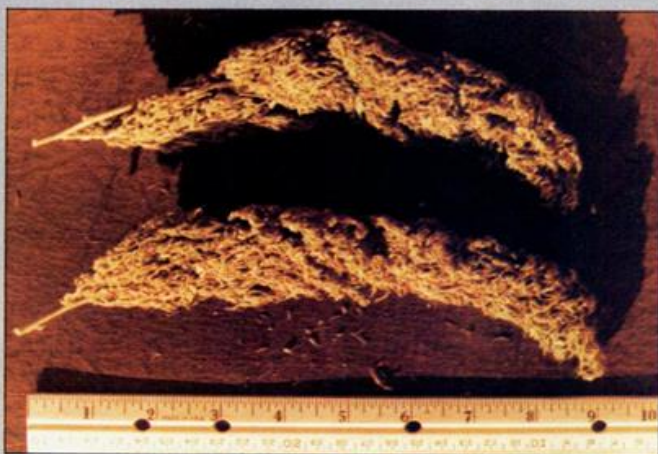
can produce photographs that, however primitive, are quite powerful in their impact. Every picture tells a story, and every dope picture tells us that here is some dope at some stage in its journey from the circumstantial world of vegetables and minerals to the particular nervous system of party or parties unknown. With this in mind, anyone can create a visual high. And to create and share a visual high is the only real purpose of dope photography.



**Reefer Rembrandt: *El Dorado Acapulco Gold* is one of the many still-lives published in *High Times* by a master dope photographer.**

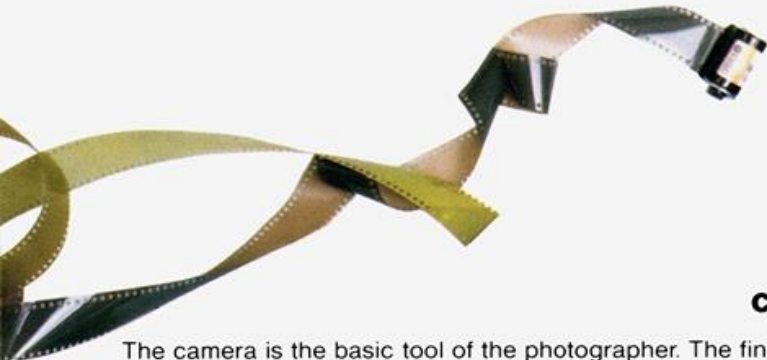
Philosophers have debated endlessly whether or not dope photography is an art in itself. Clearly, dope photographers use the tools common to every shutterbug: light, film, cameras, models, etc. Yet dope photography is a demanding and highly specialized discipline that requires the utmost dedication to the aesthetics of its subject, a dedication akin to the cultivation and synthesis of truly refined highs. The dope photographer must possess a sensitivity finely attuned to the spirit of the weed itself; he or she must commune with its very essence and convey an idea of its potency to the most casual onlooker.

Yet one need not be an expensively equipped, professionally trained photographer to produce moving, artistic pictures of dope. The most untutored intuition of the ways of the weed



***Sturm und Drang*: An unknown photographer sent this primitive masterpiece to *High Times*. Like many reader-shot "stash photos," it expresses the quintessential cosmic verisimilitude of the marijuana photo-poem.**





## Cameras

The camera is the basic tool of the photographer. The finest quality photographs invariably will be made by the finest camera and lens, assuming the photographer has the knowledge to operate them properly.

Today the most popular format for both professional and amateur work is in 35 millimeter (mm) film, derived in 1913 from the then standard 35 mm motion picture film stock. Over the past 50 years, with startling improvements in the image-forming ability of this tiny piece of celluloid, the would-be photographer has been freed from the cumbersome equipment, the extremely dangerous (and sometimes fatal) preparation of mercury-vapor-sensitized glass plate negatives and the long, arduous process required to produce even one acceptable image.

Now, with the investment of approximately \$550, the photographer employing a compact Nikon FM equipped with electronic exposure determination, LED (light-emitting diodes), through-the-lens (TTL) light meter and motor drive (automatic winding) can race through a roll of film with 36 exposures in 10.2 seconds. Several Japanese optical companies such as Canon, Pentax, Olympus, Minolta and Yashica can provide similar capabilities, along with excellent photographic quality, at prices ranging from \$340 for the Pentax to \$1,150 for the top of the Japanese line, the Nikon F2AS with motor drive and close-focusing, 55 mm, f 3.5 (maximum aperture) Micro-Nikkor lens.

The Rolls-Royce of the 35 mm camera is produced by Ernst Leitz, Inc., a firm noted for manufacturing the world's finest microscopes and optical systems. In 1913 Leitz was the first to produce a 35 mm camera, the Leica. Today, the Leica Rangefinder M4 and the Single Lens Reflex (SLR) Leicaflex are the state of the art in optical and manufacturing excellence. However, a Leicaflex equipped with motor drive will run you about the same as an ounce of good blow (\$2,000).

Of course, the 35 mm format will deliver only a very small negative or transparency (approximately 1 by 1½ inches), which, when enlarged to fill the page of a standard-sized magazine like *High Times*, must suffer an enlargement of about 8½ times, or about 11½ times for the centerfold. In this instance, only a strict adherence to photographic discipline will deliver results of sufficient quality for reproduction. Therefore, it is wise (and most professionals choose) to use a film size that will deliver a larger negative or transparency in order to achieve better quality results.

A four-by-five-inch transparency need only be enlarged about 2½ times to fill a page in *High Times*, resulting in a much clearer, sharper image. The tiny polyps of resin and THC isomers that get you high should be clearly visible in an enlarged photograph of high-grade marijuana buds. But a large-format camera should be purchased only by serious students of photography; automated equipment is unavailable and the technique is tedious. Film costs run anywhere from \$2.50 to \$7.50 per color photograph, and average cash outlay for a basic system will cost from \$600 to \$5,000.

A middle ground was created by camera manufacturers to offer photographers an alternative to the tiny 35 mm format and the large and more expensive 4-by-5, 5-by-7 or 8-by-10-inch cameras. These compromise 2¼-inch-square (6 by 6 centimeters) single and twin lens reflex cameras were in vogue up until the mid-Sixties. Designed to accept the popular amateur 120 roll film produced by Kodak, Agfa-Ansco and

others, they offered precision and compact, easy-to-handle equipment as compared to the bulky large-format cameras. The larger film size made them capable of delivering higher quality (and hence more commercially acceptable) images than the "pocket" 35's of the day.

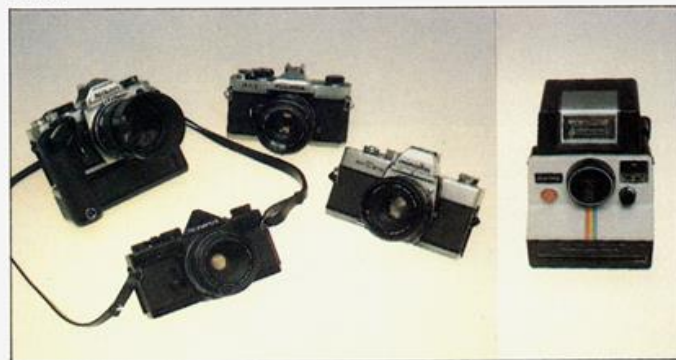
The most popular professional cameras designed for this format are the Hasselblad, made in Sweden, and the Rollicflex, of German descent. A new Hasselblad 500 CM (SLR) with normal 80 mm Planar lens can be purchased for about \$950, while a new Rollicflex SL 66 (SLR) with normal lens costs \$1,450. A used Rollicflex twin lens reflex goes for about \$350.

Recently, however, the 35 mm format has come into its own with the advent and subsequent perfection of Kodachrome transparency material and fine grain, high resolution, black-and-white negative film, along with technological advances in computerized lens design and a marked commercial preference for rectangular prints. And if extremely high resolution or great magnification is required of an image, today's photographer would most likely skip over the 2¼-inch-square format directly to a 4-by-5-inch or larger camera capability.

In choosing proper equipment, keep in mind the budget available and the purpose to which the latent creations are headed. Any of the 35 mm SLR cameras mentioned earlier are recommended. You should be equipped with any of the close-focusing (macro) lenses available for the camera of your choice. These lenses are among the finest computerized designs that modern technology has produced and will allow the photographer to fill the frame with the sharply rendered colas and resin-stippled leaflets of the like that grace the pages of *High Times*. (continued)



Left: Leica M-4 Anniversary 35 mm. Right: Sinar 4x5-inch Studio View.



Clockwise, left: Nikon FM, Fujica AZ-1, Minolta SRT-200, Olympus OM-T, all 35 mm. Right: Polaroid Pronto.



## Lighting

Electronic flash is now the portable sun of contemporary lenspersons. Developed by Harold Edgerton of MIT during the Forties, the xenon flash tube has allowed for the rapid-fire capability and action-stopping facility that would awe a turn-of-the-century photo pioneer equipped with flash powder (a close cousin to gunpowder).

Virtually replacing one-shot flash bulbs, today's compact strobe units such as Vivitar's 283 model (about \$80 for the basics) offer powerful illumination and automatic exposure compensation, providing the photographer with convenient, inexpensive, hassle-free light with which to work. Powerful studio units produce the tremendous amounts of light necessary for large-format work and commercial fashion photography. Manufactured by Balca, Berkey Ascor, Norman, Dyna-Lite, Rollei and Broncolor, these systems are likely to run into the thousands of dollars, depending on the photographer's needs.

Of course, the truly budget-minded photographer who does not shoot at night or in dimly lit rooms may choose to take advantage of God's own light source, the sun. Available-light photography is easier than ever these days (with the aforementioned automated cameras) and may even be an aesthetic preference.



From left: Braun, Honeywell and Minolta battery strobes



BC Flash Gun, 1955



Ascor QC8 strobe unit



Vivitar 283 lighting system

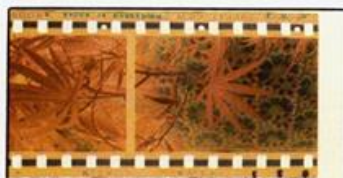
## Film

In considering film for better reproduction, the photographer should strive for optimum quality in the original negative or transparency. For 35 mm work, Eastman's Kodachrome 25 or 64 has become the standard of the industry because of its remarkable lack of grain structure and superb resolution and color rendition. Kodachrome transparencies will withstand considerable enlargement and yet deliver excellent quality.

Unfortunately, Kodachrome materials are not available for large-format work. However, the new Ektachrome E-6 Professional films are available from 35 mm to 11 by 14 inches, use basic 120 roll film and can be processed by commercial metropolitan labs in 2 to 3 hours. Kodachrome is processed only by Kodak and its licensees at regional labs across the country and is usually returned within 24 to 48 hours.



Kodachrome 3 1/2 x 5-inch print



35 mm Kodachrome negative



Polaroid prints



Ektachrome transparencies



**GOOD:** Sharp resolution, clear definition, well-focused, simple but elegant arrangement.

## Models

To perform fine dope photography, as in fine fashion or jewelry photography, a subject of quality and interest must be chosen. Small quantities of exotic (and powerful) marijuana are usually more pleasant to work with than larger quantities of more mediocre weed. The freshest and least-handled buds of Hawaiian or Californian sinsemilla should possess qualities of



**POOR:** Out-of-focus, unclarified, over-accessoried, generally poor composition.

smell, taste and delta 9 THC concentration that will more likely be evident in a photograph than 50 pounds of pressed Colombian or Mex. And you may find yourself inspired to create a masterpiece. The fine threads of detail, often in the form of subtle colors, textures and resin-laden leaflets, should offer an exciting creative challenge to any would-be dope photographer. ☐



# ANNOUNCING THE HIGH TIMES DOPE PHOTOGRAPHY SWEEPSTAKES

## THE HIGH TIMES DOPE PHOTOGRAPHY SWEEPSTAKES Official Rules:

1. Enter the *High Times* Dope Photography Sweepstakes by sending your dope pictures to DOPE PHOTOGRAPHY SWEEPSTAKES, *High Times*, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003. All photographs entered must be original and previously unpublished.

2. If you expect to win, it would certainly be helpful to send us your name and address. If you're really paranoid, you may remain anonymous and claim your prize upon publication of the winning photographs by sending the negative to Gilbert Choate at *High Times*.

3. The *High Times* Dope Photography Sweepstakes began February 1, 1978, and will end March 15, 1978. Entries must be postmarked by no later than March 15, 1978 in order to be eligible.

4. The grand prizewinner and selected runner-up photographs will be published in the August 1978 issue of *High Times*. Selections will be made by April 8, 1978, winners will be notified by April 15, 1978.

5. Art requirements: All photographs capable of reproduction will be considered. Prizes will be awarded based on artistic, not technical considerations. For details on obtaining maximum reproduction quality, see the preceding essay on dope photography.

6. All entries become the property of *High Times* magazine and may be printed in *High Times* without further notice or compensation. Selected entries may be published in connection with periodic status reports on the progress of the sweepstakes. No entries can be returned.

7. There will be one first prize consisting of a two-week cruise for two in the Caribbean aboard the windjammer cruise ship *Fantoma*, including round-trip airfare to and from the British Bahamas and breakfast, lunch and dinner. Estimated value of the first prize is \$2,000. The cruise may be taken at any time until August 1, 1979. There will be ten second prizes consisting of five Hot Box™ cocaine-testing kits and five Isomerizers™. Estimated value of each Hot Box™ is \$179.50, and estimated value of each Isomerizer™ is \$179.50. There will be five third prizes consisting of five Ohaus triple-beam scales. Estimated value of each Ohaus triple-beam scale is \$90. There will be ten fourth prizes consisting of ten one-year subscriptions to *High Times*. Estimated value of each one year subscription is \$16.

8. Entries will be judged by the editors of *High Times* in their sole discretion, and all decisions will be absolutely final.

9. This contest is open to residents of the entire world, excluding all persons who have been paid contributors to previous *High Times* editorial and photographic features. Employees (including their families) of *High Times* and its subsidiaries, agents and suppliers are not eligible to enter.

10. This offer is void where prohibited by law. Foreign entrants are subject to foreign laws pertaining to this contest. All entrants agree to abide by the rules of this contest.

11. We would appreciate a note mentioning the kind of film, camera and other tools used in making your photograph, and any other information you think relevant. Your note may or may not be used in writing copy and credits to accompany the photograph or photographs if published.

Shoot an actual *High Times* centerfold...and win a two-week, expense-paid Caribbean cruise for two. All it takes to win is the best photograph of dope in any one of these categories:

BEST LIVE PLANT  
BEST BRICK  
BEST OUNCE  
BEST THAI STICKS  
BEST HASHISH  
BEST COLOMBIAN  
BEST MEXICAN  
BEST DOMESTIC

BEST SUPPORTING  
DOMESTIC  
BEST COCAINE  
BEST SINSEMILLA  
BEST AFGHANI  
BEST MUSHROOMS  
BEST PEYOTE  
BEST HASH OIL

...or the BEST picture of any kind of dope in any other category you might suggest.

Imagine: your photograph as the centerfold of *High Times*. Yes, the thrill of shooting an authentic *High Times* pictorial can be yours, along with the sun-drenched splendor of the Caribbean.

*Here's What You Can Win*

**First Prize:** Two-week cruise for two in the British Bahamas on the luxury windjammer cruise ship *Fantoma*.

**Second-Place Prizes:** Five deluxe Hot Box™ cocaine-testing kits made by the Hot Box Co., and five THC-enhancing Isomerizers™ made by the Thai Power Co.

**Third-Place Prizes:** Five superaccurate Ohaus triple-beam scales from the Correct Count Co.

**Fourth-Place Prizes:** Ten one-year subscriptions to *High Times*.

The best of the runners-up will appear in glorious black-and-white or color (entries in both categories are eligible) in the pages of *High Times* in a special pictorial tribute to our readers' talents. Enter today—as many photographs as you like, as many times as you like. And good luck!

## SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY BLANK HIGH TIMES DOPE PHOTOGRAPHY

Enclosed is my photograph or photographs to be entered in the *High Times* DOPE PHOTOGRAPHY SWEEPSTAKES. This photograph (or photographs) was taken by me and I own all rights herein and have not previously published or sold this picture to any other person. I hereby give *High Times* magazine the absolute right and permission to copyright and/or publish this photograph or photographs, and to make use of it without further notice or compensation to me in any media at its studios or elsewhere for art, advertising, trade or any other lawful purpose whatsoever. I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or any written copy that may accompany it upon publication. I also give *High Times* full right and permission to print my name and city, state or nation of residence as a credit for the photograph or photographs and to use as written copy any remarks I may have enclosed. I certify by my signature that I agree to the foregoing and that I am 18 years of age or older.

signature

name

address

city, state, zip

Send to:

**DOPE PHOTOGRAPHY SWEEPSTAKES**

**High Times**

**Box 386 Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003**

IMPORTANT: THIS CONTEST IS NOT INTENDED TO ENCOURAGE THE SALE, POSSESSION OR USE OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES. IT IS ENTIRELY DEDICATED TO THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNALISM.





The last great African  
explorer reports:

# I Got High with the Pygmies

**The little people are very big heads  
by Jean-Pierre Hallet**

**T**he Pygmy does not approve of *tsoi*, strong drink, beer or wine. The elders say that it is debilitating, and they are right. Wherever alcohol has been introduced into the Pygmy

territories, the physical and moral health of the community has been all but destroyed. The Efé [Pygmy] bands of western Uganda, near Fort Portal, offer a particularly tragic example. Some are chronic alcohol-

ics and most of them behave like hoodlums. Tourists who visit Uganda have gathered the very false impression that these grossly corrupted Efé bands are typical Pygmies. Since no conventional tour groups visit Zaïre, the Pygmies' reputation has grown steadily worse during the past decade.

To dispel this misunderstanding, I have for several

summers led "Jean-Pierre Hallet's Congo Safaris" into the eastern Ituri and have introduced genuinely interested people to Pygmy bands who still follow their traditional and very beautiful way of life. There the Efé have hospitably introduced some of my companions to a relaxing and stimulating custom. The

*Smoking djému is a Pygmy family tradition. This handsome family poses for a toke before stirring the dinner pot.*



Efé have shared the "Pygmy peace pie," as I call it, with their American guests.

The *tètè* is a bamboo water pipe used for smoking *djému*, hemp. The Sua, the Kango and other Pygmy populations throughout the equatorial forest smoke hemp, which is related to but somewhat stronger than marijuana. Far from being slowed down or stupefied, the Pygmy hemp smokers walk and run up to 15 miles a day during their hunts and sometimes dance for hours in the evenings.

They say that hemp "increases the vital force," a phenomenon which may be connected with their distinctive physiology. They suffer no ill effects whatsoever and do not have a psychological compulsion to smoke hemp. Their mental, emotional and physical condition is superb. The sick Pygmy alcoholics have cruelly but truthfully been described as "drunken bums."

An American presidential committee recently reported a fact that has been suspected for some time, namely, that cannabis plants have no harmful or addicting effects. Having been exposed to the prevalent European and American disapproval of cannabis and having seen Negro tribesmen stupefied by excessive hemp smoking, I was at first shocked by the Pygmies' hemp smoking and deeply concerned lest this custom might injure their health. Since they currently obtain hemp from the Bantu and Sudanese tribes, I received the first impression that the Negroes had introduced the Pygmies to hemp.

"We have smoked hemp since the beginning of time," Efé friends subsequently informed me. "The Pygmies smoke hemp and the dwarfs smoke hemp. There are great fields of hemp in their kingdom of the dead. Those fortunate dwarfs!" declared the elder Mutuke. "God gave hemp to the Pygmies. Hemp keeps us healthy and happy," said an Efé hunter called

Avi'oka, "Iron Man." All-Father Efé invented the pipe, according to the elders. I do not doubt this statement, since I have seen water pipes used by Pygmy bands who have not been in contact with Negroes, and I have never seen the Pygmy water pipe used by any Negroes except those who have been in direct contact with the Pygmies.

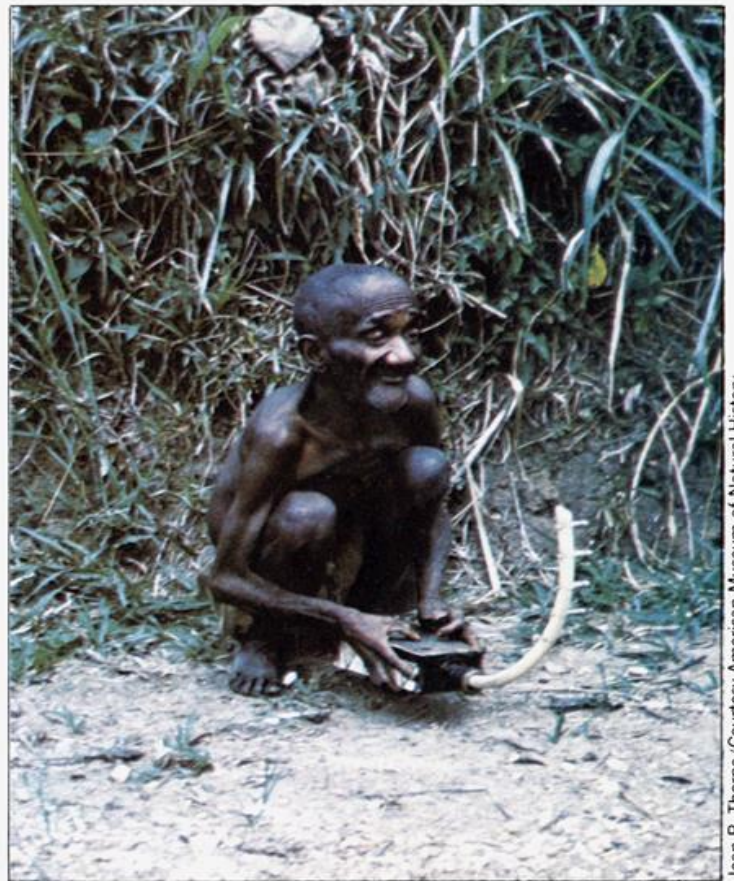
Arabic legends associate hemp smoking with the ancestral paradise in the Mountains of the Moon. Sir Richard Burton described the pygmoid Bushmen as hemp smokers in his commentary on *The Arabian Nights*:

The Arab Banj and Hindu Bhang (which I use as most familiar) both derive from the old Coptic *Nibanj* meaning a preparation of hemp, and here it is easy to recognize the Homeric "Nepenthe." Al-Kazwini explains the term by "garden hemp" (*Kinnabostani* or *Shahdanaj*). On the other hand not a few apply the word to the henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*) so much used in medieval Europe.

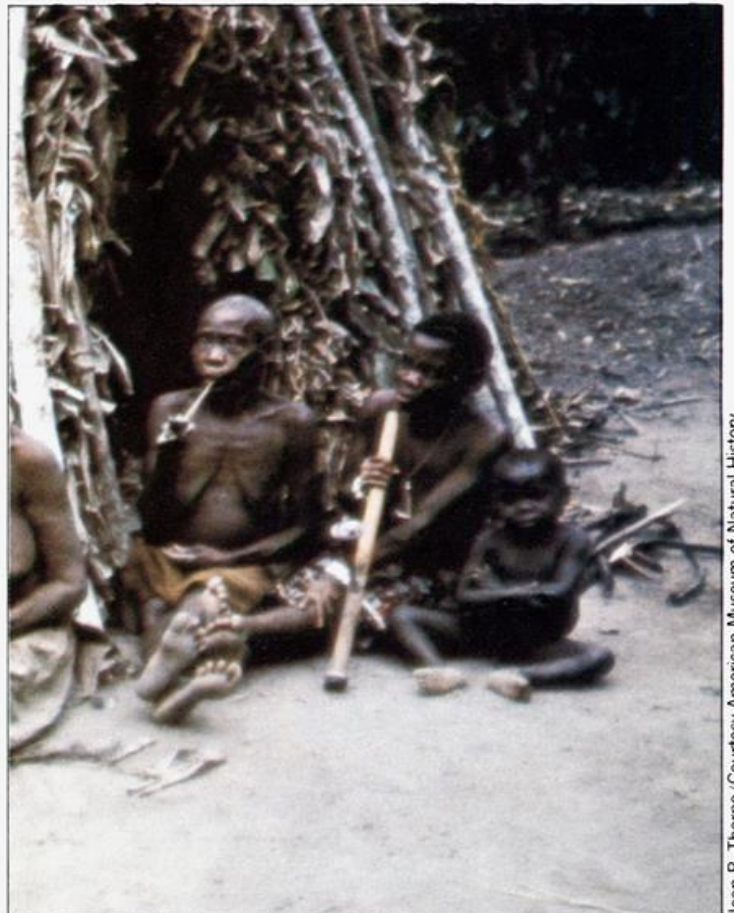
The use of Bhang doubtless dates from the dawn of civilization, whose earliest social pleasures would be inebriants. Herodotus shows the Scythians burning the seeds (leaves and capsules) in worship and becoming drunken with the fumes, as do the S. African Bushmen of the present day. This would be the earliest form of smoking; it is still doubtful whether the pipe was used or not. Galen also mentions intoxication by hemp. Among Moslems, the Persians adopted the drink as an ecstatic, and about our thirteenth century, Egypt, which began the practice, introduced a number of preparations to be noticed in the course of *The Nights*.

It is a crime to smoke cannabis plants in most countries of our Western world. The Pygmies have a much more enlightened view. ■

From *Pygmy Kitabu* by Jean-Pierre Hallet with Alex Pelle. Copyright © 1973 by Jean-Pierre Hallet and Alexandra Pelle. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.



Pygmy orchestras are also very small: This tribal music man entertains with an unusual stringed instrument.



Whenever Pygmy women gather, a pipe is produced and *djému* smoked by young and old.



# Johnny Bob Sucks It Up

A candid conversation with the Hunchback  
of Camelot—an exclusive report from our  
Indian Affairs specialist by Johnny Bob





For some time now, I, Johnny Bob, have been in receipt of a number of annoying letters and phone calls from *High Times* concerning the absence of my articles from that magazine and the absence of dollars from their bank account that went for my advance payment. Patiently Johnny explained when reached that he was much occupied, working doggedly on the case-of-Vat-69 drainage project. Johnny gave assurance that the case of Vat 69 would soon be drained and that Johnny would have an article in shortly. Naturally the drainage project was not finished on schedule. Unforeseen delays blocked progress.

The incident finished with Johnny standing naked in a fountain set in the midst of a vast green lawn, screaming with unintentional loudness that the FBI had invented a new kind of gun that could be fired through mountains. On reflection Johnny feels that a Smith & Wesson .32 modified for use by police dogs would be more frightening. May this awesome weapon never be unleashed upon the world.

All told, this was a lucky ending for the project. Many Indians in British Columbia (though not of Johnny's band, the Nootka, who are very wise) have themselves

ended at the conclusion of an alcohol drainage project of this size. It is miserable and sad, but Johnny's friend Francis died so. He drove his snowmobile north on a southbound track one winter and wound up looking like a stew fight on the front of a B.C. railways diesel.

People often argue whether fierce drinking like this is just a troublesome way to commit suicide. Johnny knows of only one clear-cut case of suicide by such means. A forest ranger, a white man of middle years named Dan, was stationed for the fire season in an isolated mountain watchtower. The tower could not be reached by road and was supplied at two-week intervals by copter drop. Dan's only communication with other men was by radio. One day after several months of watching the trees he took to his bed with a case of Gordon's gin and there he stayed. Sometime after the first bottle he wrote a note which Johnny and his brother were unfortunate enough to find on a hunting trip that took them past the tower.

Rt. Honorable David Barret  
Premier of British Columbia  
Parliament Buildings, Victoria  
Sir:

I have been watching the hills. No fires to speak of. I have done my job for as long as I could. The hills last longer. I pass the hose, the bucket and the shovel on. I can outdrink the hills and I shall. Premier, I resign. Tri-sight your own hills. Protect your own trees. I shall be tree food. You will lose the next election.

Yours Truly  
Dan McPherson  
Forest Serviceman

The premier lost the next election. Not that that means much, as half the opposition pundits in the province were saying the same thing. Still, you see how a drainage project can whip up a brain tornado of terrible destructiveness. Johnny, however, has weathered the storms of winter. If he were a fancy writer, he would compare himself to Joe Conrad's foolish sea captain who refused to give up the helm of his vessel even when he was blind, running into marine difficulties rather than relinquish command. Johnny will *not* relinquish command either, but that's as far as the comparison goes.

The alcohol drainage project began with the arrival of Screaming Jimmy Diesel, the country-and-western star, in New York. Jimmy Diesel was not fond of New York. "Dirty fuckin' dump it is for sure. Some asshole on the train was telling me it's the greatest city in the world. They probably say the same thing in Bombay, where the flies haul cats up in the air and the bums are infested with birds. By which I mean woodpeckers feed on their body parasites. Johnny."

Johnny was standing at the bar, holding Diesel's cowboy hat in one hand, arguing with it about broken treaties and insisting that his people had a right to hunt cattle in the absence of buffalo. A villain with a knife approached Johnny from behind. Just then, Jimmy Diesel returned from the washroom and Babe Ruthed the thug from the blind side with a barstool. If it hadn't been for Jimmy Diesel, this Indian





would have been flying in a cheap coffin back to Canada.

After the knife-wielding dirt bag was cleared away, Jimmy Diesel turned to Johnny. "You owe me a drink," said the presumptuous country-and-western star. "Fuck you," said Johnny. "I bought the last round."

So began what newspaper reporters would call "a drunken odyssey." Johnny and Diesel drank and smoked dope and drifted from bar to bar. It began to thunder and rain, and Johnny thought briefly about what it would be like back in the logging camp, slinging rigging in a force-nine gale, with two pockets full of rain, hoping like hell that the next bolt of lightning would split the foreman in half so Johnny could take the day off. While Johnny mused, an old man sat mumbling at the end of the bar. The bartender was counting his money and washing glasses.

"I fought in a fuckin' second world war," said the old man. "Don't even got a fuckin' coat." He gestured at Diesel. "None at all..."

Diesel looked thoughtful. "Grab one from the coatroom," he said. He dropped off his stool and guided the old man to the coatroom.

"Never steal," said the old man. "Never, never..."

"Property is theft," said Diesel, pulling a coat off a hanger. "Take it... take it..." "Doesn't fit..."

"All men are brothers, but not all the same size..." Diesel pushed the old man's arms into the coat and guided him to the door. "Stealing... stealing," the old man said and vanished into the rain.

The door puffed shut and Diesel returned to the bar.

Slowly he turned. "Jeezus Christ, the old bastard stole my coat... goddamn this town." Diesel walked the few blocks home to Johnny's place in the pouring rain. That same night, before falling asleep on Johnny's deluxe flip-o-matt, kant-sag, folda-bed sofa, Diesel mentioned a band called Bullet and the 13 Screaming Ethiopians.

The next day Johnny questioned the country-and-western star closely. "Bullet," said Diesel, "had no arms or legs, hence the name. He was the lead singer of the band. He sat on a little wheeled cart with a string mike around his neck. The 13 Screaming Ethiopians held onto guy wires attached to the cart and dragged Bullet around the stage while singing backup. They used to do frat parties in the late Fifties and early Sixties. They were a damn sight weirder than Kiss or Alice Cooper, but as far as I know, they never made much bread. Just another case of white bands ripping off the original black artists and making a fortune..."

As we walked toward a gin mill one afternoon, Diesel spotted a man with no arms and legs on a cart.

"Come on," he said, "we'll ask him about Bullet and the Ethiopians."

The man with the little cart appeared to be sleeping, and Diesel fanned his face with his hat while passers-by stared.

"Hey you, wake up."

"What do you want?" said the little guy. "You some kinda fuckin' fruit? Get that lice-smacking hat out of my face."

"We want to ask you some questions," said Diesel.

"You want to know how I lost my legs, jerk? I'll tell you. Same way I lost my fucking arms. Piss off."

Diesel offered him five bucks, and the feisty little fellow agreed to talk for five minutes. No more unless paid.

"Do you know anybody else in your condition?"

"Sure."

"You know a guy named Bullet, a black guy, used to have a band called the 13 Screaming Ethiopians?"

"I hate Ethiopians, but I did know Bullet. At least I knew about him. You won't catch me hanging around with those people."

"Where'd you hear about him?"

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**"Property is theft,"  
said Diesel,  
pulling a coat  
off a hanger.**

**"All men are brothers,  
but not all  
the same size..."**

---

"I used to be friendly with this dwarf about ten years ago. He told me this Bullet guy had a music act. He was trying to get me to do something like it. Shit, I wouldn't do that phony commercial crap. I don't sell out. For one thing, I'm an artist with a poem published in the New Yorker and not about to pull any sleazy hustles, and, for another, I happen to be the son of one of the greatest men of this century. My mother told me just before she died who the old man was, and I'll be goddamned if I'll drag that name through the shit."

"Who was he?"

"Look at my head... No! Stand over there and look at it sideways. See the resemblance? You put a tie on me and I wouldn't look a bit out of place in a head-and-shoulders oil painting hanging in the White House hallway. Joe Kennedy, Senior, was my old man. Jack and Bobby my half brothers. I never asked a favor of the family. I know my place."

To tell the truth, he did look a lot like the Kennedys. Diesel looked at him with renewed respect.

"Well, I understand completely," he said.

"No you don't. Nobody does. Nobody can. You'd have to be a limbless bastard to understand. Every day I gotta dig for a will to survive. I pay a 50-year-old alky woman to look after me, and for an extra

five bucks a week she'll jerk me off. After I pay her, she's gone for two days drunk, and I sit home hungry with a load in my pants, wondering why I fucking well bother. I've been bit and dragged by dogs in the street. One night when the woman was late pickin' me up, a bum come by and pissed on me. I tell you something: a lot of people don't believe I'm Joe Kennedy's son. Well I don't give a shit. If I didn't believe it was true, I'd have cut and died years ago. That's four minutes—anything else you want to know?"

"Did you ever think about doing a book?"

"That dwarf I was telling you about used to talk about it sometimes, but who wants to read about some miserable doomed runt? Why should I drag the Kennedy name into it? They got enough trouble without me. Let 'em breathe, I say. Anyway, the dwarf drifted away somewhere. He was a good guy."

"You know where Bullet is now?"

"Five minutes is up," Diesel handed him another five bucks.

"No," said the fellow.

Screaming Jimmy Diesel and Johnny drifted on down to Johnny's local gin mill. "That guy was more interesting than Bullet," said the country-and-western star. "Do you think he was full of shit?"

"Maybe," said Johnny.

**D**iesel left New York the next day. He dropped off the case of Vat 69 at Johnny's apartment. "This case will finish you in this city," he said before he left.

Over the next few days, Johnny set to work steadily on the drainage project. Day laborers came over to help. The Clancy sisters from Philadelphia dropped in with what they called a "spoiled priest" and took turns spoiling Johnny and he for several nights.

When at length the case was drained along with several other cases of reinforcements, Johnny was left alone in the apartment. But not, he is sorry to say, for long. A bailiff arrived with an eviction notice and the Indian was forced to retreat to the country. There, at the stately home of a crook, he drank a final bottle of Vat 69, sneaked a taste of herb and went berserk. See paragraph one.

After a period of rest and tranquility Johnny feels fine. He hates Vat 69 and is still pissed off at Screaming Johnny Diesel. The bastard, Johnny wishes to ask the readers of *High Times* a favor like they did him once before. If the readers like my story they should write to Indian Editor, Dell Publishing, Inc., One Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, New York, New York 10017. Say to the wise editor that a whole book by Johnny would be a fine idea for a best seller. Then this Indian will grab a huge advance and escape from New York to the happy hunting lodge. So long now, and be careful how you talk around people with button-down collars. ■





Go on home

**"It ain't heavy,  
it's my inventory"**

It's your first ton, and you don't have to smoke it to get high. Just think about it. One ton. 2,000 pounds. 32,000 ounces. One million joints. How much would that be in grams? In pesos? In Daylight Savings? Questions like that get awfully important at a time like this.

Home is where the ton is. An organic floor pillow, a natural room odorizer, leafy upholstery that acts like thousands of tiny fingers urging a woman to lay back, tune in and turn on Johnny Carson. Yes, a ton can be fun. Heavy. □

Photographs by Steve Cooper











# Avant-G





# arde Highs

## Dope for Connoisseurs

by Richard Ashley

In the beginning was the Word. As it began to get around, the Word became a cult, a high-energy form of religion that exists only as long as it isn't too popular and that gives true believers the inside track to ultimate reality. While Christianity was still a secret club, people figured if it makes you crazy enough to live in catacombs and smile at lions, maybe there's something to it. Centuries later, the hula hoop defined the universe in terms of gyration, and its adherents could easily spot who had hip and who had not, but the initiation was so easy that soon the cult became a fad and died of overpopularization.

Twenty years ago, pot was a cult high, the sacrament of an in-crowd whose exclusivity was enforced by laws almost as harsh as the Roman laws against Christians. Twelve years ago, grass was still in the closet, though Norman Mailer and a few others had publicly admitted a taste for it. About a decade ago, cannabis went public, much to the chagrin of those image-conscious initiates who got as high on the mystique as on the herb

itself—like the hermit inhaling Himalayan ozone in his cave cult of one. Today marijuana is mass-market merchandise, while the residual chic of high-octane Hawaiian or Thai is just too expensive for most would-be elitists. In another dozen years pot will be as prevalent as television. When Junior says, "I'd love to turn you on," Mom and Pop will reply, "We got high before you were born, dear," little suspecting that he's offering his parents a hit of gamma gas or whatever the new-wave dope is by that time.

The quest for head cults continues. Pioneers often

bask in the secret admiration of those who dare not follow them (yet), so new highs offer ego-gratifying prophet potential. Besides, since the secret high society of today often becomes the big business of tomorrow, there's always the chance of ground-floor profits.

Often an incipient fad is revealed only when someone submits the divine dose to a testing lab. A recent example is "gunk," a purified peyote extract developed by clandestine chemists that may surface as next year's in-craze. Right now, the extraction process is so expensive that it promotes gunk's cult status by prohibiting mass-market sales. But when Yankee ingenuity works out that bug, gunk will be sure-fire material for headlines and Hollywood.

A cult's first year is usually its best. High chemists are proud progenitors who market their brainchildren through righteous dealers. But eventually other dealers get in there to sell the product for more than it's worth or something else for more than they're both worth. Quality often, though not always, goes down as the word spreads.

Meanwhile, since dope has become a major substitute for religion (most people today expect better results from Valium than prayer), consciousness cults are bound to multiply as we approach the mystical Bimillennial. Some will grow up to be Controlled Substances; others will flourish at the corner drug-store. Just so you can be prepared, here are today's Big Eight.

### MDA (Methylenedioxyamphetamine)

#### History

Various called the "Mellow Drug of America," the "love drug," and "speed for lovers," MDA was synthesized in 1910, but its effects on humans were first studied by amphetamine researcher Gordon Alles in 1959. It appeared on the streets in the mid Sixties, touted as a combination of mescaline and amphetamine. This error was probably due to its chemical resemblance to both compounds, but its high bears little similarity to either. After a decade of providing beatific trips for an obscure minority, MDA remains the preferred drug of those university researcher types who have lost interest in taking LSD.

#### Dose/Effects

Most experts suggest doses of 120 to 150 mg to obtain the full range of effects. While I agree, black-market MDA is usually capped in 80 to 100 mg doses, and few users complain of being shortchanged. About 30 to 60 minutes after ingestion, depending on the thickness of the cap, some nausea usually occurs. It is similar to that experienced on mescaline sulphate but much milder than that from peyote. After about an hour, physical sensations are felt—tingling, high feelings. There are none of the perceptual distortions or closed-eye imagery triggered by LSD.

**An MDA-related hallucinogenic substance is produced in the pineal gland— the third eye of Eastern mysticism.**





but there is a heightening of visual acuity. Objects appear brighter and sharper than normal, as if you had put on your first pair of glasses after not being able to read the blackboard. Most striking are intensified feelings and empathy with others. In any case, some users find this empathy extends to thought transference and psychic awareness. People on MDA show an openness and lovingness seldom encountered in everyday life. The effects persist for eight hours or so, but the peak of the experience comes about two hours after ingestion.

#### Comments

Some users feel physically exhausted after the trip, while others are energized for the next few days. The most common adverse side effect—though most users apparently don't experience it—is a periodic tensing of neck and jaw muscles. Two deaths have been attributed to MDA, but it is unknown how large the doses were or if other drugs were present. Relatively pure MDA is available on the West Coast but little is seen in the East. Potentially dangerous drugs have been sold as MDA in the past, including PMA (methoxyamphetamine) and DMA (dimethoxyamphetamine) — amphetamine analogs with different effects and lower effective doses. Buyers would thus be wise to have their product checked out by Pharm-Chem, 1848 Bay Road, Palo Alto, Ca. 94303, or some other testing lab. Very large doses—say, 300 to 500 mg—should be avoided unless you are looking for a very potent trip. Effects from this amount resemble the psychic H-bomb of STP.

#### Harmaline and Harmine

##### History

Harmala alkaloids are the active components in the seeds of Syrian rue, a plant native to the Middle East, and of *Banisteriopsis caapi*, a woody vine native to the area between the Amazon rain forests and the Andes. Both have been used for many centuries. Rue seeds were used both as a spice and an intoxicant in India. South American Indians make a hallucinogenic

### A central nervous system stimulant similar to LSD, ibogaine is popular among both West African secret tribal societies and sophisticated dope researchers.

brew from the vine called, depending on the region, *caapi*, *ayahuasca*, or *yagé*. A related hallucinogenic substance—methoxytetrahydroharman—is produced in the pineal gland, the third eye of Eastern mysticism. Production of this substance is said to increase with spiritual development.

#### Dose/Effects

Harmine is effective in doses of 500 to 750 mg and harmaline in half this amount, but the alkaloids are apparently more effective in combination than separately. The precise amount of each in the brown powder occasionally available in the West is not known. Most people experience nausea, and some throw up before getting off. Effects come on about an hour after ingestion and persist for eight hours or so. The kaleidoscopic phenomena common with other indolic alkaloids such as LSD and psilocybin don't seem to occur; perception of the environment remains essentially unchanged. However, images often appear superimposed on background surfaces, and imaginary scenes are seen simultaneously with undistorted perception of surrounding objects. Lightninglike flashes are commonly reported. Closed-eye imagery is usually vivid and brightly colored. Long dreamlike sequences are also common. Time sense and music perception are not noticeably altered.

#### Comments

Scientists say the typical reaction to harmala alkaloids is a closed-eye contemplation of internal imagery with little desire to physical activity or communication with others. They say the typical

subject just lies around for most of the trip, with no interest in others. Witnesses of Indian *yagé* ceremonies, on the other hand, report great empathy among the celebrants—in fact, they all frequently see the same visions simultaneously. American users corroborate the passivity and deep involvement with trains of thought in the early part of the trip, but some say they've also enjoyed intense swimming and hill climbing. Many also contemplate flowers and stones, whose color and form are greatly enhanced.

#### Ibogaine

##### History

A central-nervous-system stimulant chemically related to LSD, ibogaine is found in the roots of *Tabernanthe iboga*, a West African shrub. Among natives, it has for centuries been considered a powerful aphrodisiac and stimulant, reportedly doubling muscular strength and enabling hunters to stay motionless for hours while stalking game. In high doses, it is used as a hallucinogenic sacrament by many religious sects and secret societies. Also a local anesthetic, it has regularly been turning up in small quantities in the U.S. since 1972.

Iboga is one of the plants that animals eat to get high. Gorillas, porcupines and wild boars in Gabon and the northern Congo are said to favor it. Natives say wild boars dig up and eat the roots, "only to go into a wild frenzy jumping around, perhaps fleeing from frightening visions."

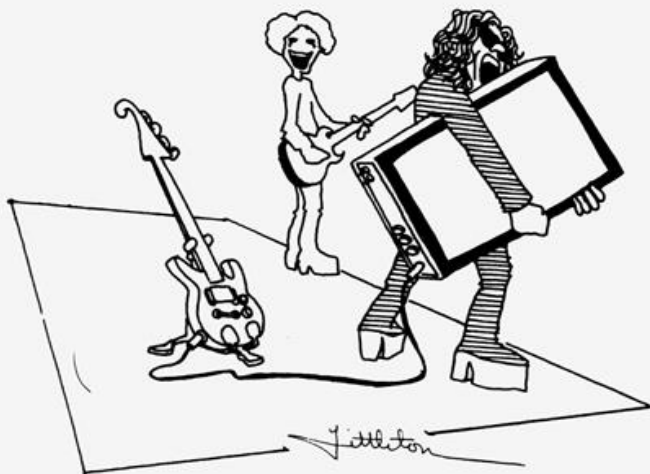
#### Dose/Effects

Little research has been done on ibogaine as a stimulant, and there is no reliable data on dosages. Those who've used it note the characteristic properties of increased energy and loss of appetite.

More information is available on its hallucinogenic properties. In doses of 300 mg many people experience nausea and vomiting, dizziness and a lack of muscular coordination. All report visions and changes in the perception of familiar objects. Visual imagery is vivid behind closed eyes, and heightened empathy provides users with real insight into themselves and their relations with others. According to Claudio Naranjo, the Chilean psychotherapist, ibogaine can help people radically alter their personalities. He is "more impressed by the enduring effects resulting from ibogaine than by those from sessions with any other drug."

#### Comments

Because of the current lack of information, dosages over 300 mg may be unwise, although much larger portions are used in West African rites. The celebrants enter a tense, epilepticlike state. Convulsions, paralysis and respiratory collapse occur with overdose, but no one in this country seems to know how much that is.



*I told you it was four-way Sunshine.*



## Pemoline

### History

A central-nervous-system (CNS) stimulant, pemoline has effects similar to those of amphetamines but is structurally unrelated to them. It was synthesized in 1913 but wasn't tested on humans until the late Fifties. Abbott Laboratories found a mixture of pemoline and magnesium compounds restored the memories of rats after they had been obliterated by electroshock and gathered evidence that pemoline-magnesium aided RNA synthesis in the brain. Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, former president of the World Psychiatric Association, claimed he produced definite memory improvement, especially in the elderly, with two weeks to a month of daily pemoline-magnesium doses. Unfortunately, he died just before his research was finished and his leads have not been followed up, but adventurers can approximate the experimental memory medicine by crushing and mixing one of Abbott's 37.5 mg tablets with a tablespoon of milk of magnesia, then letting it stand for half an hour before ingestion.

Abbott now markets straight pemoline under the name Cylert. Along with Ritalin, it is the chief means to chemically control children whom teachers find difficult to manage.

### Dose/Effects

Studies of Cylert's long-term effects have not been done, but Abbott claims its immediate side effects are milder than those of other CNS stimulants. That is, insomnia and weight loss aren't as severe, and overdose symptoms—excessively rapid heart beat, extreme agitation and hallucinations—are not as pronounced. Users of pemoline (without the magnesium) note increased energy and mental concentration, without the common tense edge of speed.

### Comments

Some of the black-market pemoline being sold today actually is pemoline, but most is heavily cut with caffeine, epedrine, amphetamine or methamphetamine and sold under the name "mini-whites." The pemoline in some of these combinations is probably Cylert diverted from legal sources. The main danger in using such a combination is that, besides pemoline, Cylert tablets contain magnesium hydroxide, lactose, dye and binders. This is okay by mouth, but repeatedly shooting up a suspension of the crushed tablets can lead to pulmonary granulomatosis (ulcerous, fibrous tissue in the lungs).

## Methadone (Dolophine)

### History

The old Germany gave us morphine and heroin; the thousand-year Reich gave us methedrine and methadone. When Far Eastern opium supplies were cut off dur-

## **Imperial Germany gave us morphine and heroin, Hitler's Reich gave us methedrine and methadone.**

ing World War II, German chemists were ordered to come up with a synthetic painkiller for military use. Rumor has it that their search was spurred by Hermann Goering, whose smack habit was threatened by the wartime scarcity.

Before there were methadone maintenance programs, there were methadone withdrawal programs. The Public Health Service facility at Lexington, Kentucky, has used methadone to detoxify addicts for over 25 years. Addicts themselves have used it for at least as long to taper off, ease withdrawal symptoms and substitute when heroin or morphine were unavailable. Since large-scale methadone programs were begun in 1970, a lot of the stuff has been hoarded and sold on the streets. The growing number of unregistered methadone addicts indicates it has become the drug of choice for some people.

### Dose/Effects

Taken intravenously, methadone produces a rush and euphoria similar to heroin's, but not quite as good, say users. Taken orally in pill form, the rush is much weaker, but the effects last longer. Whether in the arm or in the mouth, methadone has the same potential for addiction as scag. Sudden abstinence induces all the standard opiate withdrawal symptoms. Methadone can also produce O.D.'s as easily as heroin. Smack didn't kill Janis Joplin; she was done in by a combination of methadone and alcohol.

### Comments

As a treatment for heroin addiction, methadone maintenance is a typical Big Brother scam—replacing one addiction with a less pleasant one that affords certain administrative benefits. Oral doses of methadone are good for 24 hours, whereas a shot of heroin lasts only four to six hours. Thus, methadone patients only have to be taken care of once a day, rather than the three or four times that would be necessary if they were being doled out heroin.

Some of the money that used to go for the Mafia's inflated profits now fills the padded budgets of program directors. The drug companies profit, and federal, state and local governments get the taxes on their profits. Almost everybody wins. Furthermore, registering junkies in methadone programs allows the government to keep tabs on a segment of the population that the law has made criminals.

## Hash Oil

### History

Potent preparations of marijuana date back to the origins of hashish in antiquity. The first known liquid extracts of cannabis were made in the 1840s by Peter Squire, a London chemist. A decade later, powerful extracts of the weed could be purchased in American drugstores for six cents a bottle. Tilden's, the best known of them, was consumed in quantity by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, who recorded his experiences in his 1857 classic, *The Hasheesh Eater*. Considerable work was done on extracting the various oils and resins from cannabis in the 1890s by American chemists; fifty years later, Roger Adams produced a very potent red oil from hemp growing wild in Minnesota. In concentrated pill form, this material was administered to prisoners by the LaGuardia Report researchers in the early 1940s.

The first well known underground extract of cannabis—The One—appeared in 1970, courtesy of The Cosmic Traveller. The usual price of a five-gram bottle—complete with a combination stopper and spatula, two pyrex pipes and an instruction sheet—was \$125. A year later The One gave way to Son of One, a less potent preparation for the same price. By mid 1971 hash oil, purportedly an ether extraction from Afghani and Lebanese hash, was on the market. Of the two grades generally available, the dark, greenish black, viscous liquid was usually less potent, and at \$20 to \$25 a gram considerably less expensive, than the clear amber "honey oil" costing \$40 to \$50.

### Dose/Effects

Cannabis products selling for \$20 to \$50 a gram? Yes, and well worth it. If not wasted by incorrect smoking procedures, a gram lasts considerably longer than an ounce of the best grass. And the amount of THC in commercial weed averages 1% to 2%. Top-grade Colombian, Jamaican and Thai grass averages about 5% and fresh primo hash from 8% to 15%. By contrast, The One weighed in at 13% THC, and hash-oil samples analyzed between 1972 and 1974 averaged 16% THC. More than 10% of them were in the 45% to 65% range. Taking into account the fact that only a miniscule proportion of the hash we see is fresh and the bulk of it contains no more THC than good grass, it's obvious that hash oil is the most potent cannabis product to be had this side of Government Standard 95%-pure THC.

But despite the good value for the money and its great popularity among the cognoscenti, hash oil never made it big, and very little has been available since 1974. Why? Well, for one thing, the more plentiful dark oil deteriorated very rapidly and often wasn't very potent by the time it reached the consumer. For another, smoking it requires care and knowledge if getting high is not to be prohibitively



expensive. The flame must be held *under* the pipe and not in direct contact with it. Rather than "light" the substance, you slowly cook it and then inhale the moment it begins to vaporize. Any other method results in a huge waste of oil. Smokers apparently found this process too elaborate to bother with. Consequently they spent far too much money for a few good highs and decided it wasn't worth it.

#### Comments

In the opinion of most connoisseurs, the high from good hash oil is the best from any available cannabis product. (Real THC is *not* available, whatever your dealer tells you.) Three tokes get you totally stoned, and the high is light and energetic, not soporific and heavy as with some of the strongest grasses. And there is none of the morning-after lethargy that usually follows an evening of too much hash or weed. Whatever produces these "hangovers" seems to be absent from hash oil.

### PCP (Phencyclidine)

#### History

Developed by Parke, Davis and Co. in the late 1950s and marketed under the name Sernyl as a general anesthetic, PCP caused problems from the very beginning. Patients often woke up in Post-Op delirious, disoriented, extremely agitated and complaining of hallucinations. The company discontinued it for humans and reissued it "for veterinary use only" as Sernylan about the time it first hit the black market.

PCP first appeared in San Francisco for a few months in 1967 as the Peace Pill, then a year later in New York as Hog. Street users called it a psychedelic, but more accurately it combines aspects of stimulants and depressants with disruption of impulses in the sensory and motor nerves. The term delusionogen was coined for it. In the original pill form, dosage was hard to regulate. Bad trips were common, and the drug community quickly put it down as a bummer.

Despite its bad reputation, marketers were loath to give it up—it's cheap to make and easy to transport because it is potent in small doses. Dealers capitalized on the demand for THC and passed off these hog tranquilizers as the long-awaited synthetic pot. Many people have bought phencyclidine under other labels. Even today, everything sold as THC is PCP and nothing more. And when street "mescaline" and "psilocybin" aren't merely *weak acid*, they are often a combination of weak acid and PCP.

After 1968, it was rarely sold as PCP again until it showed up as a smokeable powder in the early 1970s. It's called Angel Dust by itself, and marijuana or parsley sprinkled with the powder is known as Supergrass or Superweed. Although the dose is easier to gauge by

smoking or snorting, PCP continues to be sold in pills as well, and its popularity is increasing in young teenagers.

#### Dose/Effects

Even in low doses (five mg or less), speech becomes difficult, the eyes stare blankly or move involuntarily, and loss of response to pinprick (anesthesia) is usually present. Moderate doses (five to ten mg) also induce profuse sweating, drooling and muscular rigidity with incoordination. High doses (over ten mg) are characterized by long recovery periods of alternate waking and sleeping, with vomiting, disorientation and hallucinations. Emergency-room patients often have been comatose for 12 hours; some have needed up to 15 days to return to normal.

First-time or unwitting users often have frightening experiences: disturbance of body image ("I'm getting smaller and smaller"), depersonalization ("I feel far away," "I'm not here"), perceptual distortion and loss of space/time sense ("How far was I from the floor? It could have been miles"). Neophytes usually dislike the powerful feelings of indifference, isolation or paranoia, the inability to think or concentrate and the difficulty in speaking and moving.

**Falls on  
PCP are  
common,  
even off cliffs  
or out of  
boats and  
windows.**

Nevertheless, chronic users clearly enjoy PCP and experience it in a positive way. They feel the effects of an "angel dusted" joint in two to five minutes and say the high peaks in 15 to 30 minutes, lasting four to six hours. During peak intensity they are usually uncommunicative, but later become talkative with others in the same condition. Most say it takes a few days to return to normal, but many of them don't bother to and use the drug every day.

#### Comments

"Peepheads" almost always complain of being spaced and worry about turning into "vegetables." They are noticeably depressed when not high, so much so that some have committed suicide at this point. Serious accidents are commonplace among users. Almost all report having been in an automobile accident, or knowing someone who was, while on PCP. Falls are common, even off cliffs or out of boats and windows. Impairment of motor and sensory functions makes many normal physical activities dangerous. Large doses should be avoided, as should

any method of ingestion other than smoking. And PCP should never be used with CNS depressants, such as heroin, barbiturates and alcohol.

### PDR (Ketamine)

#### History

A synthetic anesthetic closely related to PCP, ketamine hydrochloride was marketed in 1970 as Ketalar by Parke, Davis and Co. and as Ketaject by Bristol Laboratories. Ten to fifteen percent of the patients emerged from ketamine anesthesia with hallucinations ranging from pleasant dreamlike states to delirium. Noting this and recalling the therapeutic benefits of the psychedelics no longer legally available to them, a few psychiatrists began giving ketamine to patients with severe psychological blocks. Published results are few but encouraging. A lot more may be known when John Lilly, dean of dolphin research and developer of the isolation tank, publishes his report on a nine-month exploration of inner space via ketamine.

#### Dose/Effects

Since early 1974, ketamine has appeared on the streets in the form of capsules (clear, red, or black/yellow), powder, crystals and tablets. Reports indicate that in doses below the anesthesia threshold (one to two mg per kg of body-weight, injected) ketamine triggers psychedelic visual and memory phenomena. For example: "I'm moving through some kind of train tunnel. There are all sorts of lights and colors, mostly in the center, far, far away... and little people and stuff running around the walls of the tube, like little cartoon nebishes" and "I can see a movie that I saw recently.... Hey this is really groovy! Really groovy! It's like it's right there and I'm seeing it all over again. The spaceships, the space station, floating through space, it's all so vivid and real."

Users say ketamine comes on and wears off faster than LSD. Physical effects are different. The dilated pupils, flushed face, high concentration of glucose in the blood and rise in body temperature characteristic of LSD are not produced by ketamine or PCP. Those who've tried both say ketamine most closely resembles PCP in its subjective effects.

#### Comments

Long flashbacks are far more common with ketamine than with LSD, and bad trips produce more confusion and irrational behavior. But not many bad trips have been reported, even though total disorientation regarding space and time are common. The users I talked with were very pleased with their experiences. Some people find ketamine unusually attractive. Dr. Louis Jolyon West of UCLA mentioned one person who did "up to 1500 mg per day for months" by way of "frequent intramuscular injections." ■



*Cuba, Sí!*

# THE PEOPLE'S Guide to Cuba

**A pioneer guide to socialist fun and sun**

**C**uba still isn't set up to accommodate independent tourists. You may succeed in getting your own visa through Mexico or Canada, but the delays are frustrating and lengthy. Cubatours' hospitable program for facilitating groups of visitors doesn't extend yet to lone travelers. Lodgings are difficult to arrange for yourself, and sleeping in parks or on beaches is *prohibido*. At this time, it is both less expensive and more practical to go as part of a group and then set out to see Cuba on your own—if that's your desire—once you're there.

**Excursion possibilities:** Various firms are rapidly developing travel paquetes for people who want to do more in Cuba than sip daiquiris on a splendiferous beach. Prices given here are based on double occupancy and include meals. Group trips to Cuba have to be one of the century's greatest bargains.

**Orbitair International** (20 East 26th Street, New York, New York 10017) offers special-interest field trips. Their eight-day excursions are designed to provide harmonious travelers with an in-depth exposure to their particular area of interest. University students, for example, can meet Cuban *universarios* in Havana and revolutionary *pioneros* on the scenic Isle of Youth.

**Enid Folger** of San Francisco (415-658-5569) will arrange trips to Cuba for scuba divers, hikers, filmmakers or other special-interest groups. Her established eight-day trips are reasonably priced from \$700 to \$750.

**Mexicana** is now offering trips that leave from major West Coast cities, stop in Mexico and continue to Cuba. Prices start at \$749 from Los Angeles or \$911

**Che Guevara,  
Theodore Roosevelt  
and Meyer Lansky slept here**

**by Barbara Bambiger**

Malecon Drive, Havana, at midnight

Black Star





Museum of the Revolution

Shostal



Prado Place

Shostal



Bay of Pigs

Shostal



Tourists with Cuban soldiers

Shostal



Havana guards

Sigma

from Seattle. Excursions within Havana and trips to Varadero and Cienfuegos are included. Cuba-Mex (Apartado Postal 508, Merida, Yucatan, Mexico) offers four- to eight-day trips to Cuba only and longer holidays that include several days in Mexico.

Three Canadian firms have been sponsoring inexpensive Cuban beach holidays for several years. Unitours (Suite 4000, 3080 Yonge Street, Toronto, M4N 3N1) offers four nights on the Isle of Youth and three in Havana, with excursions to many museums, factories, schools and to Hemingway's villa. Suntours (1281 West Geor-

gia Street, Vancouver, V6E 3J7) specializes in one- and two-week vacations to Varadero Beach. Treasure Tours (1010 Ouest, Rue Ste. Catherine, Montreal, H3B 3R5) takes visitors to Santa Maria del Mar, where they can enjoy the beach in front of the new Marazul Hotel or take a 20-minute trip into Havana to explore the capital on their own. The Canadian trips are only \$370 to \$450 for one week or \$560 to \$770 for two weeks, but U.S. travelers must pay their fares to Canada.

**Getting ready:** There are no shots required for travel to or return from Cuba. What you do need is a passport and a

Cuban visa. Companies that arrange group trips will obtain your visa for you. Traveler's checks are readily accepted in Cuba, but credit cards are not honored.

Shopping is extremely limited in Cuba, so anything considered a necessity should be packed. (Some items are not available, while others are rationed and not sold to tourists.) Take informal summer clothing, with a light jacket and rain gear for the winter months. There will be opportunities to dress up at night for those who get off on that, but informal clothes are always acceptable.

Since the vast majority of *cubanos* don't speak English, you'll find it very useful to master a few Spanish expressions before you go. Take a phrase book and a Spanish-English dictionary, too! There are some excellent books available to give you a background for all that you'll experience in Cuba, including *With Fidel, A Portrait of Castro and Cuba* by Frank Mankiewicz and Kirby Jones and *Cuba or the Pursuit of Freedom* by Hugh Thomas.

## INSIDE HAVANA

**H**avana was known as Sin City before the revolution. The U.S. Mafia ran cabarets, casinos and anything-goes whorehouses. Gift shops catered to the rich Cubans and *norteamericanos*.

Castro expelled the mobsters and closed the casinos and brothels. Money for development was diverted from the capital to rural Cuba, leaving some of Havana's fine old buildings screaming for repair. However, Havana still offers to tourists the diversity of a gigantic garage sale. There are tremendous beaches for those addicted to aquatic pleasures. Museums and sports events are plentiful and free to everyone. Old Havana beckons history buffs, and New Havana turns on after dark.

## Where to Stay

**El Prado District:** Hotel Nueva York (moderate) on Zanja Street, west of Parque Fraternidad; Hotel Bristol (moderate), northwest of the Science Academy; Hotel Plaza and Hotel Parkview (moderate), both north of Parque Central; Hotel Sevilla (fairly expensive), once Havana's finest hotel, located at the northern end of El Prado; Hotel Deauville (fairly expensive) on the Malecon; Hotel Lincoln (moderate), just off Avenida Italia.

**La Rampa District:** Habana Libre (expensive), once the Havana Hilton, on Twenty-third Avenue at L Street; Hotel Nacional (expensive), rich in turn-of-the-century charm, on Twenty-first Avenue at O Street; Hotel Capri (expensive), with the Fifties atmosphere it had when George Raft owned it, on N Street at Twenty-first Avenue; the Flamingo, Vedado, Colina and Saint John's, all fairly expensive.

**Western Vedado:** The Presidente (ex-



pensive) on G Street and Fifth Avenue, Habana Riviera (expensive), luxury accommodations on the Malecon.

### What to See and Do

The *University of Havana*, originally known as the Royal and Pontifical University, was founded in 1728. Once the scene of numerous student uprisings, there have been no rebellions since the revolution. Visitors can peruse the impressive library, the 12,000-seat stadium, the botanical gardens and the museums of anthropology and natural history.

*Revolutionary Square*, where up to 250,000 people have gathered to hear Fidel speak, includes several federal ministry headquarters, the Cuban Communist Party Center, a park, the National Theater and a 370-foot-high statue of José Martí.

*Castles* include: one of the oldest colonial structures in the new World, La Fuerza (1538) on the Plaza de Armas; El Morro (1597) and La Punta (1588) at the entrance to Havana Harbor; La Cabaña (1774) behind El Morro, held by Che Guevara in 1959; and two fortifications built in the eighteenth century to protect New Havana, El Principe and Atarés.

*Museums* in the Prado area include the Revolutionary Museum (in the old Presidential Palace) and the Museo Felipe Poey (in the Science Academy, formerly the Capitol). Both are within an easy walk of the National Art Gallery, the García Lorca Theatre and the Museo de Bellas Artes.

*Parks and plazas* are everywhere, the oldest being the Plaza de Armas. There are three large parks in the Prado district: Zayas, Central and Fraternidad. There's an imaginative park for children on Revolutionary Square and a zoological park to the southwest. The gigantic Lenin Park, a 30-minute drive south of city center, includes boating, rodeo grounds, a horsemanship school, ceramic library, art museum and open-air library.

*Districts:* Old Havana's charm is in narrow, winding streets and many sixteenth- and seventeenth-century structures. The Prado district boasts numerous parks, museums and galleries. Havana's night life is centered in La Rampa district, where cigar factories can be visited during the day. Lovely homes can be seen by continuing from La Rampa, through Vedado, to the suburb of Miramar.

*Night life* is liveliest in the major hotels in La Rampa. At the Habana Libre, there's a fantastic view from the Turquino Bar on the 30th floor and music, entertainment and dancing at the Cabaret El Caribe. Floor shows and music can be enjoyed at Cabaret Capri (Hotel Capri), Cabaret Parisien (Hotel Nacional) and other major hotels. If you visit the Hotel Sevilla's cabaret, take an evening stroll along the Prado. It's completely different at night.

Havana's best known night club is the Tropicana, on the outskirts of town. The floor show, in a gorgeous open-air setting, features very nonrevolutionary female



The Cathedral in Old Havana

Sigma



Communist party headquarters

Shostal



Old Havana

Shostal



Modern Havana

Sigma



Hotel Havana

Sigma

tease routines, complete with Cuban and foreign male gawkers.

*Restaurants* are numerous, at least one being found in all sizable hotels. From the old world atmosphere of the Hotel Lincoln's dining room to the modern elegance of the restaurants within the Habana Libre and the Riviera, eating out in Havana is shockingly expensive unless you're part of a group tour.

There are several restaurants near Linea and Seventh Avenue, between the Presidente and Riviera hotels. Another cluster, including El Conchinito, El Carmelo and Rancho Luna, can be found

west of the university near G Street and Twenty-third Avenue. The largest number of restaurants are in La Rampa, some of the best known being Las Bulerias, La Roca, another Rancho Luna, El Conejito and La Carreta.

*Surrounding Havana* are many points of interest, including Hemingway's villa and the suburb of Mariano with its two fine beaches, Jaimanitas and Playa Mariano. For swimming, fishing, painting or photography, the small town of Mariel, 36 miles west of Havana, is hard to beat.

Alamar is just above the town and bay of Cojimar, where the *Circuito Azul* (Blue





Floor show at the Tropicana



Varadero Beach

Circuit) begins. Recreational facilities on this ten-kilometer sand strip, also called Playas del Este, include hotels, restaurants, tennis, golf, cycling, riding, fishing, swimming and scuba diving. The Circuito Azul beaches are, from west to east: El Megano, Santa María del Mar, Boca Ciego and Guanabo.

### THE ISLE OF YOUTH

**S**trategically located south of Havana province, buccaneers hid on the Isle of Youth—then known as the Isle of Pines—and attacked the grand galleons headed for Havana en route to Spain. Many vessels also sank around the Isle of Youth as a result of the exceptionally shallow waters; others by undetected termites or hurricanes. Cuba's new Shipwreck Exploration Program gives you the chance to search them yourself.

Accommodations on the island are plentiful and picturesque, and they make fine home-bases for your explorations.

**How to get there:** Visitors can fly to the Isle's major town, Nueva Gerona, from Havana. Or, take the 82-kilometer trip from Havana to Batabanó by bus or train and catch the Isle of Youth ferry.

### Where to Stay

**Nueva Gerona:** Hotel Bibijagua, the Isle of Pines Hotel, La Favorita or Hotel San José. El Rancho has accommodations at the Santa Bárbara Springs just outside of town. La Casa Mañana is located up from Nueva Gerona on Las Casas River.

**Santa Fé:** Hotel Santa Fé, especially recommended for those who enjoy hot springs. Hotel Santa Rita, with 50 rooms, has an excellent spa.

**San José del Lago:** San José del Lago Resort's special features include separate guest cabins and hot mineral pools.

**Near Enseñada de Siguanea:** The Motel Colony, located in the area that best fits Stevenson's description of Treasure Island. There are 24 cottages, some alongside the swimming pool, and 59 rooms, a cabaret, restaurant and boutique.

### What to See and Do

**The Presidio Modelo,** where Fidel was once a prisoner, is now a museum.

## New Havana turns on after dark. The Tropicana floor show features female tease routines complete with gawkers.

Water sports include swimming, scuba diving and boating. The most popular beach, Bibijagua, with its unusual black sand, is just outside Nueva Gerona. Boats can be taken up the Las Casas River from Nueva Gerona as well as into the clear ocean waters.

**Deep-sea fishing** is excellent on the isle. Tarpon and swordfish are plentiful, as are pompano, amberjack, wahoo, barracuda, snapper and a variety of crustaceans.

**Health spas** are numerous; many of the mineral springs are said to have exceptional curative effects on a variety of ailments.

**The isle's natural beauty** is overwhelming, with lush tropical vegetation and splendid marble mountains. The undeveloped southern section of the isle (which can only be reached by boat) is rich with hardwood forests and unspoiled beaches.

### PINAR DEL RIO

**C**uba's westernmost province is a rural area, known for its excellent tobacco leaves that are used as wrappers for the island's world-famous cigars. The Carretera Central (Main Highway) and the train run from Havana through the center of Pinar del Rio to its capital of the same name. The capital and Viñales Valley can also be reached by a road that runs from Havana along the northern coast.

Hotels here include La Ermita, Rancho San Vicente (near Indian Caves) and Los Jazmines (near José Miguel Caves). All are beautifully situated within easy reach of Los Organos National Park. The biggest attractions are the province's elegant val-

leys; lovely mountains and numerous mineral springs.

### MATANZAS PROVINCE

**T**his province and its capital were named "Slaughter" as a result of the devastation of native inhabitants by Spaniards in 1510. The region is best known for its two major ports, Cárdenas and Matanzas, and for the most popular resort area in Cuba: Varadero Beach.

Varadero is definitely the place to stay. The summer homes that wealthy Cubans and North Americans once had in Varadero have been converted into fantastic guest houses along the beach. The most luxurious accommodations are those on the old DuPont Estate and the Hotel Internacional. Less expensive but still delightful guest centers include Hotel Kawama, once a private beach club, and Villas Tortugas, Barlovento, Sotovento and others.

**How to get there:** from Havana, take the bus or train to the capital, Varadero or Cárdenas. Flights to Varadero are also available.

### What to See and Do

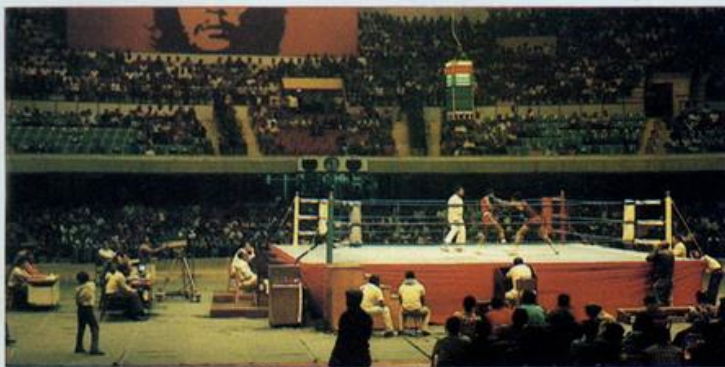
**The capital city** has a magnificent deep bay and several fine sixteenth-century structures, including the Sauto Theater. Also of interest are San Servino Castle, San Carlos Cathedral and the Church of San Pedro. A spectacular view of the city and of the Yumuri Valley is seen from Monsterrat Hermitage.

**Bellamar Caves,** just three kilometers southeast of Matanzas City, boast many passages, galleries and crystalline formations. After exploring the caves for nearly a mile in two directions, visitors can enjoy the restaurant and outdoor playground.

**Varadero** offers nearly 20 kilometers of gentle warm water and fine white sand. The area was developed by Irénée DuPont and maintained for years as a playground "for the rich white only." Today Varadero is enjoyed by vacationing Cuban workers in the summer and foreign tourists in the winter.

Recreational facilities are ample, including cycling, tennis, golf and dancing. Water pleasures include rowing, canoe-





Boxing at the University of Havana Stadium

ing, skin diving, snorkeling, sea cycling and deep-sea fishing.

Cubatours offers many excellent tours from Varadero, including trips to Matanzas City, Bellamar Caves, Guama Native Village and the Bay of Pigs. One overnight trip goes to Havana and a second to Trinidad (the Cuban city, not the country) and Cienfuegos.

### LAS VILLAS PROVINCE

**T**he center-most province is known for its beautiful mountains, its generous production of tobacco, sugar and dairy products and Trinidad. So rich is Trinidad in historic treasures and centuries-old charm that the entire city is a national monument. Trains, buses and planes take visitors to the provincial capital, Santa Clara, where trains and buses to Trinidad and Cienfuegos are available.

#### Where to Stay

*Santa Clara:* Hotel Central and Santa Clara Libre, both on Parque Vidal in the heart of town; Hotel Julio Jover to the north and El Suizo, further north near the train station.

*Trinidad:* La Ronda, Canada, Casa La Guira and Hotel Trinidad.

*Cienfuegos:* Jagua, San Carlos, La Suiza, Unión and Bristol.

#### What to See and Do

Cienfuegos was Hemingway's favorite spot for fishing for tarpon. This is also where Che Guevara achieved his first revolutionary victory and where Batista suffered his first military mutiny. The Trinidad Mountains overlook the city's 20-mile long bay that Columbus visited on his first visit to the New World. Interesting structures include the Cathedral, Terry Theater, City Hall, Jagua Castle and El Palacio del Valle.

Trinidad should be entered from Santa Clara by train, if possible, to appreciate the area's majestic mountains and canyons and dense tropical vegetation. Nearly 1,000 feet high, Trinidad is blessed with a cool climate and a setting sure to please nature lovers.

The ancient charm of Trinidad includes narrow, cobblestone streets, colonial

## Cienfuegos was the site of Che Guevara's first revolutionary victory and Hemingway's favorite spot for fishing for tarpon.

mansions with stained glass windows and elaborate wooden and iron window gratings, and a generous display of tile, marble and woodwork. See Serrano Square (where Cortés recruited followers), the main square, Plaza Major and the San Francisco Convent. Also of interest are numerous churches, La Casa de los Conspiradores, Iznalga Tower and Palacio Brunet (now El Museo Romantico). If you like to walk, head for La Vigia, a beautiful lookout point.

### CAMAGÜEY PROVINCE

**T**hough Camagüeyans dress like Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, most are revolutionaries involved in collectively operated ranches or dairy farms.

*How to get there:* You can take a bus or train to Camagüey City, the capital, from all major Cuban cities. Flights are available from Havana.

#### Where to Stay

The capital's Hotel Camagüey, once a calvary headquarters, resembles a fort on the outside. Inside are exceptionally beautiful patios and gardens with *tijones*, giant clay water jugs, which serve as the city's symbol.

#### What to See and Do

In Camagüey City see Soledad Church (Cuba's oldest), the eighteenth-century Iglesia Merced and the nineteenth-century Nuestra Señora del Carmen Church. The Cathedral was built in 1550 and restored in 1617. The Gothic San Francisco Church is Camagüey's finest.



Cuban souvenir shop

Be sure to try some dairy products while in Camagüey. The cheeses and yogurt are spectacular!

### THE ORIENTE

**T**he "Revolutionary Province" boasts a varied terrain, a colorful history and a distinctive people. Basically a rural area, there are nonetheless more people and more arable land than in any other Cuban province.

Native, black and Chinese people have all used the Oriente mountains as a refuge from colonial repression. Revolutionaries too have found the Oriente an ideal place to hide. Céspedes, hero of the Ten Year War, was killed here in 1874, as was Martí, the hero of the War of Independence, in 1895. And many of Fidel's guerrillas died in the Sierra Maestra and other Oriente ranges.

*How to get there:* Planes fly from Havana to Holguín and Santiago. The *Carretera Central* enters from Camagüey traveling east to Holguín, south to Bayamo and then southwest to Santiago. A newly completed road continues east from Santiago, eventually turning northwest and following the coast to the beautiful Bay of Nipe. One train line passes through Victoria de las Tunas and extends eastward to the Pinares de Mayarí National Park area. Another passes through Baire, detours south to Santiago and continues to Guantánamo.

#### Where to Stay

*Holguín:* Hotels Pagallo, Royal, Saratoga, and Sevilla.

*Manzanillo:* Hotels Casa Blanca and Inglaterra.

*Santiago:* Hotel Casa Granda (east of Parque Céspedes), Hotel Venus (opposite corners from the Casa Granda), Hotel Versailles (well south of town), Rancho Club Motel (north of city center).

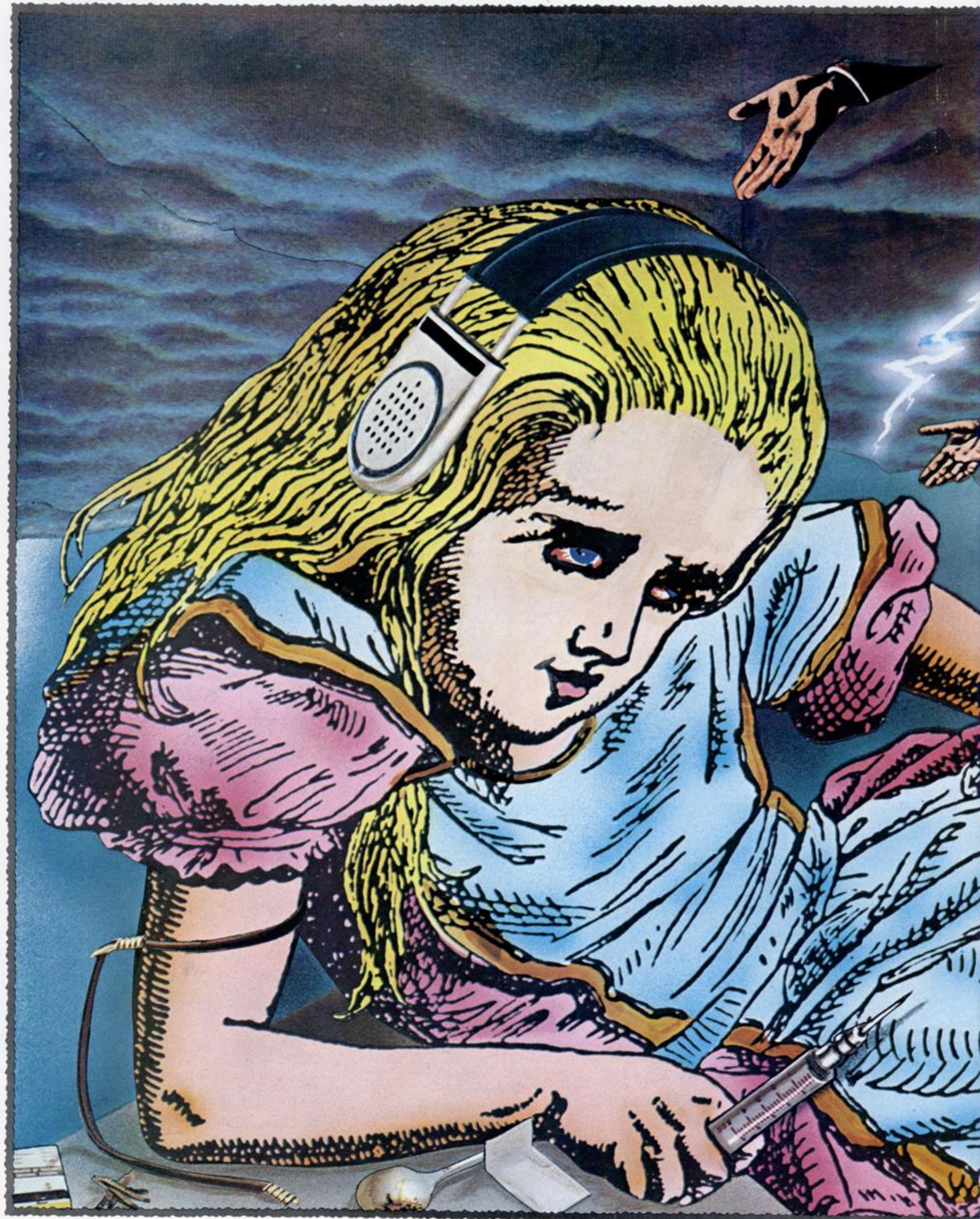
*Baracoa:* Hotel Plaza.

#### What to See and Do

Santiago, the province capital, can be most fully appreciated on foot. Wander through the original part of town with its narrow, winding streets and numerous

(continued on page 93)









# DOPE LYRICS

## The Secret Language of Rock

**R**ock is like a multistage missile. At takeoff in the Fifties, its meaning was simple: Sex. Ignited by sex, rock nuked the Eisenhower blahs and prepared the way for the new morality of the Sixties. Kids on rock 'n' roll would suddenly get uppity and itchy and blatantly horny. Chuck Berry described the effects in "Reelin' and Rockin'": "We boogied in the kitchen/we boogied in the hall/I got some on my fingers/and I wiped it on the wall." On the TV, King Elvis the Pelvis gyrated and glowed with crude sexiness, mouth open, hips swaying and legs wiggling—and the girls fainted from sheer ecstasy.

Following the conquest of sex in the Fifties, rock's next propellant

by Joe Kane



## After the Beach Boys came out with "Good Vibrations," even Bobby and Ethel Kennedy hung a "Feed Your Head" poster in their game room.

was dope in the Sixties. (With sex and dope now everyday rock fare, the New Wave punks have taken on the last mainstream taboo—violence.) Dope lyrics and commercial music were light-years apart at the time. Dope was outlawed in 1937 just in time to straighten heads for World War II. Pop and jazz numbers about the "Reefer Man" and "Vipers" were largely replaced by assembly-line swing. By 1945, the airwaves were cleared of any songs associated with dope.

The ban on dope lyrics had remained effectively intact for a quarter of a century when in the early Sixties white folkies like Dave Van Ronk and Eric Von Schmidt broke the silence by recording such traditional dope ballads as "Cocaine Blues" and "Junko Partner." But the dope scene in New York was heating up too fast for the old songs alone to suffice, and midway through the decade several Big Apple underground groups began writing original drug material. Punk precursors Velvet Underground led by protopunk Lou Reed titillated informed audiences with raw slices of lowlife about scoring and shooting smack in "Waiting for the Man" and "Heroin" respectively.

The Fugs, a post-Beat anarcho combo led by writers Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg, also looked at drugs from both sides then, from the up-tempo "Marijuana" to the stark coke lament "Coming Down." Their debut lp, *The Village Fugs*, included "I Couldn't Get High," an off-key complaint registered by drummer Ken Weaver that contained what was probably the first recorded reference to LSD, a full year before it was criminalized:

So I threw down my pipe  
as mad as I could be,  
And I gobbled up a cube of LSD,  
I waited thirty minutes  
for my body to sing.<sup>1</sup>

Another New York act that dabbled in dope and lived to sing the tale was the Holy Modal Rounders. Partners Steve Weber and one-time Fug Peter Stampfel are fondly remembered for "Euphoria," "Junko Partner" (also done by the Fugs) and a glue-huffing classic, "Blues in a Bottle."

While the Fugs, the Velvets and the Rounders turned on New York audiences with their sardonic dope ditties, rock

musicians in San Francisco were participating in the pioneering Trips Festivals, acid tests and similar psychedelic experiments conducted by Ken Kesey and cohorts. In 1966, thousands of musicians who'd seen the psychedelic light spread the word and music at rock palaces like the Avalon and Fillmore. Before long the best of them were recording music that sought to simulate and/or heighten the ambience, pace and changes of an LSD trip via languid, free-form phrasing, feedback effects and Oriental motifs.

The unquestionable avatars of acid rock were the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and Country Joe and the Fish. Also along for the magic-carpet ride were such since-forgotten and, in many cases, forgettable groups as the A Cid Symphony, Rush, Hedds, Sweet Smoke and the Pipe Joint Compound. While many of the most essential acid lps—Country Joe's *Electric Music for the Mind and Body*, the Dead's *Anthem of the Sun*—avoided up-front drug allusions, songs like the Airplane's "White Rabbit" were not at all discreet:

One pill makes you larger,  
and one pill makes you small,  
and the ones that mother gives you  
don't do anything at all.  
Go ask Alice  
when she's ten feet tall.<sup>2</sup>

By 1967, even the hitherto wholesome Beatles were singing about dope. While no specific drugs were ever identified, it didn't take a Tim Leary to realize that "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" was about LSD, or that the "I'd love to turn you on" refrain from "A Day in the Life" referred to grass. Nor were the Rolling Stones singing of conventional means of transportation in "2000 Light Years from Home." By that time the message was clear—you were either in the newspaper taxi or standing on the curb.

Eventually, coy clues were shucked and rockers began to testify to the Psychedelic Revolution, bringing with them millions of adoring fans who hung on their every lyric. Paul McCartney, Marty Balin and Eric Burdon, among a good many others, freely boasted of an intimate acquaintance with psychedelic drugs. Even the Beach Boys came out of

the cabana to show their new psychedelic colors with "Good Vibrations." Bobby and Ethel Kennedy hung a "Feed Your Head" poster in their game room.

Many rock musicians wrote lyrics that defied ambiguous interpretation. Donovan's "Sunny Goodge Street" made mention of a "violent hash smoker." "The Trip" dealt directly with LSD. Titles like Mad River's "Amphetamine Gazelle," the Rainy Daze's "Acapulco Gold" and Tim Hardin's "Cocaine Bill" were as plain as the daylight on your face.

Any song with Mary or Jane in its title, it was contended, had to be about grass. The Association's "Along Comes Mary" was a case in point, and the controversy surrounding it provided a healthy shot in the careers of its otherwise bland purveyors. The Stones' "Lady Jane" came under similar suspicion, though some were hard put to determine the true identity of Lady Ann, a character in the song. Or was it really Lady Am (-phetamine, -yl nitrite)?

There could be no mistaking, however, the fact that Jimi Hendrix's "Purple Haze" was about acid, although listeners could and did debate whether the last line of verse one went "'Scuse me while I kiss the sky," "'Scuse me while I kiss this guy," both or all three. (The same song was recently exhumed by a New York Post reporter, who, in the grips of Son of Sam fever, believed it provided a link to the elusive .44-caliber killer: If you listened real close you could hear Jimi whispering "Son of Sam" in the background.) Devotees of the immortal Jim Morrison cite the Door's "Crystal Ship" as the Lizard King's early paean to smack, singling out the famous basso introductory "Before I slip into unconsciousness..."

The import of the Kinks' "Harry Rag" was equally unmistakable: "Then I curse myself for the life I've led / Roll myself a Harry Rag, and put myself to bed." Dylan, as we all knew, had been singing about drugs since "Blowin' in the Wind," interpreted by many as a civil-rights song but actually a veiled panegyric about coke, insisted the stoned cognoscenti. "Mr. Tambourine Man" dealt with a dope dealer and "Rainy Day Women #12 and 35" ("Everybody must get stoned") extolled the use of grass.

The increasing dope references in rock  
(continued on page 78)

**"For Lennon and McCartney to have written their songs is like someone with no math or physics to build an A-bomb," wrote one right-winger who thought dope rock was put together by hippie scientists.**



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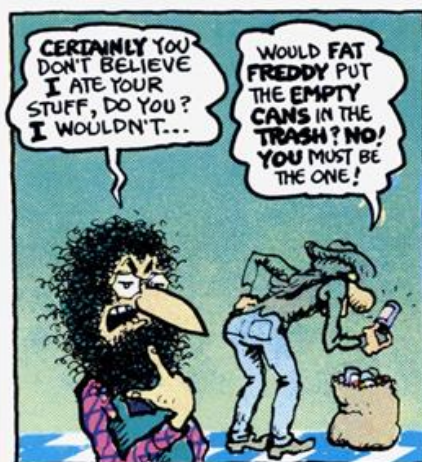
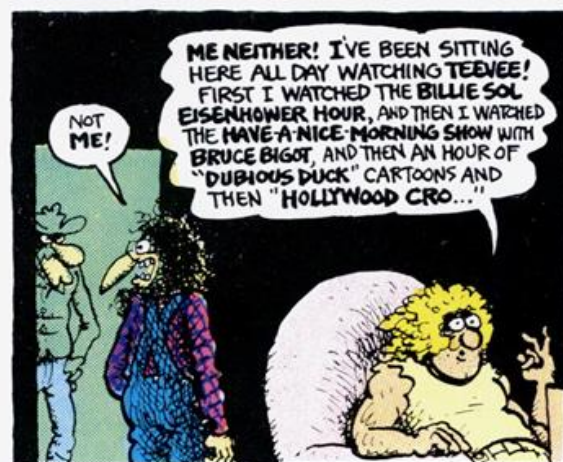
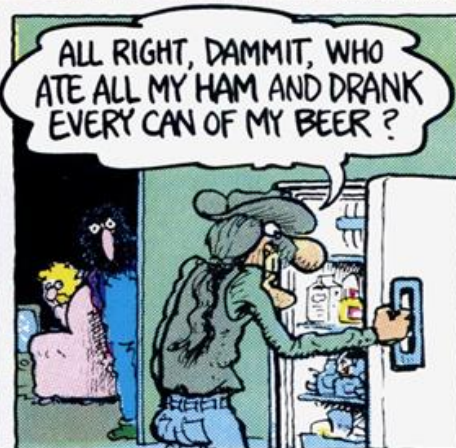
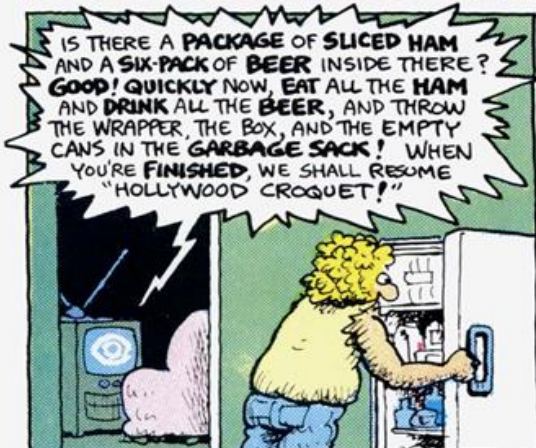
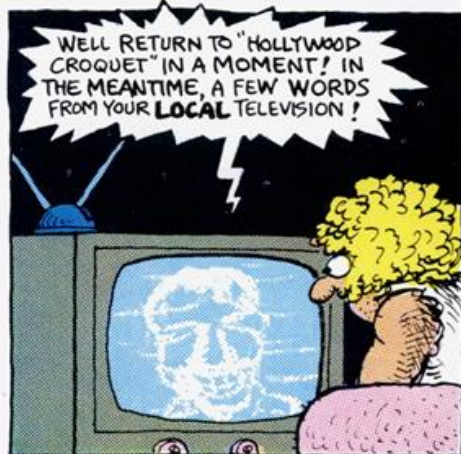
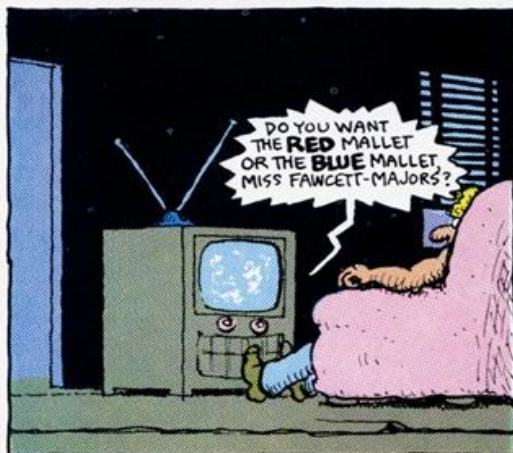
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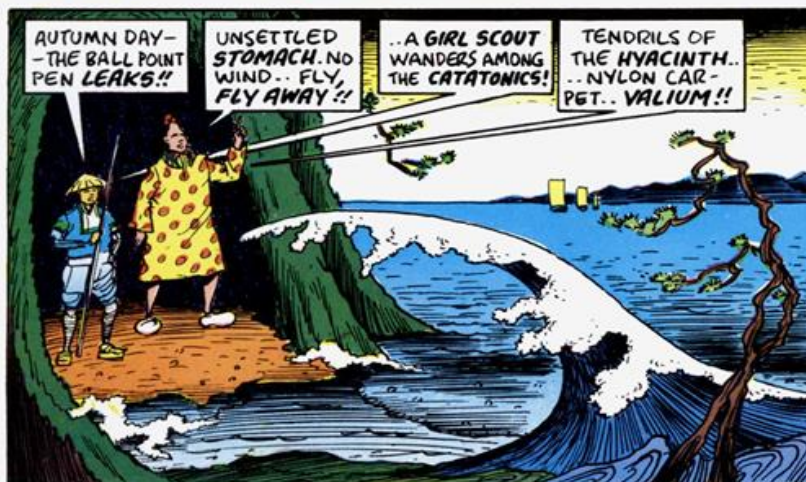
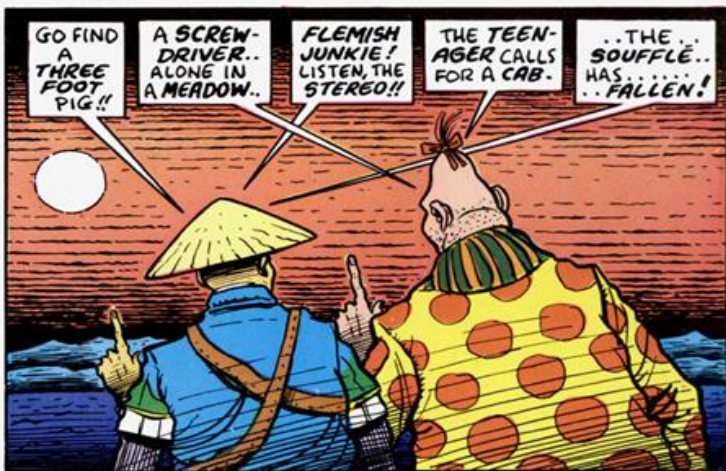
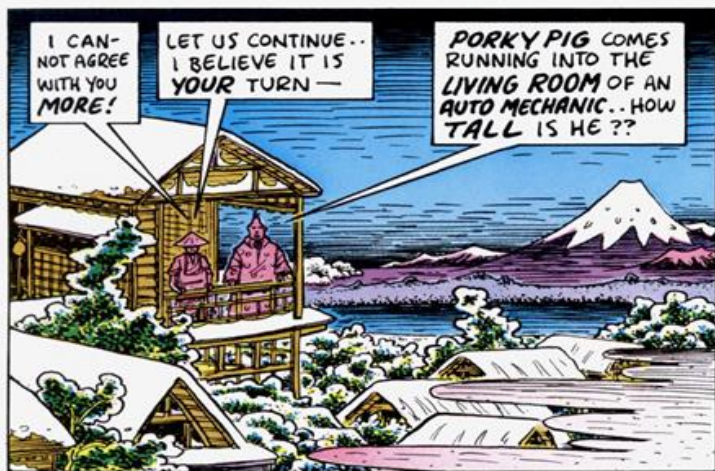
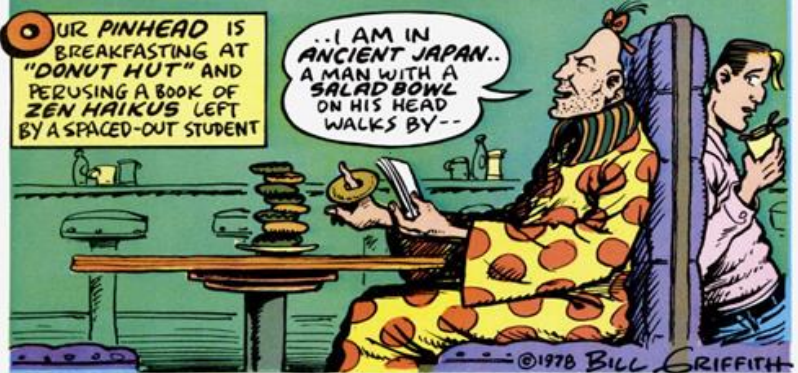
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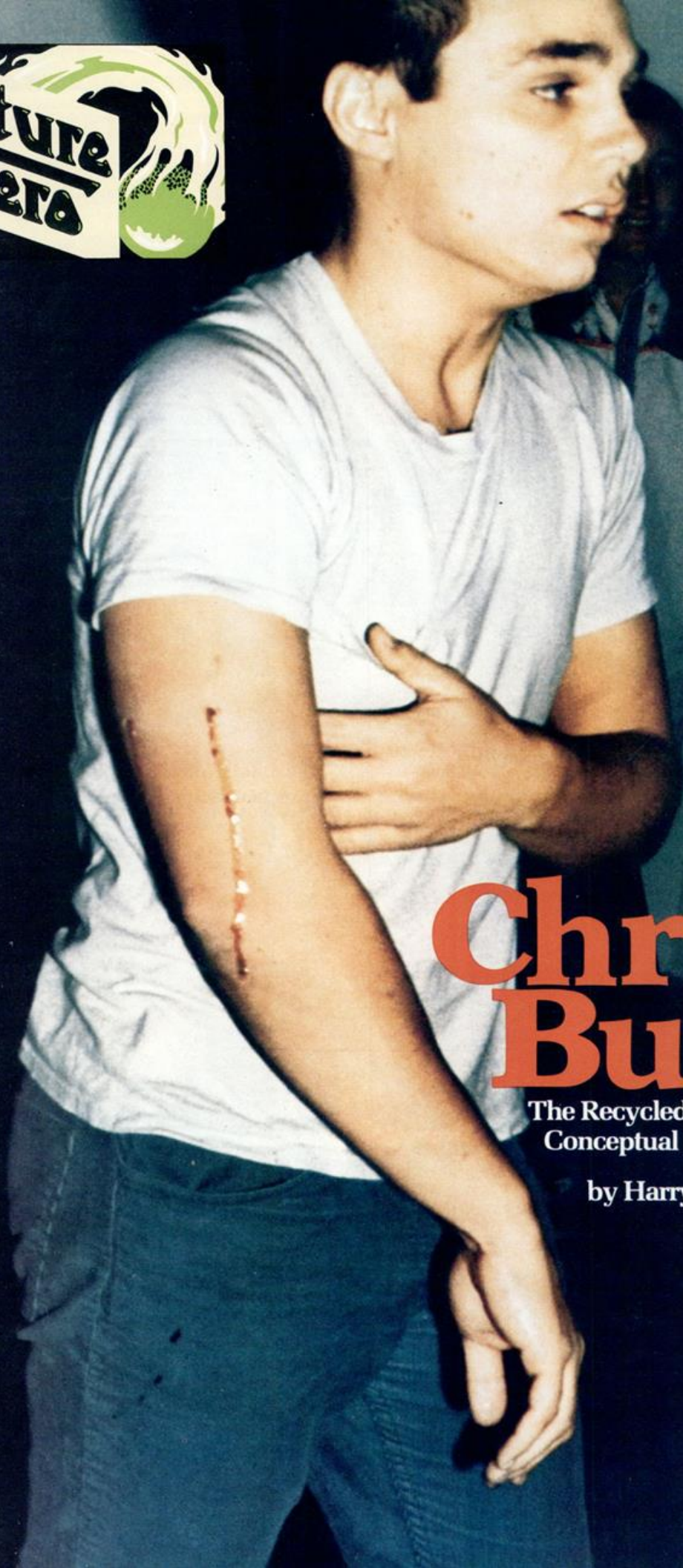




# ZIPPY in -SO WHO'S INSCRUTABLE?







# Chris Burden

The Recycled Crucifixion of the  
Conceptual Christ

by Harry Wasserman



"Trans-Fixed," April 23, 1974



"Icarus," April 13, 1973

"Doorway to Heaven," November 15, 1973



Other people fantasize the same images I do, they just don't act them out," says Los Angeles conceptual artist Chris Burden, who has had himself shot in the arm, kicked down two flights of concrete stairs, crucified atop a Volkswagen ("the trick was to use small nails") and has risked death by fire, drowning, starvation and electrocution—all for the sake of his art.

"I'm not suicidal," insists Burden. "I'm not into pain at all, I'm scared shitless. I have no interest in dying for my art, because I want to keep on making it. After I did one of those ordeal performances I'd feel like Superman. Because I just did something, not that people *couldn't* do, but they *wouldn't* do. The reason I did those things was to test the difference between fantasy and reality, in a very controlled and defined way. If you wanna change the world, *do it*, don't just sit around moaning and whining and then, when you're 60 years old, wish that you *had* done it."

Burden at 31 is a West Coast beachside bohemian who majored in art at Pomona College and later went to graduate school at U.C. in Irvine, where he became his first piece of conceptual art, shutting himself in a 2-by-2-by-3-foot student art locker for five days. "I was in a locker on the bottom floor, and the dean of the Fine Arts Department was on the fifth floor, only 100 feet above me, and it took him four days to find out about it."

The art that Burden has performed in the last few years has been less violent. In December 1976 his friends and enemies received Xmas cards containing crisp \$10 bills ("Money is good only for wiping your ass and snorting cocaine," says Burden. "You go to Mars and give them a \$10 bill and they'll laugh in your face"). Last year he built a "B (for bicycle) -car" with a motorcycle engine and bicycle wheels that cost only \$4,000

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I just do things  
people wouldn't do."**

and then drove it himself from Amsterdam to a gallery in Paris. His latest piece is a working replica of the first television set, invented in 1915 by Scotsman John L. Baird, who transmitted a picture the size of a postage stamp from one room of his house to another.

"People are having trouble understanding my art lately," says Burden. "That man who shot himself, why is he building cars now?" I was dealing with violent imagery in a scientific way. When you have your friend shoot you in the arm, it's almost like a lab experiment. What's it gonna feel like? Now I'm doing the same thing with technology. If I'm on a desert island, man, I can build a TV. I can build a car, so you guys better elect me president or I'll just stay up on a hill and not come down.

"I built the car and TV from scratch. Fuck you, RCA. Fuck you, Detroit. It gives me the personal satisfaction that I know how a car works—I had to make one. Technology is getting so complex that everybody's afraid they'll lose control of it, in a sense that very few people understand how it works and no one person understands how everything works."

Burden took Andy Warhol's concept that media images had become mythic icons one step further when his Volkswagen "screamed for me." But Valerie Solanas shot Warhol by surprise, while

Burden had himself shot to show that violence has become just as accepted an image of American life as are Warhol's subjects.

"Everybody watches it on TV every day," Burden has commented about violence. "America is the big shoot-out country. About 50 percent of American folklore is about people getting shot. The violence in our culture isn't always out front, but it's there. That's what was so exciting about the Sixties, all those big rock festivals and riots in Berkeley. When that was on TV, you watched it."

Burden's ultimate comment on the repression of the American counterculture was the piece he called "I Became a Secret Hippie," which he performed in October 1971 at a gallery in San Francisco. He took off all his clothes, which consisted of jeans and a T-shirt, lay on the floor on his back, had a friend hammer a star-shaped stud into his chest, sat in a chair, had his hair shorn to a crewcut and dressed in a suit and tie. An equally political statement was made when Burden had himself kicked down two flights of concrete stairs at Switzerland's Basel Art Fair to protest the commercialism of the fair, which he believed had "kicked artists out."

"My identity came from the quest of creating," says Burden. "I'm not about painting, which is an illusion of something. I think the world is bigger than that now, that art has got to be ideas. Galleries are only equipped to shuffle paintings around in little crates. Paintings no longer affect culture, while I think my performance art does. I have more power than my gross earnings would tend to indicate." Burden is the first artist to have made a full financial disclosure, which he did recently in print and on New York television, "in keeping with the bicentennial spirit, the post-Watergate mood and the new atmosphere on Capitol Hill." ■



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RETAILERS INQUIRIES WELCOME

# Dope Lyrics

(continued from page 72)

prompted right-wing writer Gary Allen to pen a classic paranoid period piece entitled "That Music":

Drug lyrics are a mystery to most adults because of the Aesopian language used by the singers. Teenagers have always seemed to have a code language all their own, and no adult can hope to understand the lyrics on the "Top Forty" unless he is familiar with that jargon. The current adolescent vernacular, however, is simply incredible. Only if you have served time in a state penitentiary, or been a prostitute or junky, would you fail to need an interpreter. For, alas, it is just such an underworld which is the source of most of the current hippie language.

Since the Beatles were generally regarded as rock's most influential spokesmen, they received much hostile scrutiny. Syndicated columnist Nicholas Von Hoffman, for example, was especially up

**The Fugs  
made the  
first recorded  
reference to  
LSD a  
year before  
LSD was  
criminalized.**

in arms over "Day Tripper" because he had it on good information that "drug experiences are measured by the 'trip'." Musicologist Joseph Crowe accused the fab four of going beyond mere coded lyrics to perfect a new brand of R & B—rhythm and brainwashing:

Some of the newer Beatle songs are the same simple types they were doing four years ago, but other songs are of a very high quality and show an acute awareness of the principle of rhythm and brainwashing. Neither Lennon nor McCartney were world beaters in school, nor have they had technical training in music. For them to have written some of their songs is like someone who has not had physics or math inventing the A-bomb. It's possible, but not very probable. Because of its technical excellence it is possible that this music is put together by behavioral scientists in some think tank.

Pressure groups urged their local stations to clear the air of prodrug rock propaganda. Right-thinking radio moguls like Gordon McLendon took it upon themselves to eliminate "songs that glorified dope addiction." Said Bill Young, program director at McLendon's KILT in Houston, "The hippies know what they are saying on these records, but old John



Q. Public doesn't." After that, it was goodbye "Eight Miles High."

Record companies responded with a predictable rash of antidrug numbers, from Paul Revere and the Raiders' "Kicks" to Jonathan King's "Round, Round" ("Today you are just high, tomorrow you are dead"). Sonny Bono did his bit by cutting "Pammie's on a Bummer" and appearing in an antidrug film that played the high-school circuit. In what was perhaps the most radical reversal, Donovan shed his Sunshine Superman suit to declare, "I am now publicizing the banning of all drugs so that the dawning generation may be allowed to blossom without the stain of the false-god drug."

**M**any musicians were not at all eager to join the jihad, as Neil Diamond discovered when he failed to enlist peer-group support for a proposed antidrug benefit. Others confined their wrath to hard drugs—primarily speed, smack and coke, generally in that order. Hoyt Axton made certain to isolate grass from more harmful highs in "The Pusher":

You know the Dealer is a man  
with love grass in his hand,  
but the Pusher is a monster  
and not a natural man.  
The Dealer takes a nickel,  
gives you lots of fine dreams,  
but the Pusher takes your body  
and leaves your mind to scream."

Canned Heat chimed in with "Amphetamine Annie," a fairly typical entry into the antispeed genre:

I want to tell you a story  
about this chick I know.  
They called her Amphetamine Annie,  
she was always shoveling snow.  
I sat her down and told her,  
I told her crystal clear  
I don't mind you gettin' high,  
but there's one thing you should hear.  
You might think it's flyin'  
on those little pills,  
but you ought to know it's dyin'  
because [pause] Speed Kills!"

The Byrds ("Artificial Energy") and Genesis ("The Long Road") joined the antiamphetamine chorus, while the Dead ("Casey Jones") and Steppenwolf ("Snowblind Friend") cut the cautionary



tracks about coke. John Lennon ("Cold Turkey") and the Stones ("Sister Morphine") contributed grim songs about hard-drug addiction. Even Grace Slick agreed to tape an antispeed spot for the Do It Now Foundation, a Hollywood-based drug-education group, abandoning rhyme for the occasion: "One pill makes you larger, one pill makes you small, but if you shoot speed you won't be here at all because you'll be dead, baby."

After Spiro Agnew explained the lyrics of such anarchic fare as "Lucy in the Sky" and "Acapulco Gold" to a gathering of Vegas boozehounds, and Richard Nixon expressed concern, the FCC issued a warning that radio-station owners must screen all incoming records for possible dope references.

FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson openly opposed the move, terming it an underhanded Nixonian attempt to divert attention from the nation's real ills, e.g., the war in Vietnam. Beleaguered station owners complained that they no longer knew what were drug references and

**At Nixon's  
urging, the  
FCC warned  
radio-station  
owners to screen  
all incoming  
records for  
dope references.**

what were not. The Illinois Crime Commission obliged by publishing a list of "drug-oriented rock records" that included "Puff the Magic Dragon" (not about ordinary, run-of-the-mill magic dragons but marijuana and hashish), "Yellow Submarine" ("barbiturates") and "A Whiter Shade of Pale" ("mind-bending characteristics of the psychedelics"). Brewer and Shipley's "One Toke over the Line" (which Shipley himself called a "cannabis spiritual"), the Stones' "Monkey Man" and countless other cuts were denied airplay. A few stations filed free-speech suits against the FCC, maintaining that its edict represented a giant step in the direction of a government-controlled media. The affair eventually came full circle when a Mrs. Madeleine S. Large petitioned the commission to remove its drug sanctions because stations wouldn't broadcast her *antidrug* record, "No Thanks, Mr. Pusher," an opus composed by her 11-year-old son.

By that time the point had become all but moot. The Stoned Sixties gradually dissolved into the Soporific Seventies. Dope no longer had the shock value of the previous decade. Grass was being decriminalized and hard drugs were ex-



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hausted as topics pro and con. Dope references grew more casual and diffuse. Few groups pushed psychedelic liberation, but even fewer testified against it. Ringo Starr could confess to forsaking grass ("I Don't Smoke It Any More") even as Black Sabbath sang an affectionate ode to same ("Sweet Leaf"). Jesse Winchester mourned the absence of a fresh stash in "Twigs and Stems," while Kris Kristofferson makes frequent mention of pills and hooch in his self-romanticizing ballads. The Eagles could wax allegorical about blow ("Life in the Fast Lane"), while NRBQ could be funny about glue:

Who put sick and tired together?  
What is a "bad go-getter"?  
Who put the horse on the sweater  
when I told him he shoulda  
known better?  
But the main thing I wanna ask of you:  
Who put the garlic in the glue?

Finally, smuggler mystique itself has proven commercial when set to music. Jimmy Buffett's odes about the outlaw set made him a Florida favorite years before his national hit "Margaritaville." He drew a poignant picture of smuggler life in "Pirate Looks at 40" on his album AIA.

As for antidrug songs, an occasional country-western tune in an anachronistic "Okie from Muskogee" vein will still wag a condemnatory digit at marijuana, but even unreconstructed shit kickers devote more and more vinyl to smuggling sons and upbeat paeans to little white pills. However, reconstructed acid head Paul McCartney recently chimed in with "Medicine Jar" ("You won't get far/if you keep on stickin' your hands in the medicine jar"), thereby boosting his family-man image.

**R**eggae appears to be the final frontier of dope protest music. Though ganja has been actively cultivated and avidly consumed for centuries, it was only after the followers of Ras Tafari adopted it as their sacrament, got heavily involved in the Jamaican dope trade and migrated to Kingston in significant numbers that grass songs surfaced in the island's popular music. The Rasta-reggae connection resulted in tampee tunes like Max Romeo's "Smoky Room," which colorfully conveyed the atmosphere of "ryddim" of a ritual Rasta smoke-in, and Bob Marley and the Wailers' "Rebel Music (Three O'Clock Roadblock)," a catchy complaint against police harassment ("I had to throw away my little herb stock"). Of all the spliff riffs recorded thus far, it is Peter Tosh's "Legalize It" that serves as the island's ganja anthem:

Legalize it, don't criticize it.  
Legalize it, and I will advertise it.  
Some call it tampee,  
some call it the weed,  
some call it marijuana,  
some of them call it ganja,  
but you got to legalize it.

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already some slight signs of a possible impending backlash. The Pioneers, late of "Feel So High," abruptly switched sides in "Don't Give Me the Pot," possibly the first example of Jamaican antipot agitprop.

As for punk rock, dope is no big deal in the New Wave. It's treated like so much fallout from the despised Sixties. Topping the punk-rock attractions are sex and violence, mixed with a dash of street-wise nihilism. Punks profess to hate hippies, dope, peace and love and any of the relics of the past they say have become useless clichés. In this age of inflation, Blank Generation craves *cheap thrills*, the kind an average punk can afford, like glue, booze, an occasional Quaalude or a bit of the old ultraviolence at the rock club. The punk drug of choice is simply anything that's being offered. A joint is rarely refused. In terms of simple economic realities, however, the high price of decent weed today virtually insures that dope lyrics of the sort once sung during the Sixties and Seventies will be as scarce as love beads at CBGB's come the Eighties.

In their place will be the dope lyric a la punk. Like the Ramones "We're A Happy Family," obviously aimed at the generation that grew up under the thumb of dope-smoking, pill-poppin'. Sixties parents.

We're in all the magazines  
gulin' down thorazines.  
We ain't got no friends,  
our troubles never end,  
no Christmas cards to send.  
I'm friends with the president.  
I'm friends with the pope,  
we're all making a fortune  
selling daddy's dope.

Another Ramones rocker, "Carbona Not Glue," testifies to the effectiveness of the solvent for clearing the punk brain of any residual intelligence. Johnny Thunder and the Heartbreakers' "Chinese Rocks" notes the comeback of oriental smack in punk Britain. Poetess laureate of rock Patti Smith yelps "Quaalude, Quaalude, Quaalude" in "Ask the Angels" on *Radio Ethiopia* (her second album). And in the true spirit of punk, the Lower East Side's own Sik Fuks taunt the fitting end result of the Sixties with "Fags on Acid." So while rock regroups under the banner of punk, dope lyrics are banished from the forefront. An earlier generation of rockers is left to mourn the end of an enlightened era. Even if dope has faded—temporarily or otherwise—as the right hand of rock, oldsters all of 30 still have Lucy in the Sky to kick around. In our heads, at least. ☐

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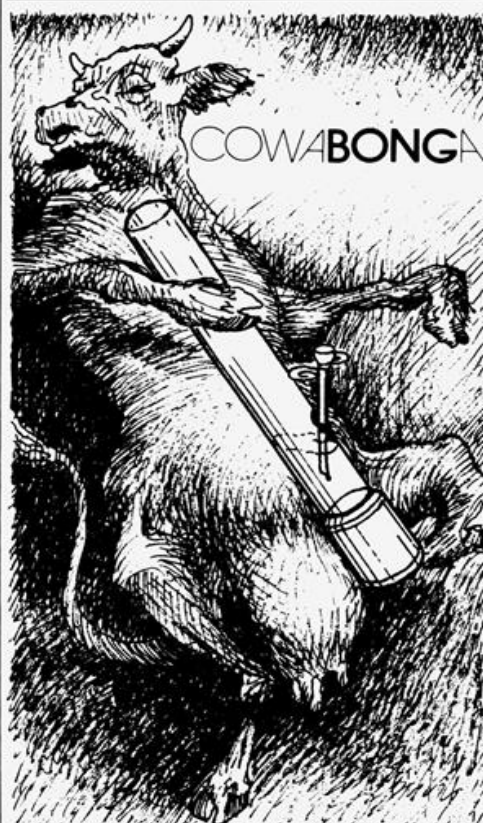
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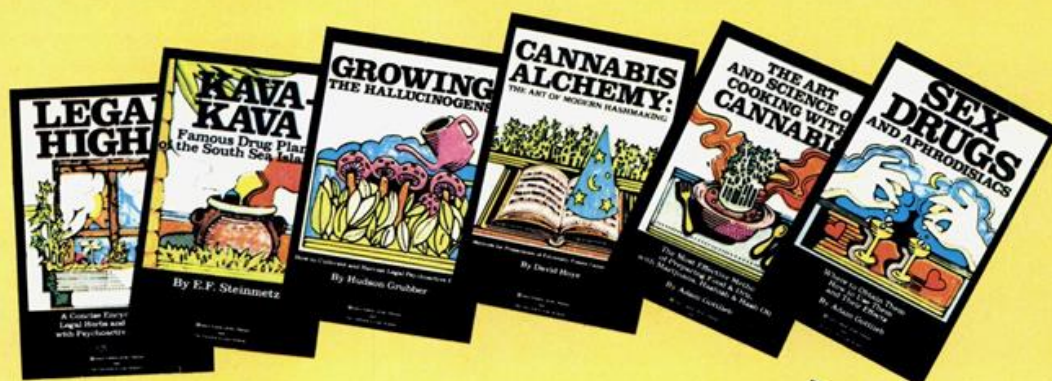
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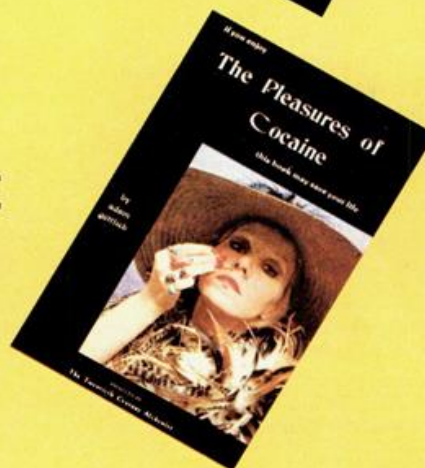


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# NATIONAL WEED

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# Peru's "Lost City" Is Doper's Paradise

by Ed Kiersh

Cut off from civilization by impassable Peruvian mountain peaks, fierce river rapids and thick jungles dotted with fields of ganja and coca, the legendary El Dorado "City of Gold" empire has resisted the advance of time and exploration for hundreds of years.

Gold hunters have paid dearly for lusting after the 4,000-year-old subterranean city. With wild Indians still roaming the jungles, countless numbers of explorers have been beheaded, clubbed to death, shot with bows and arrows or found in canoes, their bodies in fragments.

Against these odds, and succeeding where the Spanish conquistadors failed, a French jungle doctor named Louis Van Leer has reportedly managed to locate the "lost" city. He claims to have established friendly relations with a tribe called the Niauas, descendants of the Chibchas, or Amazonians, who attained cultural prominence along with the Incas and Aztecs for building El Dorado.

The discovery, made on the frontiers of Brazil, Peru and Colombia, is more startling considering that the Niauas, like their forebears, remain a wild, warlike tribe, loyal to Neolithic-era customs. Besides living completely naked and practicing ancient religious rituals, they arm themselves with spears and war clubs in their frequent battles against other tribes.

Strength in combat is highly regarded. Men who are defeated or suspected of cow-



ardice are forced to wear women's hairstyles and ornaments. Women, also playing a vital part in battle, often have one breast cut off to avoid it interfering with the bowstring.

If Dr. Van Leer has indeed found El Dorado, the city should show evidence of the Chibchas' reportedly sophisticated system of weights and measures, the famed Tiger Temple with its friezes of jaguars stalked by armed spear carriers and other reliefs depicting Chibchas' customs.

Most interesting are the tribe's courtship practices. Warriors would secretly travel to other villages during certain seasons, carrying betel nuts or coca as gifts for desired mates.

Often these expeditions were made to hostile encampments, and warriors had to use aggressive enticements or risk capture.

No mention has yet been made of El Dorado's fabled riches. Houses were supposedly made from gold and the paving stones from jewels. Tribal chiefs were covered in gold dust as they submerged themselves in lake waters to show respect for gods.

With all the reports of Niauua wealth circulating, it's understandable that Dr. Van Leer refuses to pinpoint the exact location of his find. Fearing a wave of prospectors will besiege the area, he says a more detailed description would lead to "cultural chaos

or the Niauas, and a destruction of their way of life by greedy people bit by the gold or ganja bug."

He will only reveal that the Niauas cling to ancient ways, rely on farming for subsistence (unlike their Chibcha ancestors who were noted tradesmen), still use a simple architecture of unfired bricks and make fire by rubbing sticks together.

Though he has won Niauuan trust by proving to be a "great witch doctor," Dr. Van Leer states that outsiders are as unwelcome as ever. In fact, he warns gold and ganja seekers that the Niauas still hold fast to one of their most established customs—the art of human sacrifice.



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# The Great Pyramid of Malibu

The Record Plant, one of the largest recording studios combines in the world, is constructing a megalithic, \$2-million pyramid-shaped studio in Malibu, California. The six-acre pyramid complex is a unique marriage between ancient Egyptian architecture and modern recording technology, boding a whole new genre of recorded music.

The music house and living facility will consist of one giant pyramid with three smaller, independently movable mini-pyramids inside. Each of the enclosed pyramids will measure 2,500 square feet and will contain sophisticated studio and mastering facilities. The entire complex, known as Malibu Sound, is nearing completion.

Architects Ron Filson and Charles Moore of Los Angeles designed the complex. "The magical history of pyramids was in the back of our minds throughout the entire project," said the 30-year-old Filson, who's designed pyramid rooms all over the country. "In fact, the layout of the three smaller pyramids is patterned after the allegedly mystical layout of the Giza pyramids. We're not sure what's there, but we are sure there is something to pyramid power."

Over the centuries, pyramids of every size have been used as burial chambers, dope preservers, razor blade sharpeners and astral observatories. It was sax man Steve Douglas who first discovered that recording inside a mystic pyramid opened new vistas in sound.

In the summer of 1974 Douglas hauled his sax and an odd assortment of flutes and horns into the Kings Chamber of the Cheops pyramid in Egypt, where he recorded a critically acclaimed album of haunting, multitextured jazz. Whether it was the mystical nature of pyramid geometry, the acoustics of the Kings Chamber, Douglas's talent or a combination of all three factors is unknown. But Douglas had proved that recording inside a pyramid was something to be explored.

Record Plant owner Roy Cicala, who brainstormed the pyramid studio, has recorded

everyone from Hendrix to Sinatra and hopes that his innovative concept will lure musicians away from other facilities. Cicala's theory is based upon the idea that in order to achieve the best possible recorded sound, no two opposite walls should be the same.

The inner walls of the pyramid studios will consist of checkerboard patterns—alternating fiberglass pyramids with flat surfaces. The pyramid surface will diffuse the sound, while the flat surface will absorb undesirable low frequencies.

Cicala, who has a reputation of being a recording maverick, said that he'd next like to build a recording studio on the moon. But then, everything's possible up to a point.



Artist's conception of the world's first pyramid sound studio complex.

## UFO Lands in Big Apple

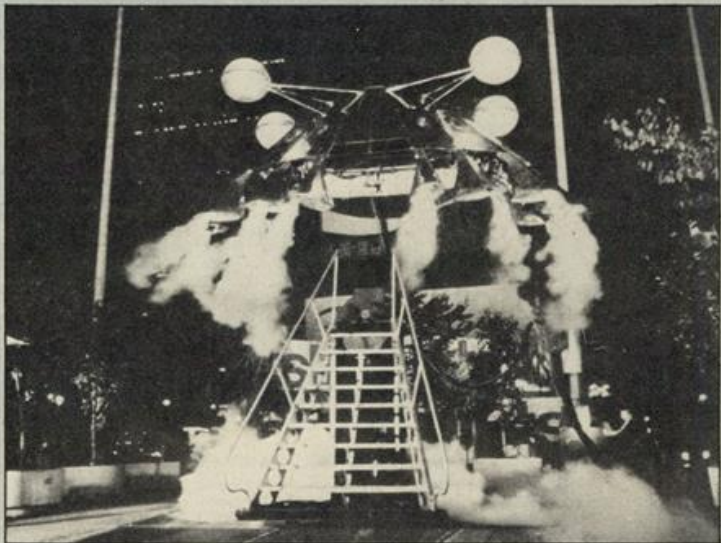
by Mike Luckman

While New York City slept, a UFO mother ship, emitting strange colored light and smoke and equipped with seven tentacles, landed in front of the George M. Cohan statue in Times Square.

Was it the real thing, a work of science fiction or an acid vision of the future? Call it what you will, but the facts are that out strode George Clinton, alias Dr. Funkenstein, leader of the popular black acid group Parliament-Funkadelic, followed by bassist William "Bootsy" Collins. They were dressed like space pimps.

Watching the surrealistic spectacle were a bevy of real pimps and hustlers who frequent the area, some garbage collectors and a handful of passers-by. They hardly blinked.

The giant metal ship landed five times for the benefit of movie cameras, with a slight assist from a crane. A triangular airport ramp was rolled into position to receive the visitors from planet P-funk. And there to report the UFO drama was Murray the K, radio D.J. turned newsman for the occasion.



Charlie Frick/Lookout Studios

The Mothership Connection shown landing in Times Square as part of the filming of *The Clones of Dr. Funkenstein*.

At dawn the entire entourage, including three buses and two limousines, moved to the gates of the United Nations, where they gave a free sunrise concert, attired in P-funk psycho-space outfits. As film cameras whirled, they sang "Tear the Roof Off the Sucker."

Parliament - Funkadelic was getting ready for its long-

awaited concert in Madison Square Garden. In an interview, Clinton admitted being influenced by both Sun Ra and the Beatles. He called James Brown "classic funk," Sly Stone "sophisticated funk" and his own group "undiluted funk or the real thing." Parliament began as a doo-wop vocal group that scored the hit "I Wanna Testify" in 1965.



# 30 Tons Taken from Pot Freighter

In a precedent-setting seizure, the government of Honduras has permitted the U.S. Coast Guard to tow a stateless vessel carrying 60,000 pounds of marijuana to a Honduran port.

The 85-foot freighter was stopped and boarded off Cape St. Nicholas, near the northern coast of Haiti, far from U.S. territorial waters. There was no immediate word on the disposition of the crew or the pot, valued at \$21 million.

The 1,200 bales of grass constituted the largest single-ship seizure by the Coast Guard since the cutter *Dauntless* ended the career of the legendary freighter *Night Train* last year.

• Colombian Justice Minister Cesar Gomez says that from 1972 to 1976, police have seized and burned \$1.6 billion in marijuana in his country, equal to the nation's annual budget. More incredibly, Gomez said that nine times as much pot escaped the country. In the same four years, 2,300 pounds of cocaine and 415 tons of coca paste were seized and destroyed by Colombian police, resulting in arrests that jailed, among others, 120 Americans.

• Premier Fidel Castro has released a 36-year-old American skipper arrested by a Cuban gunboat and charged with pot smuggling last summer. Castro acted personally on the behalf of Byron Moore after receiving a letter from Moore's wife, delivered by Senator Frank Church, in which she wrote she had cancer and personally appealed for her husband's release.

• In separate New Jersey



Two tons of burlap-wrapped Colombian gold wait for the flames of a Florida incinerator.

busts, undercover narcs dismantled what they called a \$5 million PCP ring and seized \$260,000 in pot, speed and cocaine from two brothers who attended Westwood Regional High School. The mixed dope seizure was the largest on record for high schoolers in the Garden State.

• Vincent Papa, the mastermind of the French Connection dope ring, was stabbed to death in an Atlanta federal prison. Papa was 59.

• A Wichita, Kansas, judge has dismissed charges against 42 persons arrested in a massive crackdown last summer because informant Johnny L. Franklin lied to the court about packets of dope taken as evidence. He told the court he had not taken narcotics since beginning work for the local sheriff's department, but later admitted to perjury and the stolen evidence.

• Ten defendants were set free in Oklahoma City by a judge who refused to accept state drug enforcement agents' excuses for failing to obtain a search warrant in the bust of 17,000 pounds of grass.

• Cops in New York's 40th Precinct received a hot tip to look outside their window and saw a strapping pot plant thriving in the shadow of the station house in a nearby apartment building. Arrested was the 19-year-old owner.

• Burglars embarrassed Miami Customs by stealing 63 bales of marijuana evidence from a Miami warehouse. Customs ranged wide, however, and arrested six suspects in Georgia and South Carolina on the same day. Only 19 bales were recovered.

## High Times HIT PARADE



Crashed planes in Texas and green farms across America dominate this month's list of pot unfortunates. Tramp freighters are still being scuttled along the southern trade route, and local sheriffs and constables are tightening up the rural grass watch.

- 30,000 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., warehouse, no arrests.
- 16,000 lbs: La Grange, N.C., safe house, 5 arrests.
- 6,000 lbs: Republic, Mo., farm bust, 1 arrest.
- 3,800 lbs: Sky Rock, Ca., farm bust, 3 arrests.
- 3,750 lbs: Biscayne Bay, Fla., boat *Red Jay*, 2 arrests.
- 3,000 lbs: Salford Twp., Pa., farm bust, 1 arrest.
- 2,600 lbs: Winnipeg, Manitoba, farm bust, 2 arrests.
- 2,000 lbs: Ft. Lauderdale Air-

- port, Fla., DC3, no arrests.
- 1,500 lbs: Frazier Park, Ca., Cessna crash, 1 death.
- 1,200 lbs: Dripping Springs, Tex., Aerocommander plane and pickup, 3 arrests.
- 1,200 lbs: Junction, Tex., Piper Navajo plane, 2 arrests.
- 1,000 lbs: waters off Boca Raton, Fla., flotsam, no arrests.
- 1,000 lbs: Roscoe, Tex., Cessna crash, 2 arrests.
- 1,000 lbs: Smith County, Tex., farm bust, no arrests.
- 1,000 lbs: Charlestown, Ind., farm bust, no arrests.
- 1,000 lbs: Lafayette, N.J., farm bust, 1 arrest.
- 1,000 Thai Sticks: Winnipeg, Manitoba, hotel bust, 2 arrests.
- 22 lbs hashish: Schonberg, Ontario, car, 5 arrests.

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# 157 Pounds of Blow Nabbed in Florida

Miami Customs officers uncovered 157 pounds of cocaine aboard the banana boat *M/V Maya* during a routine docking of the ship, which plies the Colombia-Florida produce route regularly.

Agents boarded the 267-foot vessel after "detecting a change in activity by personnel unloading the cargo." They discovered 70 packets of uncut coke beneath the deck at the bottom of the hold.

No suspects were arrested because Customs could tie no one to the placement of the stash, and no one was seen trying to remove it. The *M/V Maya* seizure was the largest in a week of coke grabs by Miami C-men.

A day earlier, ten pounds were seized and two men arrested on a flight to New York after having drawn suspicion in Miami. In the two days following the boat bust, more than ten additional pounds were taken and three arrested, one of those a German student who swallowed 46 packets and had to be rushed to



*Fifty pounds of coca paste, ten pounds of refined coca blanco and assorted lab equipment were recently popped in the port city of Guayaquil. Narcs were alerted to the cocaine lab setup by a group of rival coke exporters who claimed vendetta against the other group. This was the first such coca lab bust in the Guayaquil area in recent memory.*

the hospital for surgery.

• The DEA dubbed it the "Tahiti Connection" and said its arms reached from Honolulu to Bogota. Narcs grabbed 17 pounds on the island of Oahu and got 11 indictments against alleged members of the ring in California and Hawaii, charging them with a major part of

the islands' coke traffic in 1974 and 1975.

• Authorities seized five pounds of cocaine and arrested 11 alleged dealers in central New Jersey, hitting what they believed to be "a loosely connected" import organization for the East.

• The young Ecuadorean

banked on the scatter technique to get through Miami Customs, but he was quickly undone. The 28-year-old, arriving on a flight from Panama, was caught with 2.3 pounds in his jacket, shoulder pads, coat and pants pockets, crotch and shoes.

• Two men on the same flight from Colombia were arrested with close to three pounds allegedly hidden on their persons. Customs identified one of the suspects as a flight attendant on a South American airline.

• Police in Vancouver believe they have captured the "kingpin" behind the largest cocaine seizure ever made on the Canadian north coast. His was the fifth arrest in the case, which began with the seizure of more than 12 pounds of blow last summer in the British Columbian capital.

• A 27-year-old woman on a flight from Lima was arrested as she landed at Vancouver International Airport. She was charged with holding more than a pound of coke.

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# Colombia's Snake Charmers Elect Shaman-King

by Segundo Sombra

A colorful folk wizard with 30 years of experience in the art of snake charming was elected the most talented of the Colombian *culebreros* at a charmers' convention recently in the small town of Guarne, near Medellin.

The new wizard, who calls himself "Zaragoza" after his native town, fits all the requirements of a successful serpentologist in Colombia. A *culebrero* since he was 15, he owns several houses in Medellin and earns a daily average of 2,000 pesos (about \$54) selling his magic herbs and talismans.

He told Colombian reporters that he learned his art "in the university of life" but almost got wasted with alcohol, which "has the devil inside."

When asked if marijuana was evil, he responded, "Oh no! Marijuana is a blessing." When questioned if he

smoked it, he answered with an ironic smile, "Not me! Heaven forbid!"

Snake charmers in Colombia bear more resemblance to the Garcia Márquez character Blancaman, "the salesman of miracles," than to the Indian stereotype with his flute and cobras inside a basket. A mixture of popular doctor, herbalist and entertainer, they support themselves by selling all sorts of natural herbs and secret potions for curing sickness and snakebite, protecting against evil spirits and casting love spells.

The best practitioners come from Antioquia province in the northern Andes and are said to have learned from popular medicine, the study of snakes and contact with higher spirits, shamans and *brujos* from the Amazon or Guajira jungles.

The Catholic church once gave a hard time to the



charmners by reminding the religious public of the biblical association between snakes and the devil. As for the police, Zaragoza told reporters that "they are accustomed to us, although some of them bite even more than the rattlesnake."

For over two hours after his election, Zaragoza entertained the public in Guarne with his stories of "the secrets of serpentology and a little bit of high witchcraft or *brujeria*. Of course, a *brujo* doesn't fly. No sir, nobody flies!"

"The *brujeria* is related with things from the beyond," he said, demonstrating his ventriloquy skills by making a dead corpse speak. He showed his several snakebites, cured by secret herbs known only to *culebreros*, and ended the show by selling every last one of his magic spells, herbs and miraculous potions.

## CLASSIFIED

Rates: \$4.00/word; min. 10 words. POB nos. - 2 words each, abbreviations, ZIP codes - 1 word each. Classified display is available at \$125/column inch (column width is 2 1/8"). All ads must be typewritten for legibility. Check/M.O. must accompany copy. Ads will appear 60 to 90 days after receipt. All classified ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. High Times, The HT Classified, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

### OPPORTUNITIES

**AZOOBIDES INSTANT Hashmaker!** The best idea to hit marijuana since the match! Free details: BLEAK, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Ca. 93406.

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**AUSTRALIA-NEW ZEALAND!** Hiring all occupations. Big pay. Transportation. Listings \$2. AUSTCO, Box 8489-Z, Long Beach, Ca. 90808.

**PILL MACHINE.** MAKE your own pills. No questions asked. Call (714) 224-3117 or write PILL MACHINE, 3420 Kenyon, Suite No. 131, San Diego, Ca. 92110.

**MEERSCHAUM MINI** pipes. Retailers write to: TURKISH IMPORTS, P.O. Box 21246, Salt Lake City, Utah 84121.

**FANTASTIC NEW SMOKING** device, produces long shotgun blast. Fits in pocket and built to last. Highest burn temperatures possible. Send \$15. Satisfaction guaranteed. INHALE ENTERPRISES, P. O. Box 722, New Castle, Pennsylvania 16103.

**"I SPELL RELIEF COLOMBIAN"** T-shirts. Send \$5.95, size, color (blue, gold, tan) to STEPHEN COLE ENTERPRISES, Suite 65A, 7131 Owensmouth Ave., Canoga Park, California 91303.

**MAILING LIST** rated AAA. 2500 paraphernalia retailers on self-adhesive Avery mailing labels, only \$99.00 C.O.D. Other lists are also available. Free Information. Merchant Aids, Post Office Box 990, Athens, Ohio 45701. (614) 593-8893.

**THE ELEPHANT TRUNK,** a modern record, music, head & gift shop in East Coast ocean resort. Year-round business, est. three years. P.O. Box 47, Kitty Hawk, N.C. 27949.

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**HIGH TIMES FIRST ISSUE.** \$50 each. INTER-BAY HOLDING CO., P.O. Box 1786, Pinellas Park, Fla. 33565.

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**HEALTHY PEOPLE GET** higher easier and more frequently, without burning out. \$3. EUPHORIC IMMORTALITY PAMPHLET, Rt. 7, Box 370, Newnan, Ga. 30263.



**OFFICIAL, RESTRICTED** Law Enforcement Manual on Electronic Eavesdropping techniques and equipment suppliers. Every secret they know! \$8.95 postpaid. AE-GIS, P.O. Box 81616, San Diego, Ca. 92138.

**NEED NEW IDENTITY?** Full-color photo ID cards, birth certificates. Under-ground information on driver's licenses, passports, government-issued ID. Details 25 cents. EDEN PRESS, Box 8410-HC, Fountain Valley, Ca. 02708.

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### PARAPHERNALIA GIFTS

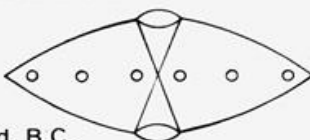
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# TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

## AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	black and white	kilo	40-70
Shirac hash	rare	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	very good	kilo	100-175
		oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250

## AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	supply dwindling	oz	20-35
Nepalese hash	very fresh, good	lb	300-500
Indian hash	decent	oz	80-100
		lb	900-1300
Afghani hash	OK	oz	75-100
LSD	poor quality	lb	800-1000
		oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1400
Cocaine	short supply	hit	150-300
		100	100-150
		gm	60-100
		oz	1600-2200

## CANADA

Domestic	fair to good harvest	oz	15-25
Regular	declining supply	lb	135-325
Mexican		oz	15-25
Top-grade	rare of late	lb	150-300
Mexican		oz	40-60
Commercial	stable situation	lb	475-525
Colombian		oz	35-50
Connaisseur	some gold	lb	400-500
Colombian		oz	45-65
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	lb	475-550
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	oz	175-250
Indian hash	poor to fair	lb	2000-3100
		oz	180-200
		lb	1200-1800
Kashmiri hash	excellent when found	oz	100-175
Afghani hash oil	fair supply	lb	1100-1800
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	oz	180-220
LSD	OK blotter	gm	1800-2500
		oz	35-50
		gm	450-550
		oz	35-50
		hit	450-600
Cocaine	decent rock	100	150-275
		oz	75-125
MDA	available	gm	1450-2000
		oz	30-50

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Machu Picchu	top notch	lb	55-75
		oz	10-15
Punta roja	fine-clipped	lb	60-75
Colombian hash	improving	oz	7-10
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	lb	50-75
LSD	scarce of late	oz	25-50
		hit	2000-3000
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	150-200
		lb	1750-2300
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	2-5
		lb	150-250
		oz	3-5
		lb	30-45
		oz	250-450
		lb	4500-6000

## ECUADOR

Colombian grass	usually good	oz	7-10
Ecuadorian red	tasty smoke	lb	80-100
Cocaine	smooth flake	oz	5-7
		lb	60-120
		gm	20-40
		oz	400-650

## ENGLAND

Nigerian grass	plentiful	oz	35
Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	30-40
Lebanese hash	cloth wrapped, OK	lb	400-600
Afghani hash	thin slabs, good	oz	70-100
Colombian hash	quality up	lb	800-1000
Hash oil	some Afghani	oz	75-150
LSD	big blotter	hit	800-1250
		100	50-65
		gm	500-800
		oz	25-35
		hit	375-500
		100	1-150
		oz	75-150

Cocaine	just OK	gm	50-125
Mandrax	large demand, OK supply	oz	2000-2200
		one	1-3
		100	100-200

## GERMANY

Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	soft red, good	lb	500-725
Moroccan hash	just OK	gm	2-5
Thai sticks	high quality	kilo	1200-1350
LSD	blotter	oz	35-50
		lb	475-575
Cocaine	decent supply	one	15-25
		100	800-1200
		hit	2.50-5
		100	200-400
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

## HONG KONG

Mainland weed	better than expected	oz	7-10
Thai grass	Buddha's delight	lb	100-150
Thai sticks	tight, sticky	oz	50-100
Afghani hash	rare of late	lb	500-850
		one	50-100
		oz	500-850
		gm	10-15
		oz	80-120

## KENYA

Domestic	fair herb	oz	8-12
Congolese	black, resinous	lb	100-120
Yohimbe	authentic	oz	10-15
		lb	120-150
		oz	2-3
		lb	8-15

## MEXICO

Torreón violet	breath-taking	oz	5-10
Guadalajara	supply decreasing	lb	85-125
Oaxacan tops	fair	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	80-130
Pueblo	good	oz	4-6
		lb	65-90
		oz	3-6
		lb	50-100
Magic mushrooms	excellent	oz	3-6
Cocaine	brown	lb	50-100
		oz	5-10
		gm	90-140
		oz	25-50
		oz	250-400
		oz	50-75
		lb	400-500

## MOSCOW

Irkutsk hash	good	oz	80-100
Nepalese hash	just stash	lb	800-1000
Turkish hash	fresh	oz	140-180
Steppe grass	good when found	oz	1700-2300
Siberian grass	scarce	3 pairs	2-5
LSD	European	Levis	55-65
		oz	600-800
		oz	75-100
		lb	800-1100
		hit	3-5
		100	250-400

## NEPAL

Nepalese	small buds, good head	oz	1-2
Nepalese hash	excellent	lb	10-15
Afghani hash	top grade	oz	3-8
Paki hash	available	lb	70-100
Cocaine	good	oz	5-10
		lb	75-100
		oz	3-7
		lb	75-150
		gm	10-15
		oz	150-200

## THE NETHERLANDS

Sengalese & Congolese	black and sticky, steady supply	oz	50-70
Domestic grass	getting better	lb	450-650
Moroccan hash	dry, crumbly	oz	20-40
		lb	250-400
		oz	40-60
		lb	400-500

Lebanese hash	various strains	oz	40-70
Pakistani hash	good supply	lb	450-750
LSD	European quality	hit	50-70
		100	450-700
Cocaine	going fast	gm	2-4
		oz	150-250
		oz	75-125
		oz	1300-2000

## TURKEY

Local hash	good to excellent, dark brown	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	top notch	lb	80-100
LSD	scarce	oz	7-10
Opium	high quality	hit	100-200
		oz	3-5
		lb	3-5
		lb	50-75

## USA

Regular Mexican	declining supply	oz	20-30
Top-grade Mexican	good Oaxacan	lb	100-225
Quality Jamaican	good brown	oz	50-125
Commercial Colombian	decent availability	lb	200-800
Connaisseur Colombian	tight gold buds, some red	oz	35-55
California sinsemilla	powerful	lb	150-350
Hawaiian Puna buds	sweet and seedless	oz	25-40
Moroccan hash	OK green	lb	250-450
Lebanese hash	stale red	oz	40-70
Afghani hash	good to excellent	lb	350-650
Nepalese hash	pressed balls, good	oz	150-250
Paki hash	just decent	lb	350-1000
Thai sticks	abundant	oz	200
Hawaiian	short supply	lb	1000
Afghani hash oil	potent black	oz	80-100
Lebanese hash oil	scarce	lb	750-1000
Honey oil	fine quality	oz	100-175
PCP	small green tabs	lb	1200-1500
LSD	usually blotter	oz	100-120
Psilocybin mushrooms	available fresh, frozen	lb	1400-1800
Quaaludes	rare	oz	100-165
Cocaine	various qualities	lb	1200-1500
		oz	100-155
		one	700-1500
		100	15-30
		hit	175-225
		oz	125-200
		lb	800-1800
		gm	25-35
		oz	1400-2000
		gm	25-30
		oz	350-450
		gm	25-40
		oz	425-525
		one	1-3
		100	75-150
		hit	1-2.50
		100	70-100
		oz	25-45
		lb	150-200
		one	4-5
		100	200-375
		gm	60-120
		oz	1200-2000

## Alaska

Domestic	dark green, sweet	oz	40-60
Regular Mexican	OK supply, quality	lb	200-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	20-30
		lb	250-350
		gm	100-120
		oz	1600-2500

## Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	120-150
Maui	delicious	lb	1200-2000
Kaui	stoney	oz	120-170
Puna buds	sweet, red	lb	1200-2000
		oz	120-150
		lb	1400-1600
		oz	50-125
		lb	1000-1500

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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE



# Cuba

(continued from page 69)

colonial homes. Stroll along the Alameda (west of the city's center), which runs along the magnificent harbor.

Santiago's largest downtown parks are Parque Céspedes, Parque Aguimera and Parque de la Libertad. The city's easternmost park, on the road to Siboney, includes a zoo, the Tree of Peace, San Juan Hill and an observatory. The Bacardi Museum, between Parque Céspedes and Parque Aguimera, will please visitors interested in art and/or Cuban history. The old City Hall, on the north side of Parque Céspedes, is now an Exposition Salon. Another Salon de Exposiciones and the Tomás Romay Museum are located on Parque de la Libertad. The Moncada Barracks has been converted into a scholastic center that includes a museum. The Morro Castle, reconstructed in 1664 after Henry Morgan blew it up, is at the entrance to Santiago Bay, several miles south of town. Standing 200 feet on a rocky point, El Morro offers a spectacular view. The dark dungeons below give a realistic idea of the fate suffered by prisoners of Spanish colonials. Nearby are the Estrella Battery and rugged La Socapa battlements.

## EXCURSIONS FROM SANTIAGO

**W**est of Santiago lies the rich and naturally *elegante* Sierra Maestra. It was in this magnificent mountain range that Castro and his guerrillas operated for the three years preceding the revolution's victory. In addition to a national park and the Camilo Cienfuegos Scholastic Center, the region contains many monuments related to the War of Independence and the revolution.

The Central Highway leads northwest out of Santiago passing through the copper mining town of El Cobre, famed for its Miraculous Virgin of Charity Shrine. The highway continues through dense forests to Baire, where the 1895 War of Independence began. Further to the northwest is Bayamo, established in 1513 and the birthplace of one of Cuba's celebrated heroes, Céspedes. Bayamo is an important junction in western Oriente, handling tobacco, meat, dairy products, coffee and produce from the surrounding areas.

Close to the city to the northeast are El Caney and San Juan Hill, where Teddy Roosevelt and other North Americans fought the Spanish during the War of Independence. Southeast of this area is Gran Piedra National Park, famed for its Great Rock.

Guantánamo lies northeast of Santiago. Below the town is the highly disputed Guantánamo Bay, where the U.S. Navy has maintained a sizable base since 1902.

From the Isle of Youth to the Sierra Maestra, Cuba awaits you *con mucho entusiasmo!* 🍷

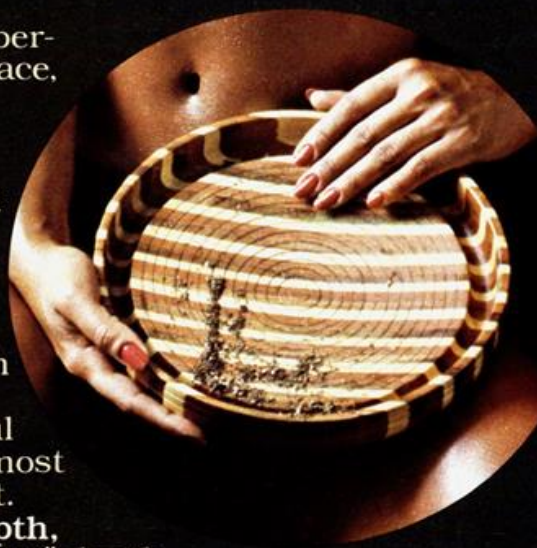
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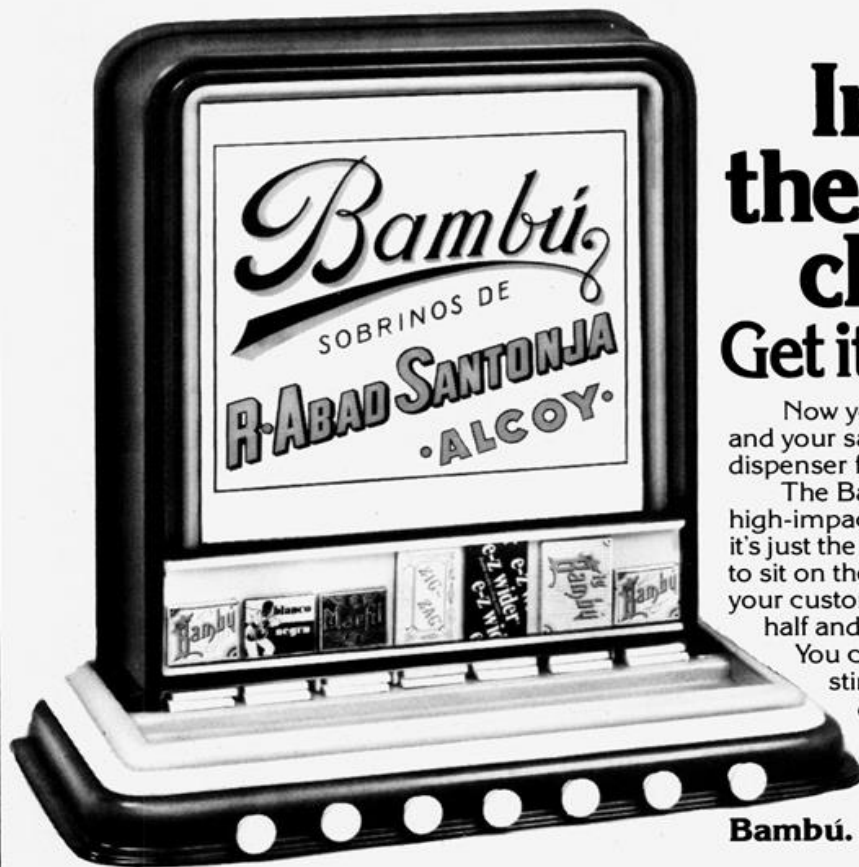
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## Superscope Builds Open-Reel Cassettes

Sony's new Elcaset tape system (soon to be acquired and marketed by Superscope) tries to combine the self-contained convenience of cassettes with the extra fidelity of the open-reel format. The idea is to make a bigger cassette and drive it at 3¾ inches per second, instead of 1½, to reach reel sound quality. (The faster the tape speed, the better the fidelity, because the



sounds are less crowded on the tape.)

First reviews indicate sound quality is excellent, but cassette portability was sacrificed in the process. Superscope's problem will be convincing tape buffs to set up three separate systems or else to convert their existing reels and cassettes into this new tape package.

## Dynamics Enhancement for Home and Studio

At one time or another, most audiophiles have invited friends over to hear personal tapes of a cherished concert, only to be embarrassed at how tinny and cheap they sound compared to the memory of the real thing. Unfortunately, the difference between the loudest and softest sounds made by most bands or orchestras is about twice as much as even the best tape recorders can handle. The quiet sounds are lost in tape hiss while crescendos become a shapeless blot of noise as the tape is saturated beyond its capacity. Recordings, whether vinyl or tape, have never been able to fully capture a live performance.

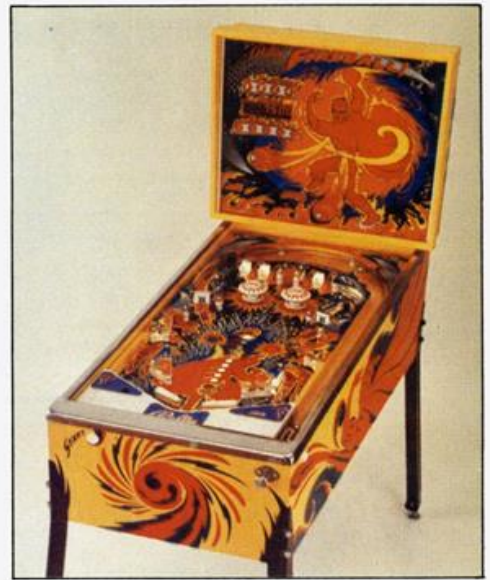
Now dbx, Inc. (71 Chapel Street, Newton, Massachusetts 02195) offers appliances to solve this problem for both amateurs and professionals. Their "dynamic range enhancers" compress the sound so it will fit through the "loudness



## Domesticated Pinball

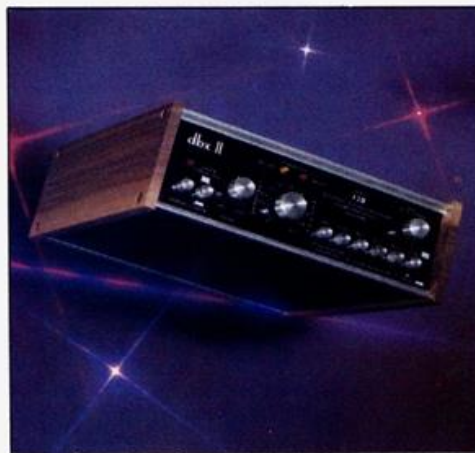
There was a time when pinball machines were exotic items. Their pinging and ringing were the siren calls of the penny arcade and the soda shop. Kids envied the cool of the pinball wizard, and every machine had its Fonz. On the home front, pinball fever was listed along with pointy toes as a sure sign of juvenile delinquency. Nowadays, though, pinball is fast becoming a widespread family parlor game.

The best arcade-quality sets for the home market are Bally's Fireball and new Evel Knievel models. Classy graphics, digital scorekeeper for four-player tournaments, four sound effects and seven taped tunes played at various game situations, adjustable difficulty control, extra flippers and bumpers, five balls instead of three—all these features make Bally the pinball champion. But you pay for the



privilege; retail prices start at about \$700. Write for a catalog to: Bally Manufacturing, 2640 W. Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60618.

Wico Corporation probably has the best medium-priced home game—their Big Top goes for about \$400. It has an interesting board with roll-over buttons, an "action ring" for quick score changes and independently operated flippers for better ball control. For about \$50 less, General Home Products produces a serviceable game called the Space Wizard. Write for information to Wico, 6400 West Gross Point Road, Niles, Illinois 60648 and General Home Products, Suckle National Highways, Pennsauken, New Jersey 08110. Gimbel's is a major outlet for all three brands, but they are also sold through various other department and sporting goods chains.



window" of the tape, then electronically expand the recorded material to re-create the original loud/soft contrasts. Providing a quantum leap for home taping and an improvement even for most studio setups, the product line starts with a simple expander/compressor listing for \$175 and continues through more complex models, reaching a top price of \$450.

## Phone Improvements

Communications engineers at Bell Telephone's laboratories are busy preparing several systems improvements that will be on the market in the early 1980's. Among other advances offered to the public will be a distinctive personal ring pattern that will identify your call from others. That way your call will catch a paranoid dealer's ear while everybody else gets the cold handle.

Also on the drawing boards is a digital display that will indicate the caller's number on the callee's set and an automatic call-back system that will reserve a line while it's busy, then re-place the call when the line is clear. Nifty, huh? Look for these and Ma Bell's usual rate hikes in the next couple of years.

On the bummer side of phone science, Digital Products Corporation is marketing an automated junk-call system that can ring several enormous lists of phone numbers with a prerecorded sales pitch and a blank tape space for orders. ■





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## Farmer Acquitted in Chemical Assault Rap

A jury recently acquitted Minnesota homesteader Harmon Seaver of felonious assault in his attempt to keep his land free of Forest Service pesticides. Seaver and family had searched five years for their unpolluted 40-acre tract in Superior National Forest. When he heard of plans to spray his only water supply, Seaver tried all legal recourses. Rejecting every request, rangers then tricked Seaver by calling off the spraying, then showing up at dawn with a loaded helicopter. Seaver drove off the chopper with rifle shots "carefully aimed to miss."

Expecting swift arrest, Seaver planned to hide in the woods, but returned when the foresters again called the spraying off. He was consequently busted, and while in jail his watershed was loaded with 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T (Silvex), one of the deadliest chemicals known. He and his family were incapacitated by nausea, headaches, dizziness and diarrhea for weeks, and their land is still contaminated.

## Cops' Suspicion No Cause for Search

Police have no right to stop motorists on a hunch, and any incriminating evidence so found cannot be admitted, the District of Columbia Court of Appeals has ruled. Kevin Montgomery aroused two cops' suspicion by "watching us in the rear-view mirror and looking around." They stopped him, ran a computer check on his ID and found he was wanted for a traffic offense. They searched his car and found two unregistered guns. But the court turned off the heat, stating, "The use of the state's coercive power to detain citizens, without reasonable suspicion... cannot be reconciled with American notions of personal privacy and mobility."

## Sexual Equality Changes Seduction Law

Since women are no longer considered the weaker sex, they should not be entitled to damages for being seduced and abandoned, ruled a Missouri appeals court recently. Chief Judge Joseph Simone threw out a \$17,500 jury award to student Sharon Breece, who claimed one of her professors had conned her into his

bed with false promises of marriage. Calling the suit "a remedy of a bygone era," Simeone asked the Missouri General Assembly to consider repealing its laws on seduction and breach of promise.

## Narcs Skip Warrant, Lose Pot Case

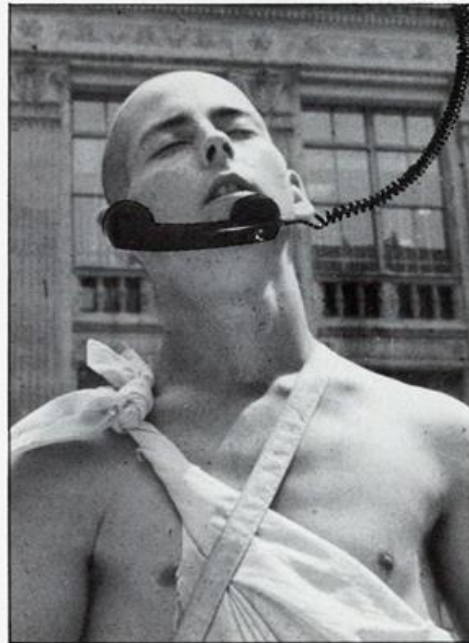
The Supreme Court has suppressed evidence against three alleged grass distributors under the Fourth Amendment's search warrant clause.

Amtrak officials spotted a footlocker leaking talcum powder, a popular dope deodorant, as Gregory Machado and Bridget Leary brought it aboard the San Diego-Boston train four years ago. As they sat on the trunk in the Boston station, a Beantown narc dog sniffed it and pointed the fickle paw of fate. Cops found 200 pounds and made a triple pinch as Joseph Chadwick picked up the travelers.

Defense lawyer Martin Weinberg argued through several appeals to suppress the ill-gotten evidence. The top court followed precedent by agreeing that legal formalities must be observed unless there is a chance the suspects will pull a gun or destroy the evidence.

## Krishnas Sued for Phone Phreaking

Seven chapters of Krishna worshipers have been sued for phone-phreaking by MCI Telecommunications Corp., a private microwave phone system. The company seeks \$300,000 for calls allegedly



W. Stanton/Magnum

*These familiar street chanterers have been accused of a different kind of song and dance. Maybe God's hotline was busy.*

charged to its subscribers by members of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKON), which figured out how to hook into the network undetected for months. ■

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## Here's the Sex Pistols

The Sex Pistols are laying it on the line in their new album, *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols* (Warner Bros. BSK 3147). *Bollocks* is Brit for "bullshit." The meaning is clear. The Sex Pistols became a household word without releasing a single single in the U.S. market, one of the greatest publicity triumphs of all time. Their reputation has preceded them to such an extent that they would have to be one of the greatest talents in the world to survive their hype.

As it turns out, they are truly great. In terms of intensity, the Sex Pistols' sound is strong, bold and pissed-off. Mouthpiece



Johnny Rotten screams bloody anarchy while drummer Paul Cook rat-a-tat-tats near a tattered flag of the Queen.

Johnny Rotten curls, slashes, warps and shreds words that are to the point, through the point and beyond. The band is perfectly raw, perfectly furious, perfectly lean, direct, smashing and energizing. The Pistols' music is quintessential rock—there's total commitment to the best, absolute use of the chords in their most magically effective combos, electromag-

netically perfect tone and distortion that's in tune.

The Sex Pistols are as big as the hype. They're hard rock with practically unprecedented smarts, energy and commitment. You can forget the bollocks, mates, 'cause this music will get you up and get you going and even make you think about just where that is. —Neal Barlowe



Curtis Mayfield (inset) and a prison brawl from *Short Eyes*.

## Curtis Mayfield

Curtis Mayfield has been an active R&B genius for almost 20 years. Sometimes you almost forget about him. Then he comes back and reminds you of his genius. Mayfield's last masterpiece was the soundtrack album of the film *Superfly*, the story of a coca-concentrate entrepreneur. Now he's done it again with the soundtrack to the hit prison film *Short Eyes* (Warner Bros. CU 5017).

On the title track he manages to essay the difficult subject of child molesting (that's what "short eyes" means in stir), with his voice handling the blue feelings, horns giving it the power and the rhythm keeping it ominous and explosive. "Do Do Wop is Strong in Here" is first-magnitude Mayfield, incredibly sweet and furious at the same time. His ultrasmooth falsetto is perfectly punctuated by his brilliant wah-wah lead guitar, mixed low enough so that it remains equal with the voice and superfunk congo-bongo rhythm section.

Curtis Mayfield is a heavy dude, a must buy, an education and a real good time. No wonder he's Bob Marley's favorite listening.

—Glenn O'Brien

## And Professor Longhair

"If you go to New Orleans," sings Professor Longhair, a legendary Crescent City jazzman, "you ought to go see the Mardi Gras." Longhair's "Go to the Mardi Gras," waxed way back in 1959 with Dr. John on guitar, is the Mardi Gras' unofficial anthem, a crazed ditty that sets the mood for a two-week festival of wild abandon.

*Mardi Gras in New Orleans* (Mardi Gras Records, 1924 Lafayette Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70013) is the essential primer on Mardi Gras music. Bo Dollis and the Wild Magnolia Mardi Gras Indian Band's irresistible "Handa Wanda" makes



Mad Mardi Gras partygoer dancin' in the streets.

you want to drink, sing, strut and weave through the narrow streets of the French Quarter. Other orgiastic entries include Al Johnson's fun and frolicking "Carnival

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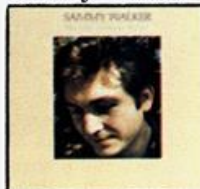
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Time." Earl King's funkified "Street Parade" backed by the Meters, Stop Inc.'s jazzy "Second Line," the Hawketts' spirited "Mardi Gras Mambo" and Wild Magnolia's rousing crowd pleaser "(Big Chief Like Plenty of) Fire Water." Apparently, the recording sessions were as stoned and stark raving mad as the Mardi Gras itself—some tunes appear twice in different versions. —Bob Grossweiner

### BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN SKYLINE, by Sammy Walker (Warner Bros. BS-3080).



Sammy Walker's folk-singing is smooth as cold, bottled beer and sharp as a shot of tequila. An engaging blend of early Bob Dylan and Jimmie Rodgers, Walker's nasal, clipped vocal style proves most effective on the album's more conversational, reflective tunes, like the derivative "Waitin' for a Train" and "Dust Storm Disaster" or the original "Appalachian Coal Miner's Son" and "Carolina Soldier Boy." The seasonal "Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone" uncurls like one of Tom Paxton's soft songs, with a hymnlike vocal and Chris Darrow's concertina offering a pace of mosaic calm. —Gary von Tersch

### NEW WAVE, by various artists (Vertigo 6300 902—British import).



This sampler is an explosive introduction to the rock resurgence called punk. Relatively backdated cuts by the New York Dolls, the Flaming Groovies and Patti Smith's rare "Piss Factory" (one of the toughest, down-to-earth sides she's ever cut) show the movement's roots; the Ramones are here because they're the core; the Damned and the Dead Boys span the Atlantic Ocean for two sides of the same post-Ramones coin, and as far as I'm concerned the future belongs to Talking Heads and Richard Hell. *New Wave* is even fun to listen to if you've already got all these artists' respective albums—it makes a great party record.

—Lester Bangs

### WOODSTOCK MOUNTAINS: More Music from Mud Acres (Rounder 3018, from Rounder Records, 186 Willow Avenue, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144).



This album is the long-awaited follow-up to the first Mud Acres collection compiled five years ago by Happy and Artie Traum. A relaxed, down-homey assortment of some of the finest country, bluegrass and folk pickers

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this side of the Mason-Dixon line, it's a goddamn Woodstock hall of fame.

John Herald, who goes way back to the Greenbriar Boys, has one of the most distinctive, infectious voices around, and his "Bluegrass Boy" is a true classic, hitherto unrecorded. Eric Andersen is represented with a nice, smooth treatment of "Waitin' for a Train," the old Jimmie Rodgers lament. Roly Salley's "Killing the Blues" is a pleasant surprise, a beautiful Band-like ballad.

And in a rare disc appearance, Paul Siebel, one of the finest singer-songwriters working in any genre (just listen to his two late-Sixties albums on Elektra) sings the shit out of Hank Williams's "Weary Blues." For my money, this music is enough to make you take the paper clip out of your nose and start eating granola burgers.

—Larry Sloman

**SOUNDS FROM SILENCE** (Bit Enki Publications, Box 9068, Berkeley, Ca. 94709, \$16. \$16.96 in California).

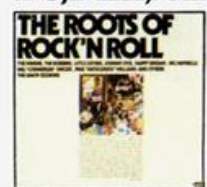


This recording of the oldest known music in the world results from an epochal detective achievement in which archaeologists have used a 4,000-year-old music test to decipher the words and music of a song from a clay tablet of the same period. Archaeologist Anne Kilmer and musicologist Richard Crocker translated the tune, and instrument maker Robert Brown reconstructed an authentic seven-string lyre to accompany it.

A handsome illustrated booklet tells the story of the discovery, but unfortunately omits any cultural background. A true reconstruction awaits a modern orchestra, but the song itself is hypnotic, serene and perfect for those who like to time-travel via historical trance.

—George Stanwick

**THE ROOTS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL** by The Ravens, The Robbins, Little Esther, Johnny Otis, Nappy Brown, Big Maybelle, Hal "Cornbread" Singer, Paul "Hucklebuck" Williams and others (Savoy/Arista SJL 2221). Africa, the dark continent.



America, the light empire. Rock and roll, the voice of the struggling underground. The Forties, big bands, swing, World War II. What's the connection? Black

music. The roots of rock and roll are to be discovered in the popular black music of the late Forties and early Fifties, and that's the sound of this two-record set: oldies but goodies. No screaming guitars or whiny singers here, just solid R&B-style rock: upright bass, boogie piano, wailin' sax and bluesy lyrics sung in a ballsy way. The first song, a little ditty by Wild Bill

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Moore, "We're Gonna Rock, We're Gonna Roll!" was recorded in 1947, 30 long years ago. But it still sounds fresh and raucous because the players on the tune were the originators of the sound, local blacks on an obscure label. This collection is a reissue of the major hits, with delightful playing, super soulful singing and that distinctive ring of pure originality.

—Douglas Kelley

**THE HUTCHISON BROS. BAND**  
(Vetco LP-511, from Vetco Records, 5825 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio). The Hutchison Brothers are rough, raw and firmly rooted in the tradition of bluegrass music.



Lost John Hutchison, the band's songwriter, lead vocalist and flat-picker, is such a maniac banjoman that he claims to go through a set of heavy-gauge strings every gig. You can believe him, too. With a crazed glare he leans over his herringbone Martin and attacks it with the force and sheer guts of a full Reggie Jackson swing.

The brothers' second album is a fine mixture of ballads, instrumentals and up-tempo numbers, both traditional and original. The band is explosive on the Lost John originals, like his macabre tale of murder and hanging, "The Ballad of Tom Carr and Louisa Fox." The mournful, haunting duet John sings with mandolinist Thomas Hampton on A. P. Carter's "The Storms Are on the Ocean," supported by Greg Dearth's anguished fiddle, is guaranteed to send shivers to the base of anyone's spine.

—Ed Fields

**MUSIC OF WILLIAM PENN**, by Olly Wilson and Russell Peck (Composers Recordings CRI SD 367). One William Penn put Philadelphia on the map in 1682, but today's is a composer of space music for planetariums, stage music for the New York Shakespeare Festival and pure energy music like this "Fantasy for Harpsichord." People with no love for the baroque usually equate the harpsichord with musical snuffboxes, but Penn puts it right next to the Moog. With rhythms based on "Coltrane, perpetual motion, boogaloo and Morse code," his "Fantasy" demands all the astounding skill shown here by Karyl Louwenaar.



Russell Peck's "Automobile" on side two is a lot of fun. Part one portrays a "lounge act in the year 2000" when Stockhausen is as commercial as Chopin, the avant-garde is corrupt and rich and the young are still ignored in favor of the dead. Part two semispoons Fifties rock—all the lonely teardrops and El Dorados on Lovers Lane.

—Timothy Quince



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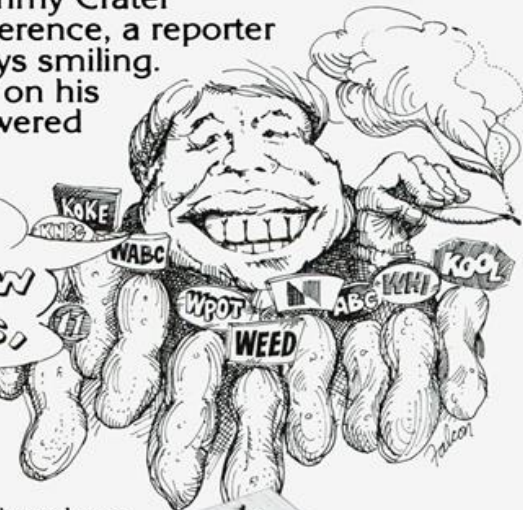
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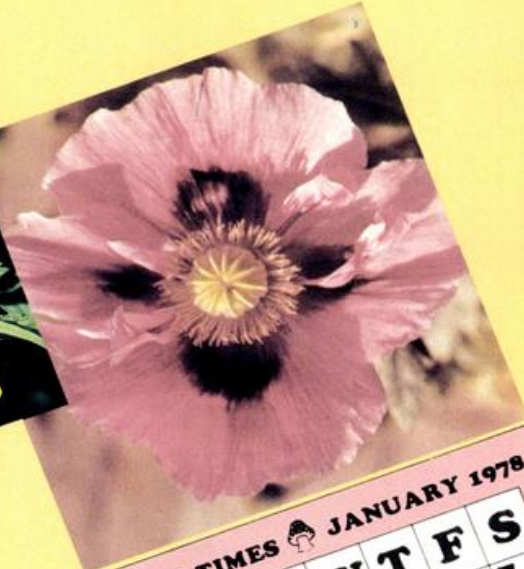
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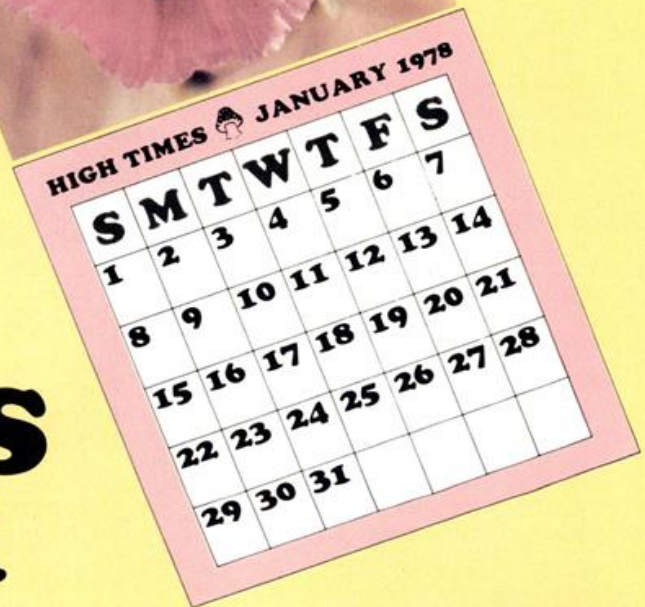




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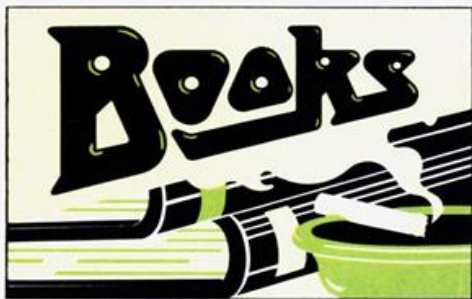
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## The Cosmic Trigger

While Lee Harvey Oswald was buying the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle that may or may not have killed JFK, thousands of miles away author Robert Anton Wilson saw a man with warty green skin and pointed ears dance in a cornfield and then fade away. In *Cosmic Trigger* (Berkeley: And/Or Press, \$4.95), Wilson claims his apparition, which occurred the day after his first peyote trip, was Mescalito, the peyote god who has also taken the form of leprechauns, alleged UFOnuts, Disney's Peter Pan and Mr. Spock of "Star Trek."

*Cosmic Trigger*, subtitled *The Final Secret of the Illuminati*, is a sequel of



sorts to Wilson's best-selling trilogy *Illuminatus!*, a satire on world-power cults and government conspiracies. But it is fact and speculation rather than fiction. Psychedelic hallucinations, occult experience and close encounters with UFO's are connected by a labyrinthine theory involving Aleister Crowley, Tim Leary, Wilhelm Reich and the ghost of Aldous Huxley, among others, all taking place in such diverse locales as Berkeley, the Bermuda Triangle and the dog star Sirius. Wilson writes with a doper's sense of humor, but he possesses the brilliance of a psychedelic pioneer and a parapsychological prophet. —Harry Wasserman



The Not Ready for Prime Time Players: clowns for the Conehead generation.

## Saturday Night Live

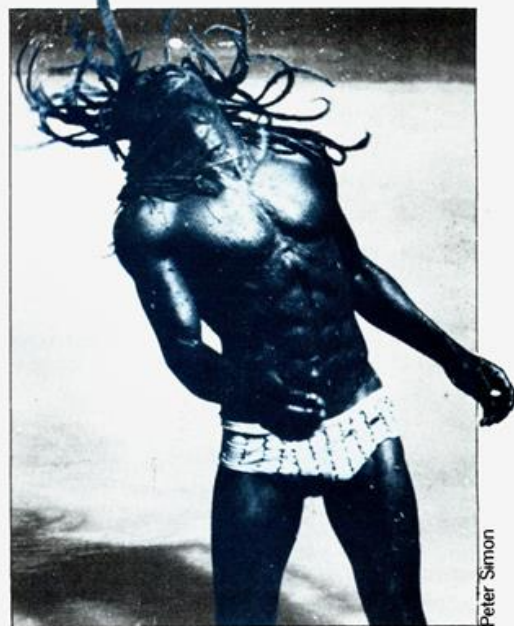
Coneheads from space! Paul Simon dressed as a turkey! Baba Wawa! Killer bees! Samurai massage parlors! Gilda Radner's fat-baby photos! And more! The *Saturday Night Live* book (New York: Avon, \$6.95), edited by Anne Beatts and John Head, is a crazy-quilt scrapbook of original shooting scripts and candid cast snapshots. The book's gonzo layout matches the show's zany *raison d'être*. "We're all basically anarchists," says "Saturday Night" producer Lorne Michaels about his motley crew. "We're employed by a multinational corporation and paid to, if not bite, at least nibble at the hand that feeds us."

—Chevy Chase Manhattan

## Reggae Bloodlines

If you've ever been curious about the origins of reggae or wondered what makes a Rastaman tick, then check out *Reggae Bloodlines: In Search of the Music and Culture of Jamaica*, by Stephen Davis and Peter Simon (New York: Anchor Press, \$6.95). Author Davis offers lively profiles of recording stars Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Toots Hibbert and Jimmy Cliff, plus protean producer Lee Perry and dub artists like Big Youth and U Roy. He explores the erstwhile and current crises that have kept the small Caribbean country in a state of constant confusion and examines the tangled roots of the Rasta religion.

Davis presents a brief history of island music, from mento to rock-steady (reggae's immediate predecessor). He treks to dangerous Kali Mountain, where the strongest ganja is grown, and



checks out Maroon Country's backwoods residents, descendants of runaway slaves who battled their British



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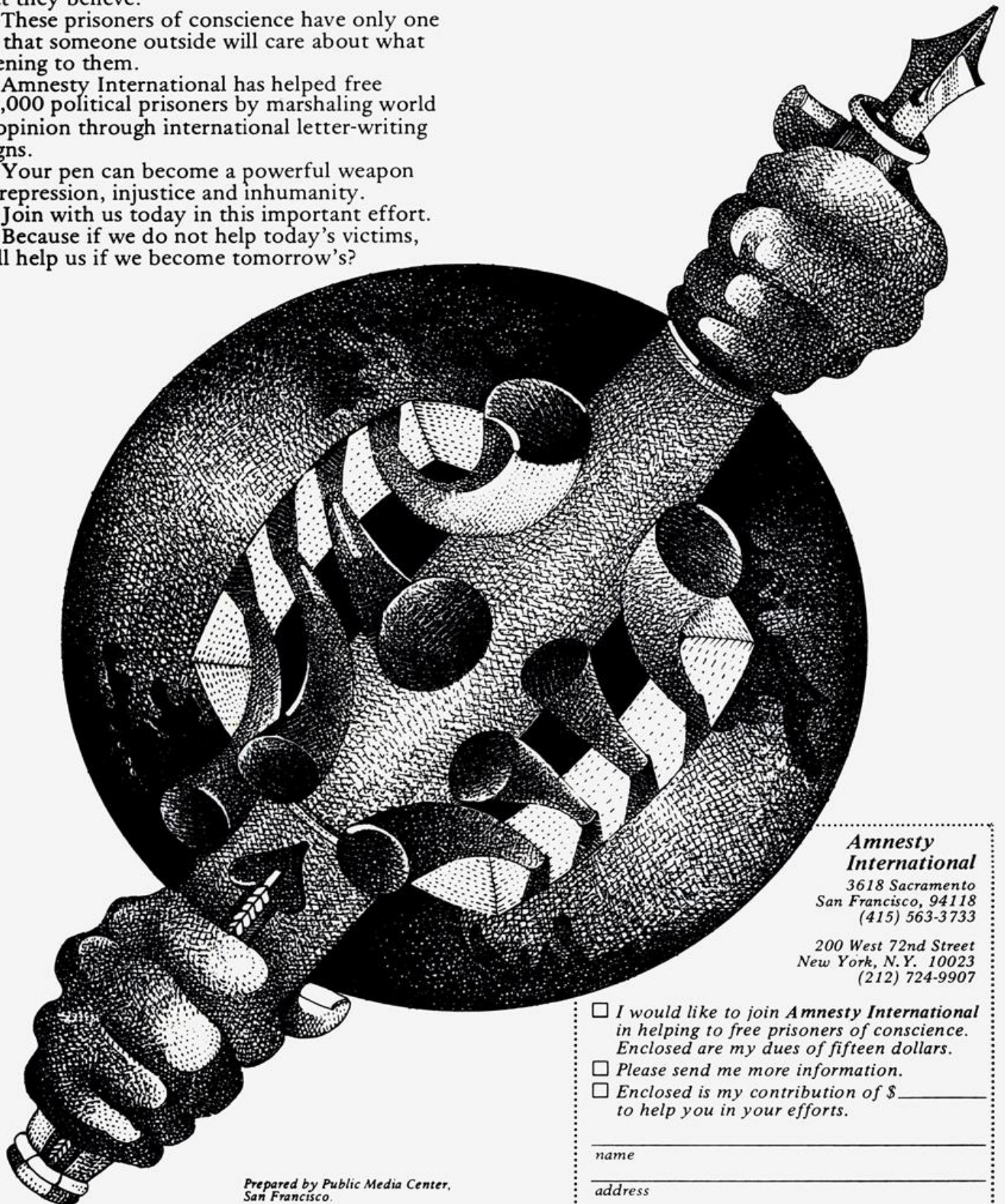
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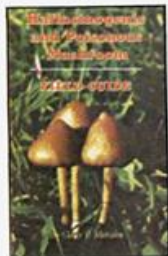
(Dues and donations are tax-deductible)



masters to a draw in an 80-year guerrilla war. Throughout, Davis's informative prose is neatly augmented by Peter Simon's evocative photography. I and I found *Reggae Bloodlines* to be definitely I-ree. And that's no bumba clot, mon.

—Joe Kane

# HALLUCINOGENIC AND POISONOUS MUSHROOM FIELD GUIDE, by Gary P. Menser (And/Or Press, Berkeley, \$5.95).



In the lowly wild mushroom, nature has provided a gift with which we can transcend our earthly binds. But there's a catch. For the unaware and foolhardy, the consumption of wild mushrooms is akin to playing Russian roulette. For example, *Galerina autumnalis* and *Psilocybe peltigera* are small brown look-alike mushrooms found growing on wood in the Pacific Northwest, yet one is deadly poison while the other offers a visionary voyage to inner realities.

Although Menser strongly warns us in the frontispiece against gobbling down mushrooms whose identities haven't been verified by a mycologist, he supplies us with nearly everything except experience and an expert. Simple instructions acquaint the novice with collecting, drying and identification procedures.

Keys to the identification of 24 hallucinogenic and eight deadly species are accompanied by line drawings and color photographs, plus useful info on where to find it, dosage and chemical qualities. There's even a glossary for those who want to rap with a mycologist without letting on to getting high.

—Bruce Ratcliffe

# VIDEO GAMES, by Len Buckwalter (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, \$6.95).



Zonk. Plink. Beep. These are the sounds of video games, the latest in futuristic home - entertainment gadgets. There's more for the electronic marksperson than mere TV ping-pong—there's tennis, hockey, handball, racing, sharpshooting, black-jack and tic-tac-toe. Some models even include variable ball speed that adds "English" to toughen the challenge, while others have automatic joysticks to alter the flight of that bouncing ball of light. Just adjust the knobs on a converted boob-tube! In the illustrated *Video Games*, author Buckwalter discusses winning strategies and cunning secrets for the instant armchair athlete.

—Bob Grossweiner



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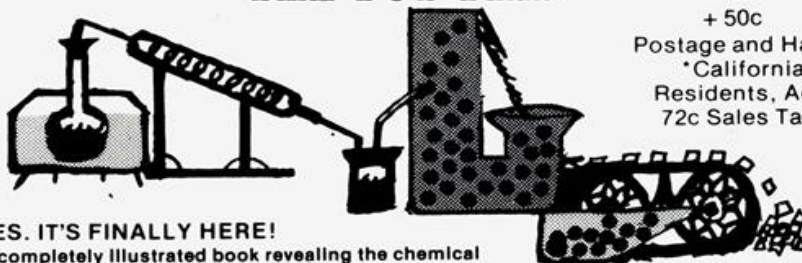
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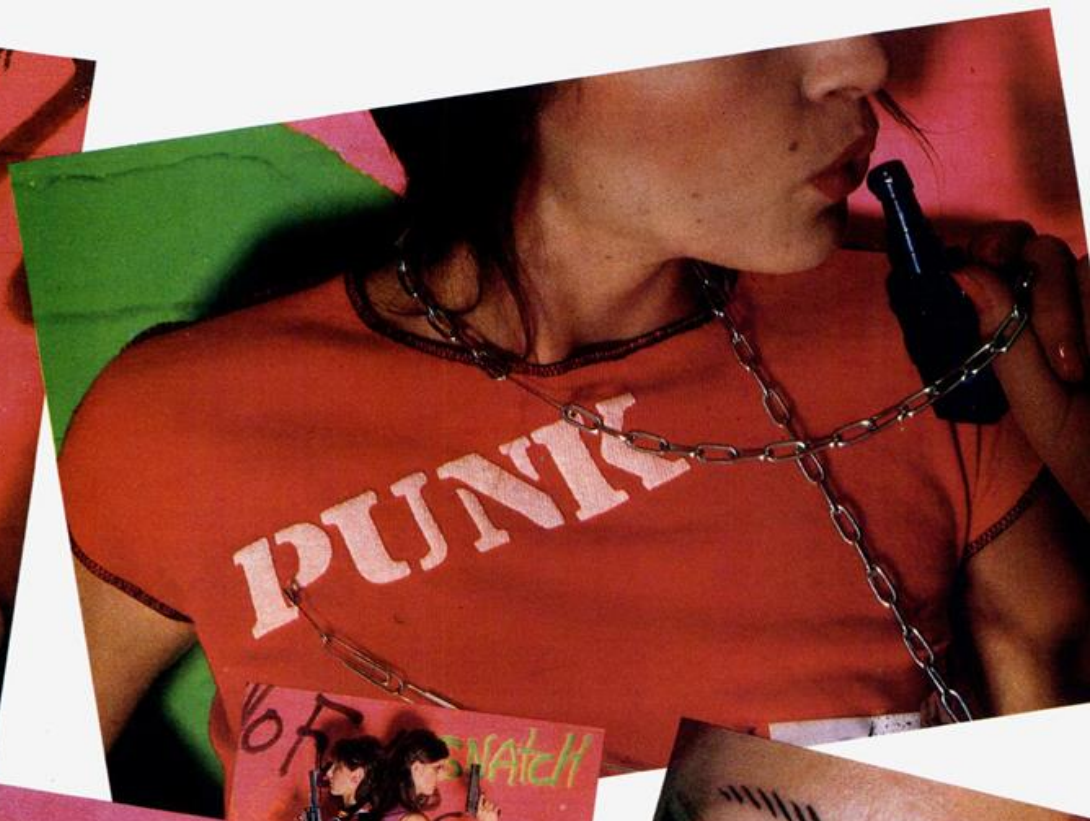


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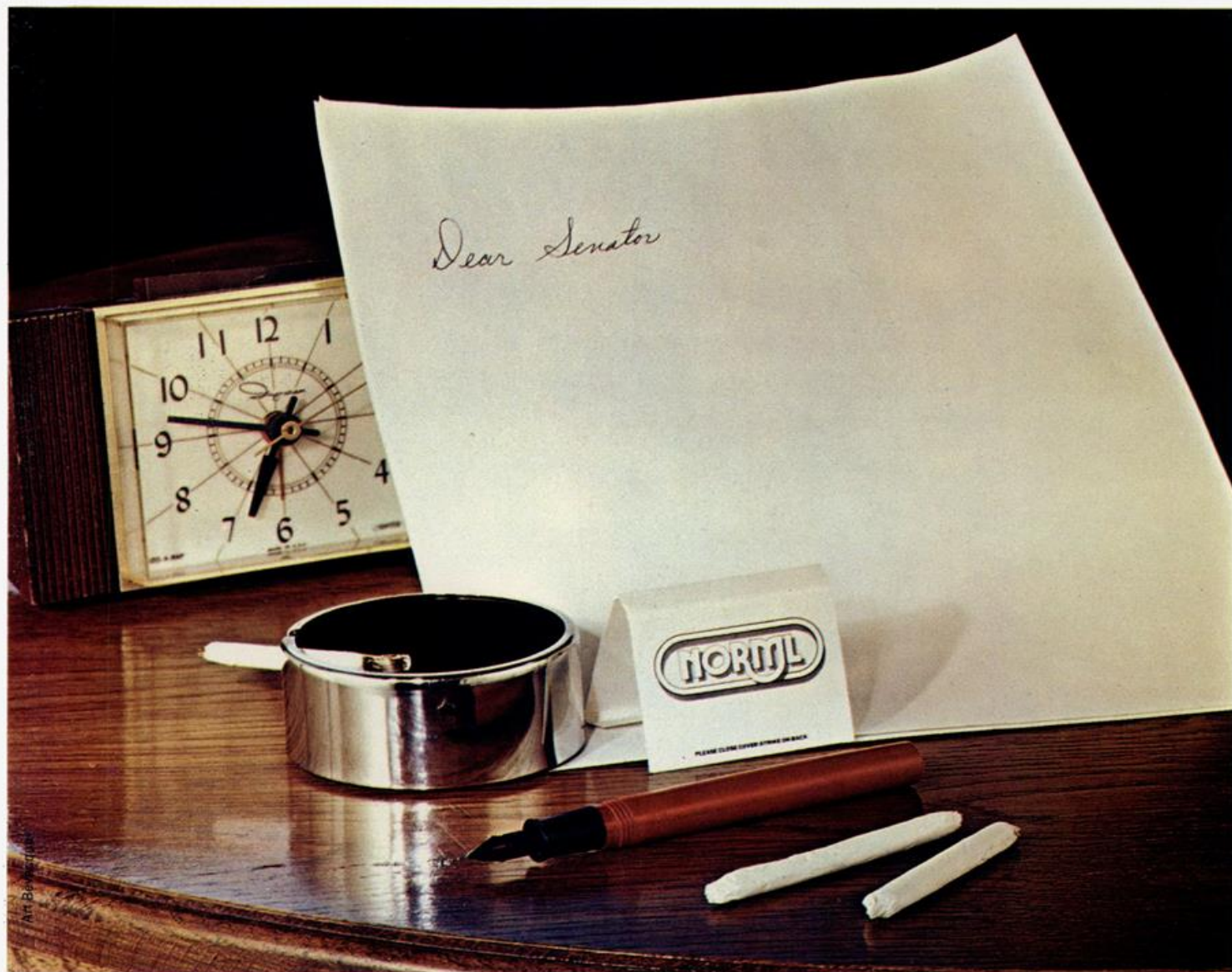


of Testor's Glue in a brown paper bag, wherever fine turpentine is sold. In Japan, simply soak surgical cotton gauze in toluene and inhale all day behind your medical flu-plague mask. Cast a cold eye on life, on death, in late-Fifties-early-Sixties Miami Beach dog-track-tout sunglasses. On alternate days, wear basic black to symbolize death, uncoordinated colors to symbolize pinball.

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## The 18-Kilo Gap

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David Oliver

David Oliver



Courtesy of Eugene's Cameras, New York.  
David Oliver

## You Light Up My Stash

The best way to view good dope is when it's tied up in 20-pound slabs on the back of a cruising yacht off the coast of Jamaica. The second best way is to focus in on a single delicate bud with the help of a high-quality, illuminated magnifying glass. Shown here are five of the best. Clockwise from left: England's Com-

bin Optical Industries Illuminator, magnification 2½x, about \$6.50; the Swift Firefly, magnification 3x, \$2.75, Swift Torch Magnifier, magnification 1½x, \$4.95 and the Star D, magnification 2x, \$4.95—all from Hong Kong; Germany brings us the Kaiser Photo Technic, magnification 3x, about \$8.50. All are available at well-stocked photography stores.



David Oliver

## Guajira Fits

It's not the ordinary tourist who makes Guajira a must-see on the agenda or stops long enough to sample the psychic fruits of the legendary Guajira cactus. Now you can tell everyone you were hip enough to visit the beautiful peninsula by wearing one of these ultrachic, made-in-China, cotton-and-spun-rayon T-shirts. They won't shrink when your consciousness expands.

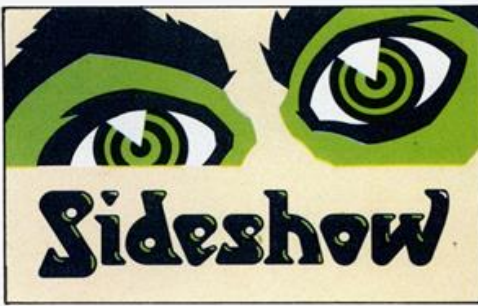
## Cabinet Meeting

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to fetch her pipe, her papers, her stash, her matches, her ashtray, her razor, and her mirror. But the cupboard was bare, so she bought herself a Stash Cabinet, designed by Idea Machine, Inc., to get paraphernalia out of the shoebox and into more stylish digs. This model (pipes, etc., not included) is hand-crafted solid mahogany, 16 inches high, 12½ inches wide and 7½ inches deep. It's yours for \$65 including postage and handling (California residents please add 6-percent sales tax) from Box 12128, Santa Ana, California 92712.



"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor. ☐





Dave Lancashire

## And You, Abdul, Will Be Commissar of Khat...

Moments after their coup d'etat of the ancient dynasty of the Imam of Yemen, these revolutionaries reached for a chaw of khat, the Middle East wondershrub featured in last month's *High Times*. Correspondent David Lancashire snapped this exclusive photo in the city of Ta'iz moments before the captured throne was splintered in a public axing in the palace courtyard.

## Thanks, We Needed That



Glenn O'Brien



Steve Cooper

## Have You Seen This Bottle?

In the 1890s, Vin Mariani was the favorite drink of President McKinley, the Pope, the Tsar, Alexandre Dumas and Emile Zola. And no wonder: Angelo Mariani distilled his miraculous elixir from the finest coca leaves, rich with natural cocaine.

Mariani died in 1914, taking his secret formula with him. Recently we received an unopened bottle of the lost elixir from David Persinger, an Ohio college student. He bought it from a local dealer for \$6 and sent it to us for appraisal (it would bring over \$100,000 at an auction).

Unfortunately, the bottle was stolen from our offices. Anyone finding it is not advised to drink it, as the contents may have become poisonous. *High Times* has posted a \$20,000 reward for the return of the bottle intact. A private detective agency and a psychic have been retained to search for clues.



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